THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DEANNA DURBIN

Liberty

JULY 3,
1937

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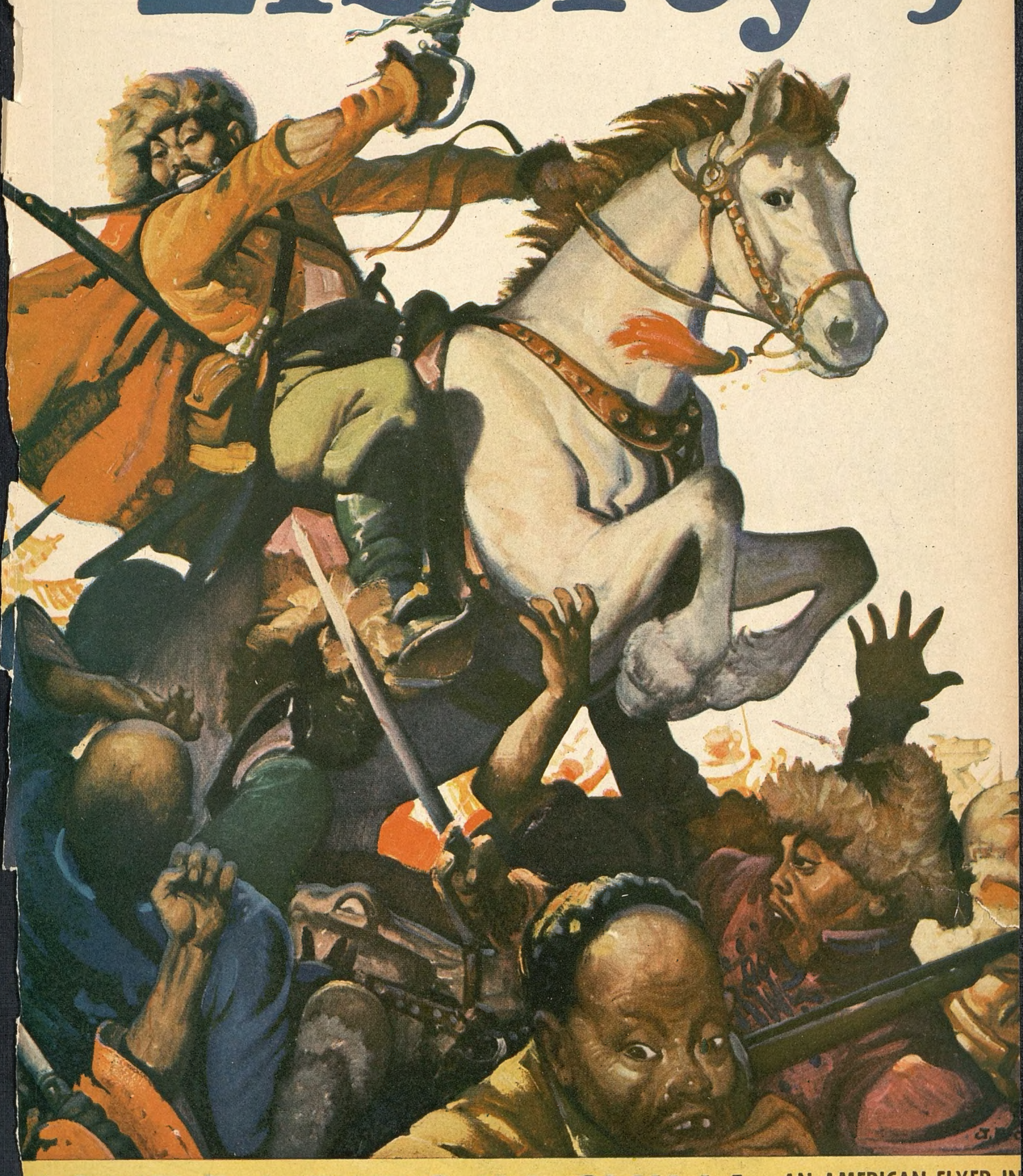

IGHT RAIDERS IN CHINA

AN AMERICAN FLYER IN
THE YELLOW INFERNO

fun?

SURE IT IS

—and mighty strenuous too!

"SPORT, even for the fun of it, can be tense and tiring," says Miss Gloria Wheeden, who shows her skill at aquaplaning above and at the left. "Like most of the folks who go in for water sports, I pride myself on my fine physical condition. Yes, I smoke. When I feel a bit let-down, I light up a Camel and get an invigorating 'lift' in energy."

Miss Wheeden's enjoyment of a lift from Camels is shared by famous champions in many sports, and by millions of other men and women in all walks of life. When an active day drains physical and nervous energy, Camels help you renew your flow of vim. And being mild, they never get on your nerves.

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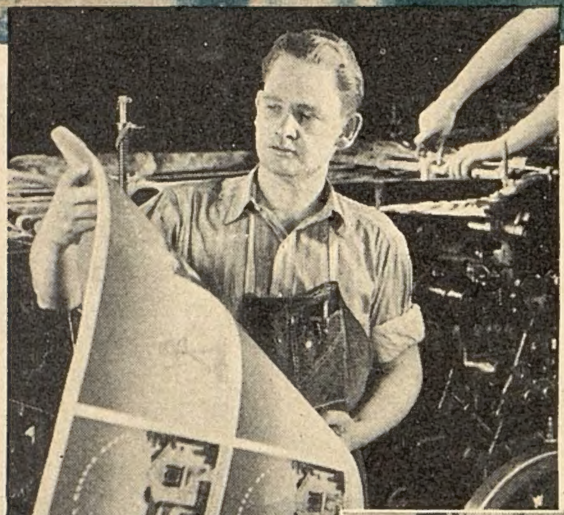


"MANY A TIME I've smoked a Camel to get a 'lift,'" says Harry Burmester, printer *(left)*. "With Camels handy, I feel I can take the tough spots right in stride. Camels never tire my taste or irritate my throat—even smoking as much as I do."

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

1060 PARACHUTE JUMPS—no mishaps! Floyd Stimson *(right)* started smoking Camels 10 years ago—at the time he made his first parachute jump. "Camels are so mild, I take healthy nerves for granted," says Floyd. "I've found what I want in Camels—mildness and tastiness."

Get a Lift with a Camel!

90 MILES A DAY OVER "SLAB ROADS" SHOWS PLYMOUTH STANDS UP BEST!

The Car that Stands Up Best—***Plymouth made a remarkable record for Theodore Lemire, Lumberman of Westfield, Mass. He travels 90 miles to work ...and won $5 proving his Plymouth gets 24 miles to a gallon!***

This Year the Greatest Plymouth ever built is setting New Records for Over-all Economy!

"SLAB ROADS"... lumber country trails... that's where Theodore Lemire does his driving.

"I wouldn't have any car but Plymouth," he says. "I've had five of them... put about 30,000 miles of the toughest driving on each. And I've spent little or nothing on upkeep!"

THERE'S *MORE* in Plymouth *this* year! Airplane-type shock-absorbers... scientific sound-proofing... rubber body mountings... more *room!*

For your protection, an all-steel body... *double-action* hydraulic brakes... a new Safety Interior!

And owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon! Go see Plymouth...it stands up best! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

Isn't it beautiful? It's the big, new De Luxe 4-Door Touring Sedan with spacious built-in trunk.

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST

The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through De Soto, Chrysler and Dodge dealers—terms which make it easy to buy a new Plymouth.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' Amateur Hour—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p. m., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

JULY 3, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 27

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

CONSTITUTIONAL DEMOCRACY—
Is It Worth Saving?

WE have been proud of our form of government—until recent years. At Fourth-of-July celebrations and other patriotic occasions, orators loudly boasted of liberties not enjoyed by citizens of any other country.

And, believe it or not, our freedom has come to us through what we call constitutional government.

Constitutions are created to guide governmental officials in their interpretation of the law. We are given certain rights, and as long as we observe lawful restrictions our liberties cannot be infringed.

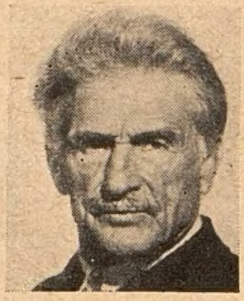
Many of our citizens at this time are maintaining that our Constitution should be changed, and some are even endorsing the demand of President Roosevelt that the Supreme Court should be "packed."

Although there have been questions at times about the integrity of our lower courts, the respect, almost bordering on reverence, extended to the United States Supreme Court has been the source of incomparable gratification. This body of men has always been above reproach. Their honesty has never been questioned. But if Congress, in order to carry out its demands, decides to add judges favorable to its viewpoint . . . in other words, if we are to influence the decisions of the highest court in the land . . . can we expect ordinary citizens to believe in the fairness and dependability of the decisions of such a court?

If we cannot depend on an unbiased decision . . . free from influence from every quarter . . . from the United States Supreme Court, we are indeed facing a deplorable governmental situation.

If the President desires the Constitution to be changed, there are legitimate means that can be adopted to serve this purpose. But if, instead of changing the Constitution through the consent of the voters, questionable methods are adopted to influence the court that construes the edicts of this sacred document . . . then indeed we have cause to fear "dissolution of the Union"—quoting the President's own words.

The President did not commend centralization of the governmental forces of these United States previous to assuming his present high office. While he was Governor of New York he said: "It was clear to framers of our Constitution that the greatest possible liberty of self-government must be given to each state, and that any national administration attempting to make the laws for the whole nation will inevitably result at some future time in a dissolution of the Union itself. To centralize our national government the individual sovereignty of our states must be destroyed, and the individual home rules of the states should be scrupulously preserved and fought for whenever they seem in danger."


BERNARR MACFADDEN

But the President's views at this time have changed so radically that we cannot avoid the suspicion that the Washington bureaucracy, which has grown with such colossal strides during his tenure of office, has influenced his present opinions.

Naturally, the officeholders in Washington want to hold their jobs. They also want employment for relatives and friends; and if the present administration can be retained in office indefinitely, such a situation would be greatly to their financial advantage.

The governors of a number of our states have supinely accepted the usurpation of national governmental edicts in order to secure financial assistance for their states, and they are selling out their citizens at a cheap price.

The money that Washington gives to the various states must be paid by the citizens of the states; and there is one outstanding objective behind a packed Supreme Court, and that is, to pass legislation that will weaken and ultimately destroy the sovereignty of the individual states.

The governors and officials of the various states would then be turned into rubber stamps who would move like mechanical figures at the dictates of the central government.

State rights, which our ancestors fought for so valiantly in former years, will then entirely disappear.

Our system of government, which has encouraged the individual genius which has developed the world's richest nation, will then disappear, and we may grope along in the dark, sinking to the mediocrity that is now an outstanding feature of many foreign countries.

Bernarr Macfadden

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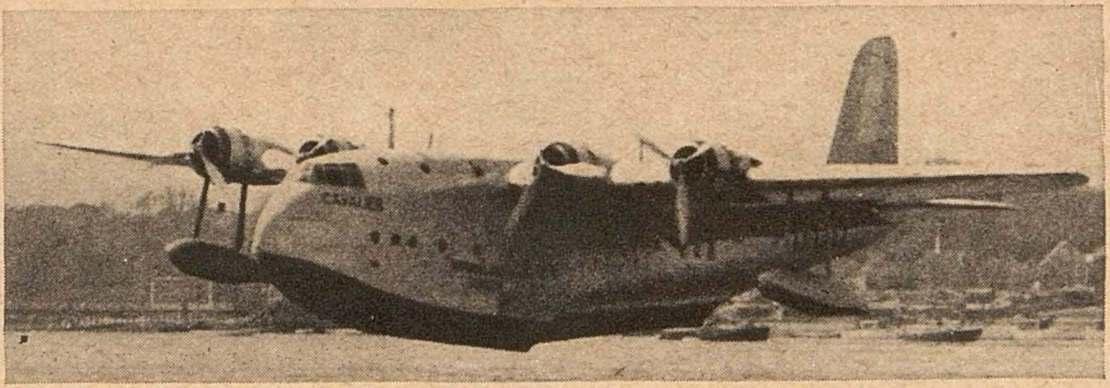
Will England be Mistress of the Skies?

READING TIME
5 MINUTES
10 SECONDS



British flying boat Cavalier, after a Bermuda-U. S. test trip.

By KIM BEATTIE

STIRRED from her lethargy by Hitler and Mussolini, Great Britain sees security only in winged defense. Every aircraft plant in the United Kingdom hums twenty-four hours a day, turning out military aircraft. It is impossible at this moment to buy a commercial plane in the British Isles. Fortunately, plans for an all-British commercial network are practically complete.

Britain's aerial empire stretches from Singapore to Australia and the Far East. British preparations to penetrate the lucrative markets of South America through air lanes now threaten the present pre-eminence of Germany and France in the south Atlantic.

Britain is spending $400,000,000 to make Portsmouth the "Southampton of the Air." All England is a checkerboard of flying fields and airdromes. The dominions and colonies are being urged to create swiftly facilities for bombing and commercial planes.

For years all eyes have been focused on the north Atlantic. Britain is determined to be the mistress of these traffic lanes. It is unlikely that any one will be able to dispute her powers. Germany's Zeppelins have not been matched, but when she attempted to repeat her success with heavier-than-air craft, she discovered that Britain and the Irish Free State held the three master keys to the Atlantic: Bermuda, Ireland, Newfoundland. France and Italy are not in the running. From a British standpoint, the United States lags at least two years behind England.

Simultaneously with the inauguration of a British transocean service, twin-motor Canadian transports will shorten the distance between Montreal and Vancouver to seventeen hours. The two air lines combined will bring London within two days of the Pacific coast.

Quietly, Imperial Airways, the great government-subsidized enterprise, has created in Newfoundland an elaborate aerial base at a cost of $2,500,000. It is adjacent to St. John's and is almost ready. Lake Gander will handle flying boats and float craft. Port Botwick is the weather-forecast center. By this time Hattie's Camp is to be in shape to take care of the fastest of modern landplanes. Meanwhile, at the European end of the hazardous north Atlantic passage a great air base has sprung into being in Ireland.

Great Britain is experimenting successfully with four different types of aircraft. It is claimed that the flying boats that are being built for Imperial Airways at Rochester in Kent evolve new world standards in marine aircraft. The British government has allowed the completion of twenty-eight boats, now under contract. Three of these fly over the Mediterranean between Marseilles and Cairo. Their extreme range in the air is 3,800 miles. The distance from Ireland to Newfoundland is only 1,886 miles.

New York has already seen another of these wonder ships, the Cavalier, which is being tried out for the Bermuda-New York link in alternate flights with Pan American Clippers. It is an open secret that this fleet of flying boats will be succeeded by craft twice their size, designed particularly for the Atlantic.

Perhaps four-motored landplanes will win the honor of leading the way on scheduled flights. De Haviland designers have evolved the Albatross, a monoplane capable of 250 m. p. h. top speed. Two have been purchased by the British government for transatlantic tests.

There is also a secret landplane of reputed incredible speed. It is whispered that these mystery ships will leave Valencia Island at noon and land in Newfoundland on the same noon—thanks to the four-hour difference in time between the two points!

The fourth type, the Short-Mayo composite craft, designed for mail only, is a combination of a "bearer" boat and four-engined landplane equipped with floats. The "mother ship" lifts the airplane to safe heights and releases it from her broad back for the overwater hop.

All these ships will traverse the Atlantic. Except for pleasure purposes, the Newfoundland-Ireland route will be favored. There is no doubt as to the success of the new skyway, shortly to go into operation, from Ireland to Montreal. The fastest line of communication between the British Isles and the great markets of North America, it clips 322 miles from the distance between New York and Liverpool.

The Dominion of Canada welcomes Britain's desire to transfer to the air her command of the sea. Nineteen years ago the Canadians, who constituted one half of the Royal Air Forces, hustled home with high ambitions to carry Canada's commerce through the air. Many of Canada's great war flyers went north to the treasure caches of the mineral belt. Their weather-battered old sky-line tramps have smashed aerial freight records and created history. Their freight, during the past ten years, has been more than three times heavier than that carried by all the American air lines combined. These stalwarts will be among the pilots of Canada's air lines.

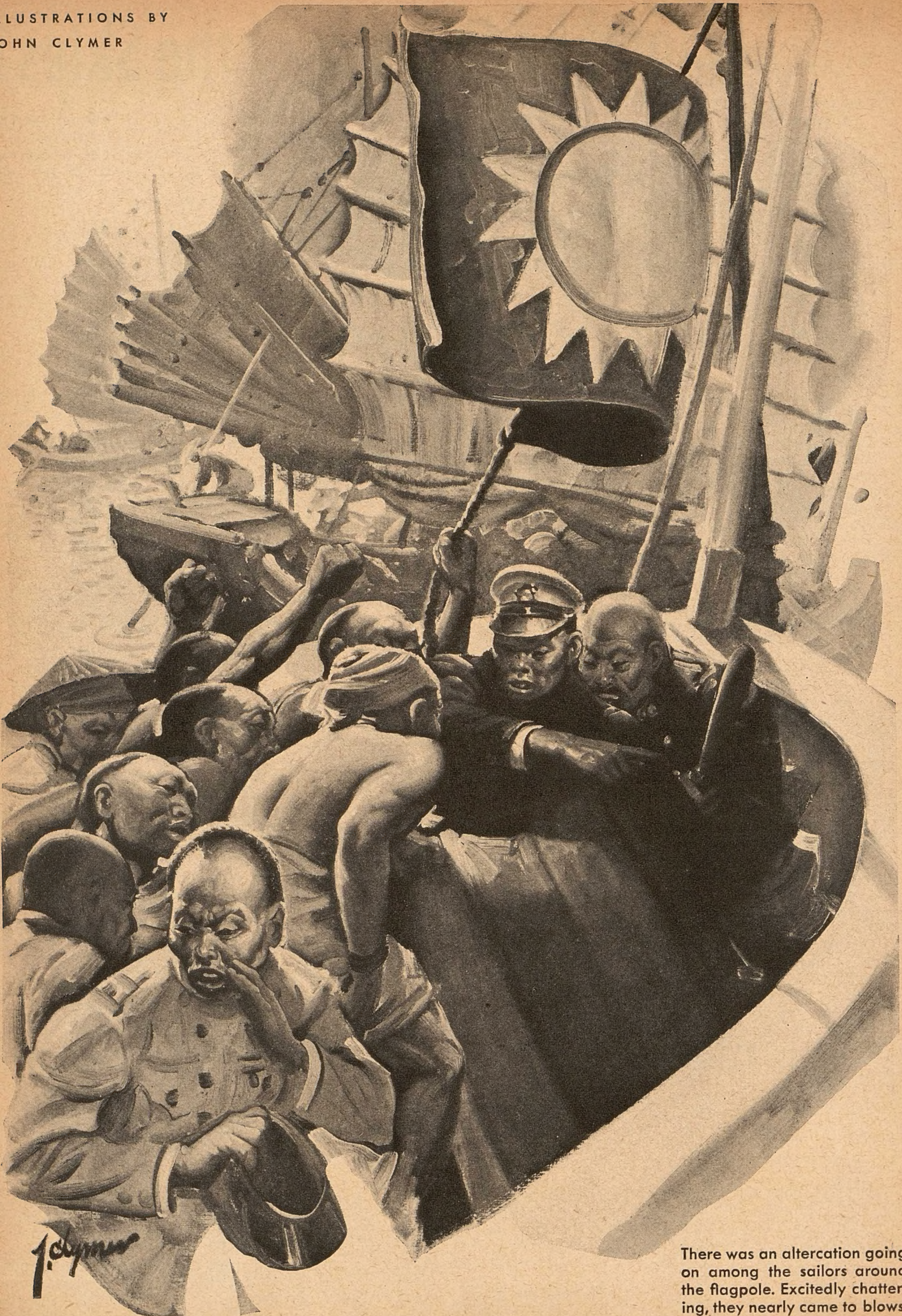
Civil aviation in Canada is now at the point where the United States was almost a decade ago, but Canadians will profit by American experience. The line will have the most modern equipment and ground services obtainable. Dr. John Patterson, the Dominion's famous weatherman, and W. A. Rush, a radio expert, will be available. Lieutenant Commander Peter Edwards will act as liaison officer between the government and the operators and will supervise all flying activities.

An air-minded government has utilized the necessities of national defense and the opportunity offered by relief labor to create an air line longer by 388 miles than the run from New York to San Francisco. Stretching across the Dominion are 114 first-class, secondary, and emergency flying fields, exclusive of large municipal airports, sixty first-class weather stations, and six weather-forecast centers. The Canadian government has a stake of $8,000,000 in the airports.

Air liners must leave Montreal at 8 P. M. and drop into Vancouver within seventeen hours. Canada will go shopping in the United States for craft of the Douglas type. It will require eighteen to twenty-four ships to handle the skyway. Optimists had hoped that the Montreal-to-Vancouver route would open this year by midsummer. Already several Canadian cities are looking forward to a great destiny in the sky.

THE END

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN CLYMER



There was an altercation going on among the sailors around the flagpole. Excitedly chattering, they nearly came to blows.

BEGINNING

Night Raiders IN CHINA

By GORDON B. ENDERS as told to CAPT. W. J. BLACKLEDGE

PART ONE—WAR LORDS . . . AND A PROPOSITION

Fighting, flying, torture, intrigue—and a mystery girl! . . An American's story of death in the yellow inferno

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

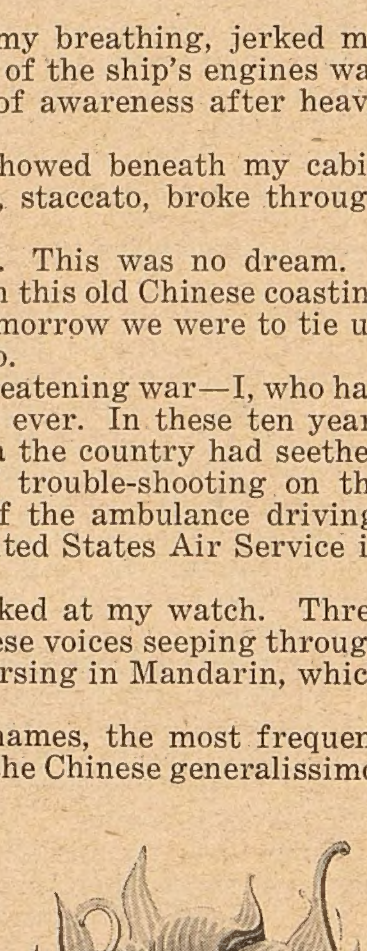
STENCH of opium choked my breathing, jerked my eyes wide open. The thud of the ship's engines was startling in that moment of awareness after heavy sleep.

I sat up. A line of light showed beneath my cabin door. Chinese voices, sinister, staccato, broke through my drowsiness.

Gradually my brain cleared. This was no dream. I really was the only white man in this old Chinese coasting vessel. At nine o'clock on the morrow we were to tie up alongside the wharf at Tsingtao.

I was on my way toward a threatening war—I, who had sworn off all wars forever and ever. In these ten years of trekking up and down China the country had seethed with civil war. Ten years of trouble-shooting on the fringes of Chinese wars—as if the ambulance driving, Foreign Legion flying, and United States Air Service in France had not been enough!

I switched on the light, blinked at my watch. Three forty-five. The crackling Chinese voices seeping through from the next cabin were conversing in Mandarin, which I understood.



I could distinguish several names, the most frequent being that of Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese generalissimo, head of China's newborn government; Yen Hsi-shan, rotund war lord of Shansi Province, and Han Fu-chu, mustachioed war lord of Shantung Province. The war toward which I was now steaming promised to be the outcome of a struggle between these three men.

Listening, I soon found that the speakers in the next cabin were government agents on their way to see Han.

I was responsible for thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise, both in Tsingtao and throughout the province of Shantung. The necessity for protecting my company's property kept me trotting up and down China, always with ventilators on the wind. I had to try to outguess the war lords. Eavesdropping is a whole-time job in China.

I turned off the light, crept into my bunk, propped the pillows behind me—and listened.

"Why should the Honorable bewhiskered Han, war lord of Shantung, disclose his hand to Generalissimo Chiang so early?" queried a throaty voice presently.

"Because the foreign Powers have recognized the Generalissimo's Nanking government. The Honorable Han will gain much credit from the foreign devils if he is loyal to the Generalissimo."

"Quite unnecessary, my friend. The Honorable Han rules a vast province. He has one hundred thousand soldiers. He has strong neighbors who do not like the Generalissimo. He even has a corps of White Russian troops."

"True. But against Han's Russians the Generalissimo has his military advisers, and only he can buy from abroad all the arms and airplanes he wants."

"Perhaps you are right. The Honorable Han might be a fool to put himself under the Generalissimo's orders, but it is our duty to persuade him to do just that."

I waited a while to make certain that Generalissimo Chiang's agents had reached their opium paradise. Then I pulled on my clothes, opened the door—and stood stockstill.

A Chinese girl in a shimmering blue gown was standing by the door of the cabin next to mine. If she had not been eavesdropping, her ear had been close enough to the chink of the door for her to hear much. I guess we stared at each other for a long time.

She was the sort of plump, cuddlesome bundle that instinctively makes a fellow want to reach out his arms. Her dress, her height, build, broad face, everything about her was Chinese—except her eyes. They were wide open, flashing with life, peculiarly alien to this strange land.

I suggested the opium fumes were making further sleep impossible. I could understand her desire to get out on deck for fresh air. The adorably sulky mouth was suddenly wreathed in smiles, displaying even, milk-white teeth. We turned, strolled on deck.

We talked. She had a flair for languages, too. In that type of girl it was not a good sign. It showed at least that she had other things in life besides the art of ministering to the desires of men. It would have been interesting to know whence she came and whither she was bound. But she was most efficient at countering every approach.

My only consolation was that what I had heard confirmed the information that had brought me to Tsingtao. Han the Whiskered, war lord of Shantung Province, had mobilized his troops. He had, I learned, declared martial law in Tsinan, his capital.

Han the Whiskered had thrown his troops up and down the Tientsin-Pukow railway, which cut his province in a north and south direction. He was already patrolling the railway which ran east and west, from Tsinan to Tsingtao on the Yellow Sea.

The Generalissimo was trying to persuade him to remain loyal. On the other hand, Yen the Fat, from next-door Shansi Province, was trying to bully him into staging a rebellion. I had to be ready. We all had to be ready—Americans, British, Germans, Japanese—all of us who had commercial interests in China. Whichever way Han the Whiskered decided, we had to be ready.

I turned to speak to the girl. She had gone.

Ah Ping, my traveling servant, slid up to the rail beside me. I laughed at his round yellow face.

"Everything packed, Ah Ping?"

"Yes, masta."

"All right. You order breakfast. I come down."

As Ah Ping turned to leave, we noticed there was an altercation among a group of sailors clustering around the stern flagpole.

After some excited chatter, the boatswain ran up a five-barred Chinese flag—the red-white-blue-yellow-and-black one which the first republic had adopted. The group nearly came to blows during the few minutes that this flag was flying. One faction, however, maneuvered to the flagpole, pulled down the five-barred flag, and replaced it with Generalissimo Chiang's newer one, the one with a white sun on a blue sky.

Then the process of changing flags started all over again. I turned to Ah Ping.

"What goes on down there?"

"Sailorman no savvy 'bout Tsingtao. Maybe Han likee Generalissimo Chiang. Maybe he likee Honorable Yen."

So that was it. The poor captain, even though the ship was owned by the Nanking government, was in the same fix as the rest of us. He, too, had to be right always, no matter how things turned out.

When we tied up alongside the Tsingtao wharf there came a swift sequel to the flag incident. Hurrying to the deck from breakfast, I noticed the old five-barred flag had won the argument and now floated over the stern.

But the victory was a short one. The brass-buttoned port authorities came swarming up the gangplank and forbade all passengers to go ashore.

The captain had not yet appeared when the old republic's flag was torn down and officially heaved overboard.

That was eloquent to all. The Honorable Han was on the side of Generalissimo Chiang—and he knew how to make his loyalty pay dividends. When the captain appeared, Han's henchmen ordered that a fine of eighteen hundred dollars be paid by the ship before any one was allowed to land.

The Generalissimo's agents were the first to go ashore. They smiled ingratiatingly upon the committee which Han the Whiskered had sent to greet them.

"Who are they, Ah Ping?"

"Velly bad man," Ah Ping rolled his eyes ominously. "Generalissimo Chiang pay 'em money for catchee Honorable Han. Honorable Han pay 'em plenty money for catchee Generalissimo Chiang."

As we stepped on to the wharf we saw a crimson trickle of blood along the gray stonework. It flowed from the neck stump of a beheaded coolie. The body lay just as it had fallen when the executioner's curved sword had swooped.

The headsman and his soldier bodyguards patrolled the town in a slow death march, looking for coolies and beggars to behead. It mattered not that victims were innocent. It still had the effect of terrifying the populace, of making a strong impression on those who came on good-will missions to the war lord of Shantung.

I wasn't in the mood for more of these sights. I decided to go straight to the Strand Hotel, and have Ah Ping bring to me the men I wished to see.

IN the evening Igor walked in. Igor was a White Russian, tall, muscular, his ruddy face lined as a cantaloupe. His eyes were an incredibly bright blue, his blond mustachios fierce and bristling. He wore civilian clothes.

Igor had become a Chinese citizen. He was commander of Han's Russian Brigade.

"What will your three regiments do, Igor, if the Honorable Han goes against Generalissimo Chiang?" I spoke in English.

"My Russians will continue to guard the railway. The way will remain open for all lawful business."

"Mutiny?" I raised my eyebrows.

"Orders may fail to reach us. The telegraph line—it may be cut. But the railway will remain open."

The food was excellent, the Rhine wine delicious, the orchestra soothing. Igor, in his precise English, was telling me many things I wished to know.

It was his conviction that the Chinese war lord with the largest fleet of airplanes would come out on top.

"Generalissimo Chiang can get military airplanes from America and Europe," I thought aloud. "The other war lords cannot because their authority is not recognized by the Powers having commercial interests in China. Therefore the Generalissimo must win?"

"*Niet, niet!*" Igor lapsed into his native negative. "There is a war lord who has cavalry. And the Generalissimo has very few airplanes."

"Who has the cavalry?"

Igor leaned over and whispered into my ear the name of the Generalissimo's own War Minister—Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general."

I knew Feng the Christian for an exceptionally tall and big-framed war lord from north China. He had learned how to use his religion for self-advancement. He built up a command of 250,000 men in the north and west of China. When Chiang had emerged as the Generalissimo, Feng came to Nanking as his Minister of War. But he left his 250,000 men behind in charge of trusted subordinates.

Igor whispered, for this talk was dangerous for a commander of Russians under Han the Whiskered.

"I should advise you to take the morning train for Nanking. There you will get at the real meaning of what is now happening."

I did—traveling all day across Shantung Province from the sea to Tsinan, the capital.

BY ten thirty that night I was installed in a comfortable Wagons-Lits compartment. The 400 miles to Pukow would take until ten the next morning. . . .

A figure passed the corridor window. In a second I was treading softly along the corridor in the wake of the mystery girl whom I had caught snooping. Why was she going to Nanking?

Suddenly she stopped, leaned against the window and looked through the glass. I gathered then that she had known who was tailing her; that in fact she knew I was on the train.

I approached, leaned on the window by her side.

"Good evening," she said softly. She was smiling.

We smoked for a while. I saw the only line I could safely take was to deceive her into thinking I was attracted by her loveliness. She was lovely. I wasted no time in telling her so.

There was no one in her compartment. She suggested we might smoke there in comfort. We did.

The cloak that had enveloped her was permitted to fall away as she reclined on the seat opposite me. She wore the same shimmering blue gown.

She admitted a name that was not uncommon among Chinese girls of her clan. Lotus.

We talked until we reached the halfway mark of the journey—Suchow—and it was idle talk, adroitly steered into purposeless channels by this Lotus bud who was so prettily adept at dalliance.

Ah Ping, the perfect, timed his next morning's shaving water and breakfast so that I fastened the last button as we slid under the great shed at Pukow.

Pukow and Nanking are twin townships, with the broad Yangtze River flowing in between. There is no connecting bridge, but the railroad supplies a steam ferry for its passengers.

My eye was on the alert for the Lotus. Not a sign of her anywhere.

It was noon when we docked on the Nanking side of the river. I avoided the Western-style hotels there. Times were too unsettled. My Chinese friends, largely officials from the Aviation Bureau, frequented the native An Loh Hotel. It was well inside the walled city of Nanking and convenient both for the airdrome and the aviation headquarters of General Chang Wei-jung, the air marshal.

I was to meet the air marshal late that afternoon, then dinner at the aviation *yamen,* or headquarters. There was a big party assembled when I arrived.

There was Bert Hall, of Lafayette Escadrille fame, then a garage owner in Nanking; Floyd Shumaker, ex-Royal Air Force, from Denver; Peter Gay, ex-United States air-mail pilot. Shumaker and Gay were salesmen for American airplanes. There was also Colonel Art Lum, Chinese pilot whose American flying license was dated 1914; General Mao, tousle-headed instructor of cadets; General Hwang, second in command to the air marshal.

The talk swung to every detail of flying, then to war. Then some one introduced the safer topic of love.

The company voted uproariously for adjournment to the An Loh Hotel and the singsong girls, particularly the famous beauty to whom the boys had given the name of a well known film star.

I drove to the hotel with the air marshal. When I told him about Igor's theories regarding airplanes and cavalry, I found a very tense listener. My direct question concerning the intentions of Feng the Christian was left unanswered, but he shot a question at me:

"Why do not you enter the airplane business?" An immediate answer was impossible. Sell American planes to the Generalissimo?

"You cannot but believe in the Generalissimo's success?"

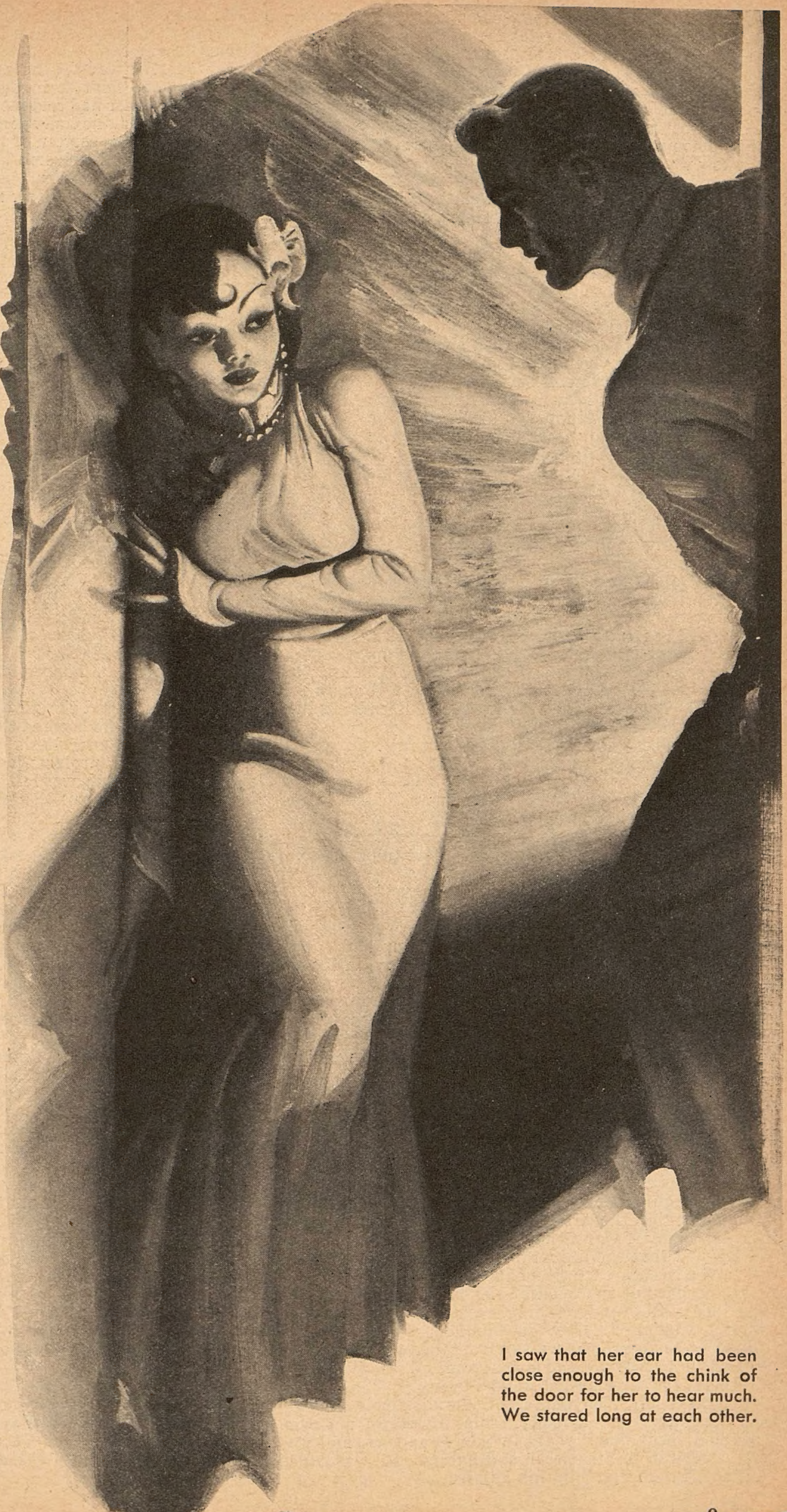
I wanted to believe that. It would be disastrous for the internationals in China if he were to fail. The responsibilities of my job suddenly became distasteful. And it *was* tempting to get involved in this inevitable civil war.

WHEN we entered the An Loh Hotel, the Lotus was there, heading the bunch of lovely and lively singsong girls. She it was whom the boys had named after a famous film star.

Our eyes met across the smoke fumes. That adorably sulky mouth flashed a smile. It would be interesting to pursue this illusive child—while I was making up my mind whether to throw in my lot with the Generalissimo's forces.

When the dancing started I shuffled over to her. She slid, all yielding softness, into my arms. After a while I drew her out of the hot smoke-filled room into the peace and coolness of the courtyard. It was a lovely night. We strolled and talked. Amazingly, she was willing to talk. She certainly knew things. Her talk could only mean that she was on the side of the Generalissimo.

Or was she just putting up a show for my especial benefit?



I saw that her ear had been close enough to the chink of the door for her to hear much. We stared long at each other.

Feng was still in Nanking. He was supervising the transfer of army food supplies from Nanking to Pukow. Already he had ordered a total of 22,500,000 pounds of rice and 68,000,000 pounds of flour. Every bag of it was to go to Pukow, where 100,000 men (or a quarter of the Generalissimo's army) were billeted. This food was four months' supplies for the entire military establishment. The name of the subordinate general in command at Pukow was Shih Yu-shan.

The talk of this Lotus bud was perhaps a shade too frank. I had the impression that she was protesting her faith in the Generalissimo's cause a little too strenuously.

GORDON B. ENDERS

American adventurer, writer, World War flyer, has spent most of his life in the East. He has trained aviators in China and is the first foreigner ever given a title of Tibetan nobility and appointed to the cabinet post of foreign adviser to the Grand Lama of Tibet.

If I were to get one jump ahead of war, I must needs watch these two—Feng the Christian and the Lotus.

"Maybe I will link up with your flyers," I told the air marshal that night.

My first visit to the flying field showed me the enormity of the air marshal's responsibility. In the hangar was a nondescript collection of airplanes. French, German, and English types. A Ryan, of the type Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic in 1927, and pieces of an old Curtiss Fledgling came from America.

Under the instruction of General Mao some forty cadets used these for flight training. I watched the class at work. It was the same group that had been at dinner the night before. Considering the equipment, there were remarkably few mishaps.

When the cadets had quit, the air marshal suggested that we take turns flying in circles over the city.

The only one who passed his turn was Hall.

Bert was probably the first man ever to fly a plane for war purposes. During the Balkan War of 1912-13, he flew for the Turks, then for the Serbians, and again for the Turks. Then he joined the Lafayette Escadrille during the Great War.

Bert was already over fifty and had not flown for years. His job, he insisted, was not to fly but to advise cadets how to fly.

When my turn came to fly the German Pelikan plane which the others had used, I circled the city wall for ten minutes, and came in for an especially rotten landing.

"You're just a has-been, Gordon," Bert taunted me.

The crowd turned on Bert.

"Is that so? Why don't you try it yourself?"

To Bert's credit it stands that he did "give her the gun." We were too astounded for the moment to realize that he was actually taking off. He flew up and out of sight for fully ten minutes. Then he appeared in the opposite direction, straightening out for his glide.

As he came to the point of pancaking that Pelikan, the ship fluttered uncertainly and began a serious wavering. We held our breath. Nevertheless, Bert's landing was a good one, and he vaulted out of the plane with a record-breaking grin.

"Listen to me, you birds," he scowled, half seriously. "I guess that will teach you to respect an old man."

At dinner in the *yamen* that night the toast was: "Here's to Bert Hall!" And his reply: "Here's to the Chinese Air Force!"

FROM the quiet "Thank yous" around the table it was apparent that the Air Force was aware of its gigantic task, especially if war should break soon.

I learned that the air marshal had spent most of the day in conference with Shumaker and Pete Gay. Now, from his place at the head of the table, he ordered the cups filled with brandy, then lifted his drink in the usual Chinese challenge: "*Gambei! Gambei!* [Bottoms up!]."

Soon I was able to move away from the table and take a position in a corner of the large room. With studied indifference, the air marshal walked over.

General Chang Wei-jung, the Generalissimo's air marshal, was erect and dapper in his olive-drab uniform.

He had spent many years in San Francisco, and was very American in his speech and habits. He was called "China's Lindbergh" by his admirers.

He stopped beside me and spoke in excellent English.

"Who told you about the Mohammedan cavalry from Kansu Province?"

The question caught me a little off balance. One of the things one can't do in China is to remember names. I said a foreigner had told me at Tsingtao.

"Do you think he had special information?"

"I could not be certain of that."

"Good." His handsome bronzed face showed relief. "We always suspect people with such information. One thing more: How much are they offering for the death of the Generalissimo in Shanghai?"

"The last I heard, it was a million dollars."

The air marshal thanked me, showing not the least sign of emotion. But I knew then that Feng the Christian might still be the Minister of War for the Generalissimo but his Mohammedan cavalry were on the move. The Generalissimo's enemies were turning on the pressure. Spying was getting bolder.

MY reason told me the lovely Lotus was at the back of a lot of this espionage. If anything happened to the Generalissimo, red revolution would break loose in China. It would mean the end of all the international commercial interests in Shanghai.

Feng did his work for the Generalissimo with efficiency. Nobody could pin a thing on to him at that time.

The foodstuffs piled up at Pukow. Soldiers drilled. Feng lived, dressed, and ate like an ordinary coolie. He had put up his mud hut across the street from the palatial home of the Generalissimo. While he made the pretense of surrendering his 250,000 men to Chiang, he yet managed to convey the impression that they were still under his command.

When he ordered the government divisions across the river to Pukow, he boasted that it was on his own desire, not that of the Generalissimo. When food supplies were also transferred, protests began to be heard. Nanking, the capital of China, was left undefended and unprepared. It was a difficult position for the Generalissimo. He must either place all his trust in his Minister of War, or else remove him.

That evening I made it my business to develop friendship with the Lotus. And it was fun. She was trying to find out exactly how I stood with regard to the newly formed Air Force. I was convinced then that this was to be a war between airplanes and cavalry.

I soon saw that she knew quite a lot about the Mohammedan horsemen. Bit by bit, I drew her on. I argued as a disinterested spectator. Without giving anything away, I put up a case for airplanes as against cavalry.

It was then that I learned that Feng the Christian, while playing his part as Minister of War, was actually adding squadron after squadron of Kansu horsemen to the army of cavalry he had created. Fanatic and militant by religion, these horsemen dressed in skins and rode shaggy ponies with long manes.

When the Lotus and I returned to the room where the boys were foregathered, I had made up my mind to run into Shanghai that night.

The party was becoming more and more hilarious. The Lotus quickly caught the spirit. She began building up a row of empty glasses.

The piano was thumping out Tipperary when the girl started arguing with the boys grouped around it. Heated voices rose above the music.

Suddenly the Lotus' high-pitched voice piped up:

"Airplanes? Ha-ha! You *have* airplanes! The air marshal ordered twelve of them today!"

Her words had the effect of a gunshot.

Is the beautiful Lotus General Feng's spy, playing a dangerous game of double-cross with Generalissimo Chiang? In next week's gripping installment, Mr. Enders discovers too much for his own comfort and is plunged headlong into the devious intrigue of the war lords. Don't miss it!

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DEANNA DURBIN

Once in 10,000,000 times it happens! How a strange gift from the gods skyrocketed a little girl to fame

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT is an old story, that of the Cinderella girl. And it is a new one, too. The quick trip from poverty to riches used to be taken in a silver slipper and a coach-and-four. Now it is on the magic carpet of the silver screen.

The important thing about little Deanna Durbin, however, is not that she is a Cinderella movie girl who at fourteen is already a triumphant Hollywood star. The important thing about Deanna is that she has " one of those throats."

Adelina Patti had one; she sang in her first concert at ven. Lucrezia Bori had one; she sang publicly at fourteen, and was an opera star by the time she was twenty.

Patti wasn't a prodigy. Neither was Bori. They just happened to be born with something that occurs about once in a generation—a vocal equipment as fully developed as that of a grown-up singer.

Doctors who have peered down the little Durbin's throat find that she too has that vocal rarity, a woman's voice in a child's body.

So Deanna Durbin isn't a prodigy, either. She isn't one of those tender flowers of the stage and screen that bloom for a theatrical day or night and then wither in obscurity. There is every reason to believe, experts agree, that she will be one of the great opera and concert singers of her generation.

She is an important musical personage who happens to be fourteen. She is the girl of the year.

And that goes especially for her native Canada. It might be an exaggeration to say that the whole Dominion is Durbin-daffy. But there certainly hasn't been so much

By FREDERICK LEWIS

interest in any *one* little girl since Toronto-born Gladys Smith crashed fame as Mary Pickford.

Deanna's father, when he was little Jimmy Durbin of Newton Heath, England, did a bit of soprano singing on his own account. But his parents decided that he should learn a more masculine trade, so they set him to ironmongering; and it was as a mongerer that he came out to Canada to seek his fortune.

Never a strong man, Jim Durbin found northern winters hard and the iron business harder. Los Angeles looked like the promised land—and for Jim Durbin and his mouselike wife it has certainly turned out to be just that.

Arriving with little money, less health, and no job, Jim rode the prosperity tide of the middle '20s from ironmongering to stock and real-estate brokerage, educated his older daughter Edith to be a teacher in the Los Angeles schools, and sent little Edna—Deanna was christened Edna Mae—to the grade school on Manchester Avenue and later to Bret Harte Junior High.

As her father prospered, Edna spent her summers in the Yosemite, at Yellowstone Park, and on Catalina Island. She became a great hiker and swimmer; and like Alice Marble, our new California-born tennis champion, she went in for baseball and played a not too bad second base.

It wasn't until Edna Mae was ten—about four years ago—that sister Edith, who had as a public-school teacher been forced to listen to several thousand little girls' voices, decided that Edna Mae's was different and that she should have singing lessons.

She was doing well, and was beginning to sing a little for practice at school and neighborhood entertainments, when the call went out for " a girl who can sing " to play the youthful Schumann-Heink in the latter's proposed starring picture, Gram. Deanna didn't know anything about the call. But a Hollywood agent named Jack Sherrill started out on the hunt.

" Why don't you hear the little Durbin girl? " asked a friend who had heard her at a party. Twenty-four hours later she had signed a six-months contract.

Schumann-Heink took sick and died. Gram was never made. The six-months Durbin contract lapsed. A studio efficiency man, in his pontifical wisdom, decided not to renew it. Perhaps he was the same studio Solomon who let Fred Astaire go after his one appearance in Dancing Lady!

So Sherrill took Deanna out to Universal City—and the rest is history.

It was at a party given by Universal that Eddie Cantor first heard Deanna sing. The very next week—this was September, 1936, and Deanna was still thirteen—she was on the Cantor program, and she has been on it ever since. She is said to get a " grand " a week from Eddie for that Sunday-night warble.

STILL the studio bosses didn't know what they had. They started Three Smart Girls as a " quickie," with Deanna in a part no bigger than the other two girls'. It wasn't until the audience at a sneak preview started cheering that they realized that Deanna Durbin had become a star the moment she hit the celluloid. It was then that they took the tin boxes back to Universal City, wrote in some new scenes to give the little girl a bigger break, remade a few of the old scenes with better supporting actors—and let her go.

" More charm, more poise, more personality than a half dozen of the biggest feminine stars in Hollywood," wrote one critic.

" Stage presence of a Garbo and voice of a Grace Moore," wrote another.

" Jenny Lind in socks! " caroled a third.

But the loudest shout of all went up from the men and women out front. For 280,273 of them paid $154,000 in eleven days at Roxy's in New York. Overnight a star was born.

The Durbins were duly impressed by this sudden success—all except Deanna, who, it seems, had been expecting it all along. A few weeks before Jack Sherrill's first call at the Durbin homestead she had been to a children's party, where the kids punched out their fortunes in rhyme on a toy punchboard. Deanna's, which she still has, was as follows:

Before the year is three months old,
You'll get a present of solid gold.

You will rise to movie fame;
Yours will be a favorite name.

Soon you'll be heard on the radio,
Folks will all like your ringing " Hello! "

On dramatic art you're very keen;
You'll be a wow on the silver screen.

Your business plans will all succeed.
You will never know want or need.

The first four prophecies have already come true; and there is reason to believe that the fifth too will eventuate. For Deanna's voice is not something she will grow out of, but something she will grow up to. It should mean a long career, a lasting success.

Already she can do twenty difficult operatic arias without straining her cords or stretching her range. At present writing she is in Philadelphia working with Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra on a recording of Rimski-Korsakov's Hymn to the Sun, which they are to do in a forthcoming picture.

THE little girl who has caused all this excitement is now five feet two inches tall and weighs one hundred and six pounds. That is one inch and six pounds more than she was when she made Three Smart Girls. But she has the same smile, the same sparkling personality.

She is, on the whole, an English type of child—homey rather than snappy. She likes clothes well enough, and, when she remembers, wears them not badly. On the set she is very careful about her posture, but off it she lets herself go and toes in like a good one.

The Durbins now live in a sprawling hillside house, Spanish style, with a large roof garden which overlooks the studio. This is their only concession to their changed status in life. There is no swimming pool, no sunken garden. There is, however, a soundproof room for Deanna to sing her scales in, and a bedroom for Deanna made of those new glass bricks—paid for by the studio so as to give the child her daily shot of ultraviolet rays.

Amazingly unchanged by her success, Deanna goes about her duties with what some one has described as " undazzled calm." She suffers none of the camera-and-microphone fright which overtakes many of her elders. She was not rattled when she first went before the mike.

" I just sang as I always do," she said.

Not long ago, a group of theater managers at a convention in an Eastern city decided it would be amusing to call up, in California, God's most recent gift to their box offices, and see what the kid would say.

" How would you like to have Clark Gable for a leading man? " the great man asked.

" I like Mr. Gable very much in pictures," Deanna replied, " but I think the choice of a leading man should always depend upon the part."

Out of the mouths of babes, O Hollywood!

Mary Pickford, when she achieved movie fame, was a seasoned trouper. So was Shirley Temple. Both had already won recognition and experience as child actresses. Deanna, on the other hand, leaped full-armed from the placid seas of home and school.

Her favorite movie heroes, in spite of her restrained liking for Mr. Gable, are Mickey Mouse and Oswald Rabbit. Her favorite books are Little Women and Winnie the Pooh. Her favorite dog, her consuming passion, is her mongrel Tippy.

In every respect—except her voice—she is a normal, healthy fourteen-year-old child, who rides a bicycle and reads the funnies; hikes, swims, roller-skates; plays practical jokes on her family; and—praise be!—giggles when she sees herself on the screen.

" I hope to God we don't spoil her," a studio official said to me the other day.

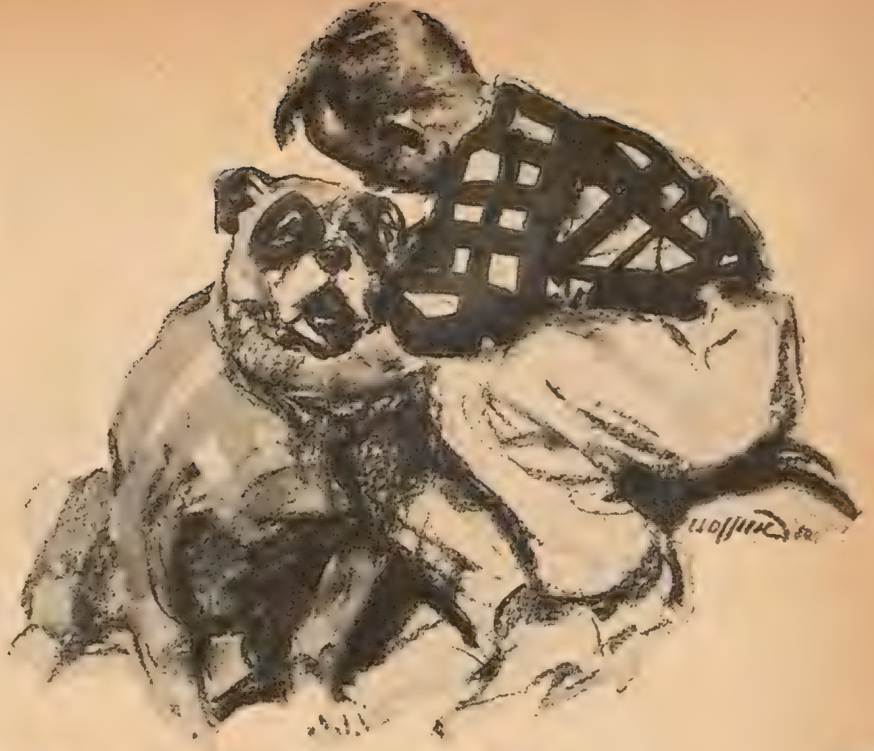
I hope to God they don't!

THE END

A dog, a boy, the open road . . sorrow, danger, joy . . A vivid, haunting tale of courage you won't soon forget

BY DOROTHY COTTRELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK HOFFMAN



"I Hear You Calling Me..."

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 54 SECONDS

As he neared home, Dog panted more loudly, his tongue a lolloping pink pennant of bliss, his normally forward-lopping ears turned back. The Diesel-engine effects of his breathing were not merely the result of his heavily tossing gallop and great haste; they increased as he neared the house because they were his announcement of himself and of how delightedly glad the Master and Mistress would be to see him.

He knew that he must have missed them. An hour ago he had proceeded, with all the dignity of a mighty British bulldog, to the corner of the block to wait for the little roadster in which they came home. It was all lovely. He would sit solemnly on the sidewalk corner, his arms bowed outward, his broad head a little on one side, listening. . . .

It was taboo to *go* farther down the street, thus it would never have occurred to him to do so.

And always, after he had waited awhile, there came from down the street the sound of a horn like a police siren (which they laughed over, for Mr. and Mrs. Phylips were young and very gay). *A horn sounded for him!*

And he came quivering to his feet with his head farther on one side, and the roadster swished in and stopped—*for him!*—and he got in with the Master and Mistress and rode home.

They were his world and his first memories of the world: for he was very valuable, and the Master and Mistress had been able to afford him only by taking him at birth from an overlarge litter; so that the Mistress had fed him from an eye-dropper before his eyes opened and while the soles of his feet were like raspberries, and the Master's hands had been around his fat little stomach for his first lurching puppy steps.

All his life was patterned on the Master's injunctions. He was never for a moment unaware of the necessity of trying to do what the Master would wish him to do.

Today they must have gone home by the other way. They would even now be worrying about him. . . . He skidded up the porch. But there was no one there. No one came all night.

He was quite glad of the "plump" of the falling newspaper when it was thrown on the step in the morning. It was reassurance, for the Master always got the newspaper very early. Dog put his front paws on it and his head upon them, and the terrible agony of anxiety grew less keen.

In the paper was a paragraph reading: "Tragic Death of Young British Couple Resident in Miami . . . Mr. and Mrs. Phylips killed when roadster struck by drunken driver . . ."

People and people came during the next days. Several of them spoke to Dog and wanted him to follow them away—but that was too silly. Some even tried to lead him, so that he had to growl deeply. For he would have been killed before he, young Mr. and Mrs. Phylips' dog, would have been taken from his post at young Mr. and Mrs. Phylips' house. He simply sat mutely there, with his wide forehead knotted with trouble.

It did not occur to any one to feed him. Probably he would not have eaten if they had; for it would not have done for the Master to come back and think that Dog had just been eating and not caring or worrying.

And then, for several days, no one came.

And then somehow he knew that the roadster would not come any more. It was so terrible that his heart felt as if it would burst inside him. He was not young Mr. and Mrs. Phylips' dog any more; and all the love of his life burned fierce in one great longing and one great terror of loss: *he wanted to stay where they had been.*

When the New People moved in, he was terribly humble. He let the cruel, spoilt little boy torment him. He learned timidly all the hundred things he must not do that had never been crimes before.

They might have let him stay, although they weren't "keen on dogs" and said that he was "ugly and not cute"; but there was one offense he could not avoid: when, as he often did, he slept, he snored.

He could not stop without stopping being a bulldog. So they drove him away. Then there was nothing.

He went down to the river where little willows and some rushes grew, and settled under them with his head on his paws. When he heard voices, he flattened tighter to the earth so that he could not be found.

Some nights later, two Negroes, on the river after catfish, paused in desultory talk:

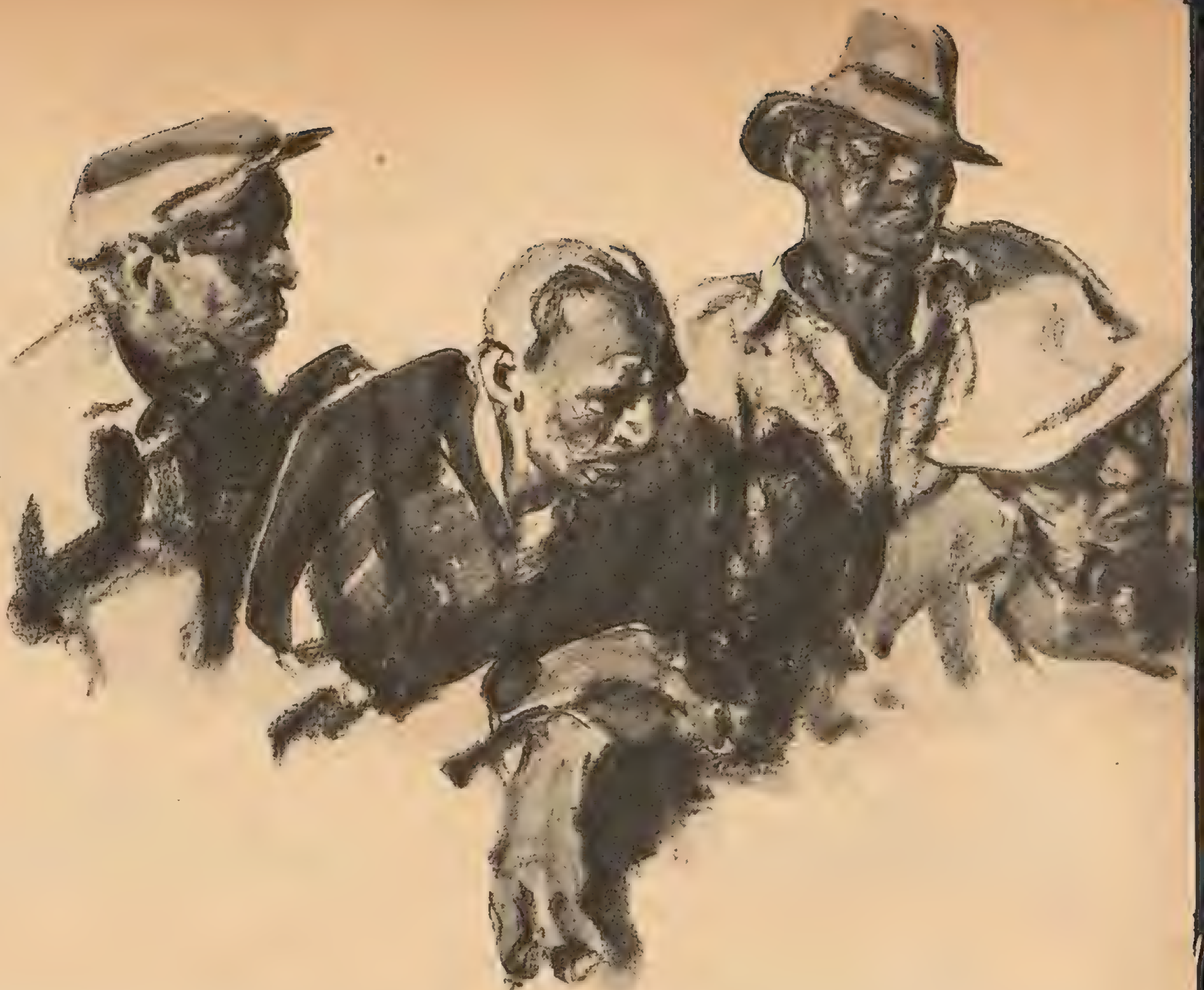
"Ah guess that man has a load!"

A huffling, whimpering snore rose and fell in the dark, sinking to little sobbing mutters.

After a while the older Negro pulled in his line. "Ah man with a snore like that ain't safe by no river!" he said.

And so they found Dog, too weak now to resist more than feebly being lifted into the black man's arms.

"Boy! Am dis a dog? . . . Dog, Ah reckon we done



catch somethin' better'n catfish!"

For long days he slept in the sun; for long nights in the warm straw. Life grew strong in him. While he, who had been a white man's dog, held himself a little aloof from colored folk, he was grateful for their kindness, courteous of tail, and, because they fed him and thus merited consideration, obedient.

As the moon rose on a summer night, the man whose name was Slip took him out of the yard for the first time, clipping a strong chain to his studded collar, and a crowd of Negroes joined them and they went out through a pine wood toward a deserted quarry.

In the quarry were many laughing, jabbering, excited Negroes; in the center, a roped ring. Dog was lifted into this, and another dog almost twice his size. Pleased at seeing one of his kind, he stepped out, wagging, and curving his back in introductory greeting. Savagely, swooping low, the other dog had him by the foot, and the fine bones of the ankle cracked to its teeth—while the circle of delighted dark faces yelled its glee. The assault was so unexpected that Dog yelped in surprise: the cry of protest a man gives when accidentally stepped on. He tried to free his foot.

Hot outrage burst through him. The other dog had meant to bite him! He gave a roar and caught at the other dog's neck. It released and drove for the throat. Outweighed, lacking the ring craft of his assailant, he fought with inexperienced valor against odds: slashed, punished, bleeding, but unable by every instinct of his being to know defeat. He had been wronged; outrageously assaulted. The rest was a hot madness in which he did not know clearly what happened until men were trying to get him off the other dog's throat. He did not understand. And they got him off at last by twisting a cord round his throat and choking him into insensibility. When he came to, the other dog was dead.

Dog was torn almost to pieces; his injured feet gave under his weight with pain; but he achieved a little wag because the crazy dog was disposed of. Somehow he limped home behind Slip.

THE pain in his paws was fearful, but grew less at last. He licked them elaborately and was pleased in a quiet way at their healing.

Then he had to fight again; and again. At last, while he licked his paws, he knew it was useless, and at times would stop. He went out of the yard only to the quarry.

Slip was always without money: so he fought Dog too often, against all comers, without pity. Life for Dog became a haze of pain laced by unnatural fury.

He could have fought every day, for love, in defense of the Master. But there was no love here; only tormenting cruelty, and wild laughter at pain and indignity. At times, in sullen hatred, he would not fight: simply stood like a rock in the center of the ring, roaring to the waves of red rage that shook his body; ready to die before again he would use valor and strength and endurance for the howling glee of his tormentors who would choke him at the end. At which the other dog would check his assault, disconcerted. Once they touched noses, wondering what it was all about.

Slip bought a pocket battery, and through Dog's nerves a horror of thin lightning cut, making his flesh and nerves and bones not his own, but a maddened terror—and he fought raging and foaming as a crazy thing.

He began to go mad. He would jump up and run at anything that moved. All things were against him but they could not break him. Roaring deep in his chest, he charged them unsteadily on broken feet.

"We call him 'Slip Madrigal's Big Mad Dog'!" Slip said, with a showman's instinct.

ON a midsummer night, Dog, who had slept so soundly, was awake because of the pain in the gnawed bones of his festered paws, when, beyond the high fence where a white man and his family lived, he heard a man roaring and shouting as a door opened and was shut again with a smashing jar. Something had fallen in the dust of the farther yard. Then he heard it get up and come to the fence. After a little time the sound of tears began.

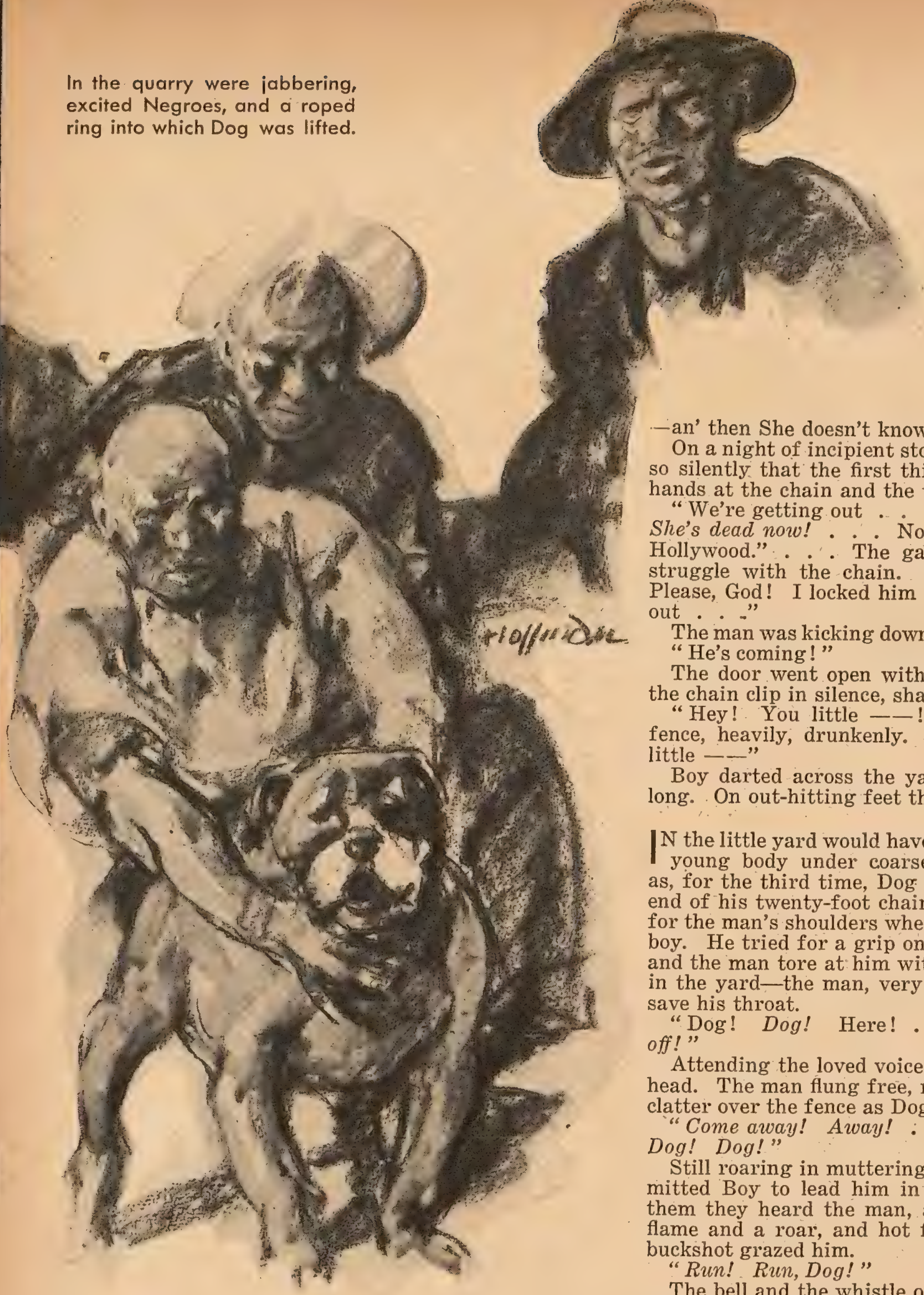
Nothing had touched him for a long while; but presently Dog got up, every slow movement hurting him, and lumbered to the fence. He sniffed. It was a good young smell.

On the other side of the fence was silence. Dog whined; a sound of compassion. A boy's dark tear-disfigured face appeared over the top of the fence against the moonlight.

"Hullo!" he said in a voice thick with sobs. He dropped over the fence and knelt beside the dog. His young hands ran along the fearful wounds. Suddenly his young face crinkled into tears again. He put his arms around the dog, put his face down against the ruined head. "They treat you rotten, too," he sobbed. "*You* know what it's like, don't you?"

They sat together. The boy wept until his tears became a faint shaking of his chest. At last he grew quiet. Then, in a sort of whisper, he began to talk to the dog:

"He's my step-pa. Mother, she's in bed—and—*She—She don't know me now.* He's mostly drunk, and takes it out of me. . . . He'll kill me sometime, I guess—an' I can't run away an' leave *Her* . . ." His face was dark and beautiful, his hair was a black, tossed gloss of curls. Holding the warm body of the dog close to his thin chest, he began to comfort himself. "I'm going to be a singer and actor. I sing *good.* I'm going to Hollywood one of these days. I'm taking Her with me." . . .



In the quarry were jabbering, excited Negroes, and a roped ring into which Dog was lifted.

He began to feel comforted enough to offer comfort. "Here, let's see those paws!"

After that the outrage of the fights was not quite so bitter. Out of the whole world, one was sorry.

Dog lived now for the boy's soft whistle at the fence, the boy's quick tender hands, the boy's tears—for him—hot on his face.

"They cut you up again! *Gee! I hate 'em!* Gee! If I could help y' I would! Gee, I reckon you're the *best* dog ever!"

Oh, comfort!

In confusion of agony, the boy was light.

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Beyond the fence were the heavy brutal sounds of a man drunk. Sounds of a child trying to defend himself. Increasingly the bright strange sound of a woman singing. A thin, high, wild voice of pain-crazed hope and love:

"I hear you calling me.
Though years have stretched their weary length between,
And on your grave the mossy grass is green
. . .
I hear you calling me."

"She calls for me, Dog—an' then She doesn't know me—doesn't *know me!*"

On a night of incipient storm, Boy came over the fence so silently that the first thing Dog knew of it was his hands at the chain and the torn agony of his breathing.

"We're getting out . . . *now!* . . . *She's dead—She's dead now!* . . . Now I can't never take Her to Hollywood." . . . The gasping, hissing breaths; the struggle with the chain. "God, let it come undone! Please, God! I locked him in, but he'll miss me an' get out . . ."

The man was kicking down the door.

"He's coming!"

The door went open with a crash. Boy wrenched at the chain clip in silence, shaking through all his body.

"Hey! You little ——!" The man came over the fence, heavily, drunkenly. "Take money, will y'? Y' little ——"

Boy darted across the yard; but he had delayed too long. On out-hitting feet the man rushed him, had him.

IN the little yard would have been the murder of a supple young body under coarse boots and big hands; but as, for the third time, Dog flung himself roaring to the end of his twenty-foot chain, it snapped—and he leaped for the man's shoulders where the man knelt choking the boy. He tried for a grip on the back of the man's head, and the man tore at him with his hands, and they rolled in the yard—the man, very sober indeed now, trying to save his throat.

"Dog! *Dog!* Here! . . . Come off, Dog—*come off!*"

Attending the loved voice, Dog lifted his great savage head. The man flung free, rolled and fled staggering, to clatter over the fence as Dog struck it with his breast.

"*Come away! Away! . . . He's gone for his gun! Dog! Dog!*"

Still roaring in muttering rumbles of wrath, Dog permitted Boy to lead him in panting flight; and behind them they heard the man, and from the dark leaped a flame and a roar, and hot fire stung Dog's side as the buckshot grazed him.

"*Run! Run, Dog!*"

The bell and the whistle of a train were on the tracks, its great white eye glowing at them as they stumbled over the ties and the gleaming rails. Then, behind them, a hoarse shriek rang. In the great shaft of white before the fast train, the man was standing swaying with the gun, his arms high. Then there was only the rush of the train passing.

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Flight; and as they reached the river, the great sound of rain marching to meet them. Before them, visible to the lightning flares, a two-storied houseboat moored, unoccupied, and swathed in canvas.

"Come on, Dog!"

In the dark, Dog climbed the steep stair to an upper hatch, and Boy pushed it open. They were in the wind-flapped room of the upper deck.

When Boy had moved a heavy seat across the hatch to bar it, they lay there gasping for breath and peering out at the wild night. Rain fell in deluges.

"Gee! We're lucky to have this good house tonight!"

Then, as he breathed more easily, Boy fished in his pockets.

"We got seven dollars, an' I been in the Scouts. . . . See? I got a knife an' a little ax an' the string off a lot of parcels to make a dip-net, and matches in a waterproof case, *and* my banjo! We'll get to Hollywood easy." . . .

Dog pressed against him in reassurance. (A dog and a child setting out to cross a continent to reach a city three thousand miles away.) Suddenly, putting his arms about Dog's shoulders, Boy began to sob softly.

"I got no one to take to California now 'cept you, Dog!"

Dog kissed his face.

Next night they were on the Tamiami Trail: an arrow-straight ribbon of pavement through the star-reflecting, life-throbbing wilderness of the Everglades. Alligators launched with startling splashes into the dark water beside them. They saw the gray shape of a panther flee in the light beam of an automobile still miles away. And Dog knew that the great cat followed them for a space; and it might have come farther had he not charged it, rumbling such menace that it vanished finally into the night. (The Master would have wished him to charge it.)

With dawn Boy got out his lines, baited with a worm, and caught two black-mouthed bass. Then they crossed on a levee to a little island, and Boy cooked the fish over a small bright fire of twigs, and boned Dog's share. Then they slept.

At red and stormy sunset they took the road again. A week, and they turned north along the blue lip of the Gulf of Mexico.

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It does not take much from the resources of a great country to feed a little boy and a dog. There were abandoned fields with small tomatoes ripe on crop-spent vines. There were surprising numbers of rabbits killed each night upon the highway.

Little towns, bright Sarasota, were left behind.

A hungry stretch.

"Gee! I'd like to buy one of those big 'special' apple pies in that shop, an' some meat for you!"

Boy stood counting his money.

"Twenty cents for the meat and twenty cents for the pie. . . . We'll just buy the meat."

Seven dollars less twenty cents, and two thousand seven hundred miles to go.

Tampa Bay now. Green and many keys crowded with shock-headed palms and spindled pines. Toward one key, shallows stretching; then a narrow blue rip of channel, and the gray skeleton of an old shack showing among the pines beyond.

"Come on, Dog!"

Hard swimming for both in the channel, sand again underfoot in the wet scramble out, and the key was all theirs.

"They'd never on earth find us here! We'll stay here till those paws are better, eh?"

There were big mussels to be wrenched from the mud flats; such fishing as Boy had never seen; for Dog happy lollings on the sands, grave bathing in the crystal tide, and the slow and pompous hunting through the grasses proper to a bulldog. He cared carefully for his paws again.

And lying on the beach toward the Gulf, or by the fire at night, Boy began Dog's education: "Sit!" "Beg!" "Shake hands!" "Go dead!" "Bark!" And grave, earnest, and loving Dog struggled with the lessons.

IT was on a night two weeks after their occupation of the key that the sun set in a wild welter of rose over the Gulf of Mexico, and Dog, standing on the seaward beach, suddenly felt danger in his paws. He wanted to take Boy away—but Boy would not understand.

Toward one o'clock, rain began with loud noises on the palms. Dog came to his feet trembling. The rain struck like isolated sprays of shot. At moments there was a queer hum to the sound of the sea, like a violin string singing.

He woke Boy by pulling at his hand. And even in that little space the wind had grown, making the little key alone and terrifying under its roar.

Boy gathered their things together quickly.

"We got to get out of here—fast!"

On the beach the wind hit them, so that Dog had to dig in his claws to keep his feet. The hissing channel seemed very dangerous. He urged Boy on. Leaning sideward against the wind, they stepped with difficulty out along the bar. A few yards, and Dog was swimming.

The torn surface water choked them. Water got into his lungs as he swam, pushing close to Boy. They swam, and the pull of the channel carried them seaward.

Boy's thin arms lifted more feebly. Dog, strangling and smothered, caught Boy's shirt in desperately clenching teeth. Then he fought. (The Master would have said: "Hang on, fellow!" He swam harder for the Master.) He would continue swimming until he was dead.

The waves heaved him so. The exhausted boy was such a drag. Then his downsweeping pads struck sandy and giving bottom. He strained. The bottom was gone. No! He had it again! The current dragged at the boy's inert body. Dog hung on and jerked backward up the beach. He had the beloved on the screaming and crying beach.

SOBBING and strangled, Dog pulled at Boy until he got him up. The wind was head to them now. At minutes it held them still, weightless against it. Then they would gain. Half a mile inland, where some old pine trunks lay, Dog stopped. This was the best place. They crouched together among the dead limbs in avalanches of rain. Above was a vast vibration which roared. Dawn was a diminution of darkness under which all the earth and sea were a gray scream.

To their probable salvation, the extreme center of the hurricane missed them, passing to seaward. And by ten o'clock the sun was breaking through.

Boy and Dog were both a little sick from sea water and shaking violently with cold, but neither was hurt. Only the tin-can kettle, the drinking pot, and the hand net, over which Boy had labored so, were gone, and likewise the seven dollars less twenty cents.

Wiping his arm across his nose, Boy said: "We might have had that pie, eh, Dog?"

But half an hour later he was making up and singing a little song about the hurricane.

They traveled through fall and winter. And always Boy made songs: songs, songs, songs, in tune to the passing world, little songs and long songs, old songs and songs made for the hour and in the hour forgotten. Swinging, tramping, singing, singing, singing, until Dog sang in his throat.

And when he sang "Her song" at first, tears stood sparkling in his eyes—but now his eyes lit.

> "I hear you calling me.
> Though . . . on your grave the mossy grass
> is green . . ."

A woman went with them; and two young ghosts given to laughter—so that Dog, answering, curved his body to the little flick of his tail and cocked his head. A company strong in love, of whom only a dog and a little child might be seen.

Boy worked sometimes now, so that they must travel more slowly through mild spring and summer.

Two years. Three years, three thousand miles afoot—a miracle—behind them.

It had marked them both. Boy was taller, tanned as an Indian lad. Struggle and courage, stars and songs were upon him: a radiance in his dark, laughing, tear-quick eyes filled with the long, long thoughts. He was hard-limbed and wise—and *good.*

But Dog had aged. The furrows of his face were deep with anxiety, his broad forehead knotted with too difficult thoughts, the great vigilance of love in his troubled eyes. One ear was gone. He was marked from head to foot by the scars of battle: old battles of the ring; encounters with the dogs of farmers and the mongrels of little towns who knew him outcast. Yearning, watching, loving, for three years he had stood between the boy and the leering cruelties of degeneracy where the hobos camped, the brutalities of theft on any darkened street, the whispers of the wilderness; but in doing it he had taken from his own life in more than years. He was an old dog. An old dog with more tricks, perhaps, than one dog had ever had. He knew Boy's word, his sigh, his very breath.

"California, Dog! *She* wanted to come to California." . . .

Four days later he said, "*Hollywood! Now* we spend our pea-picking money!"

But they did not spend it recklessly. They slept in an abandoned touring car under a pepper tree on a vacant lot. They walked the long miles between the studios, watching the barred and guarded entrances, skirting the "lots," studying the casting-office windows.

"Soon as I'm an actor I'll buy you everything a dog can eat! Big steaks and hamburger." . . .

This was Dog's hardest time, for he could not understand it: yet knew that Boy was looking for something he could not find. They walked and walked—along crowded streets, across amazing traffic, on hard pavements—until Dog's feet got sore. And always, at the end, the great and guarded gates.

"Please, mister, could you tell me what to do to get to see some one who makes pictures?"

And the uniformed gatekeeper replying without even the emotion of anger: "Move along—no loafing round here, son!"

"But, mister, how *does* one get in?"

"You get in if you got a pass from a director or a studio big shot. Get along from here, son!"

Outside another studio, now; the gateman here a fat man, sitting down. This man was more kind. He saw them. He thought about what Boy asked, even.

"Well, son, I wonder. If you could see Mr. Hoffner, now. . . . But he's too big. Or Mrs. Cortmer." He lifted a telephone. "Mrs. Cortmer, this is Mike at the gate. There's a real cute kid and dog here . . ."

He put the telephone down and smiled. "They're sending down a pass. You go talk to Mrs. Cortmer."

They were in!

"We're in a studio! This is where it happens!"

A long row of buildings on a sort of lane with some lawn: every door with a great name on it.

"There's Mrs. Cortmer's!"

A bright secretary looked up, said: "Oh, Mrs. Cortmer?" And from an inner office Mrs. Cortmer came out to where Boy and Dog stood. She was slender, gray-haired, and self-opinionated-looking, but not unfriendly.

IF you please, I want to go in pictures! And Dog is very good at tricks. . . . I don't know how to start, for you can't see any one who makes pictures unless you have a pass, and you can't get a pass except from some one who makes pictures." . . .

She laughed at that, her hardness less.

"Where did you come from?"

"Miami, ma'am."

"Your people brought you?"

"No, ma'am—Dog and I walked."

She looked somehow as if all at once she had no time at all for them. She said in a most contemptuous voice: "And I suppose you came through flood and fire?" She was even looking away.

Dog stood silent, regarding her pugnaciously and not liking the tone of her voice. Boy's face, pale and startled, was lifted to hers.

He said very clearly, as if still timidly and in friendliness offering her something:

"We were in a blizzard in Texas and a hurricane caught us on the Gulf of Mexico."

She started to move away, then turned back. Her voice held a sort of contemptuous kindness:

"For your own sake, it is a great mistake to try and attract attention in that way. We have too many liars."

With a little flush in her cheeks and the self-opinionated expression of a woman who is not to be fooled, she walked into her office.

As they went past the gatekeeper, Boy said in a choked voice, "Thank you for trying," and Dog gave a wag. But the gatekeeper had a hard red look, because Mrs. Cortmer had spoken to him on the telephone.

BOY, sitting cross-legged in the old back seat of the touring car's remains, composed a letter:

> Dear Mrs. Cortmer, I was not lying to you this afternoon. We came like that from there, truly.
>
> If I was telling you the truth you wouldn't want to have treated me like that, would you? Won't you let me talk to you again, Mrs. Cortmer?
>
> Will you answer this just so I won't be waiting?

For days they went every day to the General Delivery window. And every day there was nothing. And here there was no work for Boy.

"Mrs. Cortmer, how would you feel if you had been telling true and some one did not believe you?"

". . . Mrs. Cortmer, please, please just answer so I'll know you won't see me! I have no more stamps to send another letter." . . .

"She is not going to answer, Dog. She does not think we are even worth answering." . . .

Then: "Toni at the Pig and Whistle says to sing—a director might hear us singing. But suppose the police arrested us? Suppose they might send you to the pound? Suppose I had no money to get you back? . . . *Oh, I don't know what to do!*"

Then: "I can't see you all dusty-scrubby because you're hungry. *We got to sing!*"

They sang outside the Brown Derby.

A great, wise, protective, and troubled dog, doing his tricks beautifully with the concentration of a great love; a great dog with his little boy to care for; a dog against the world—worried. The beautiful boy, young, tragic, frightened; the songs, the little songs of the road.

Dog made the people look. Boy's voice made them listen. The magic of three thousand miles of loneliness was in it.

On the choruses Dog rumbled, solemn and loving, anxious to do his difficult duty. People laughed—tenderly. When Boy sang "Her song" he was smiling.

There was a clapping as the songs ceased. Coins fell around them, and Dog cocked his head aside and Boy knelt in his torn things to pick them up.

Some one brought a large and woolly man, red of face.

"You will sing again—for me?" he said and tipped up Boy's chin. "Why are you singing?"

"So that a director may notice us," said Boy. "I am going to be an actor."

He sang. Earnestly, most movingly, Dog howled. The thing had comedy, nothing of caricature. It was the comedy of young and tragic Pierrot and the faithful dog: very old, ever new.

"Come mit me!"

They talked in a booth.

"I am Joseph Hoffner. You are good—and he with you singing, it is unique! How did you teach him to howl songs?"

With his arm about Dog's great neck, Boy said: "All the other things were for loving me. But he howls for the police sirens—I'd touch him with my foot and make a wailing like them. Whoo-oo!" . . .

Instantly Dog lifted his scarred head and moaned softly. All his loyalty of body and heart were Boy's for this world. But the song thumping deep in his deep throat was for the little car that in this world would never come again. A dog, too, may hear love's calling voice across time and death.

"Now what *iss* he thinking?"

"I don't know."

Presently the man said: "You have crossed a continent? Gott in Himmel! Come now mit me! That is too far to walk for nossings. . . . An' I wish to know what *he* sings about."

THE END

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

BY NORMAN ANTHONY

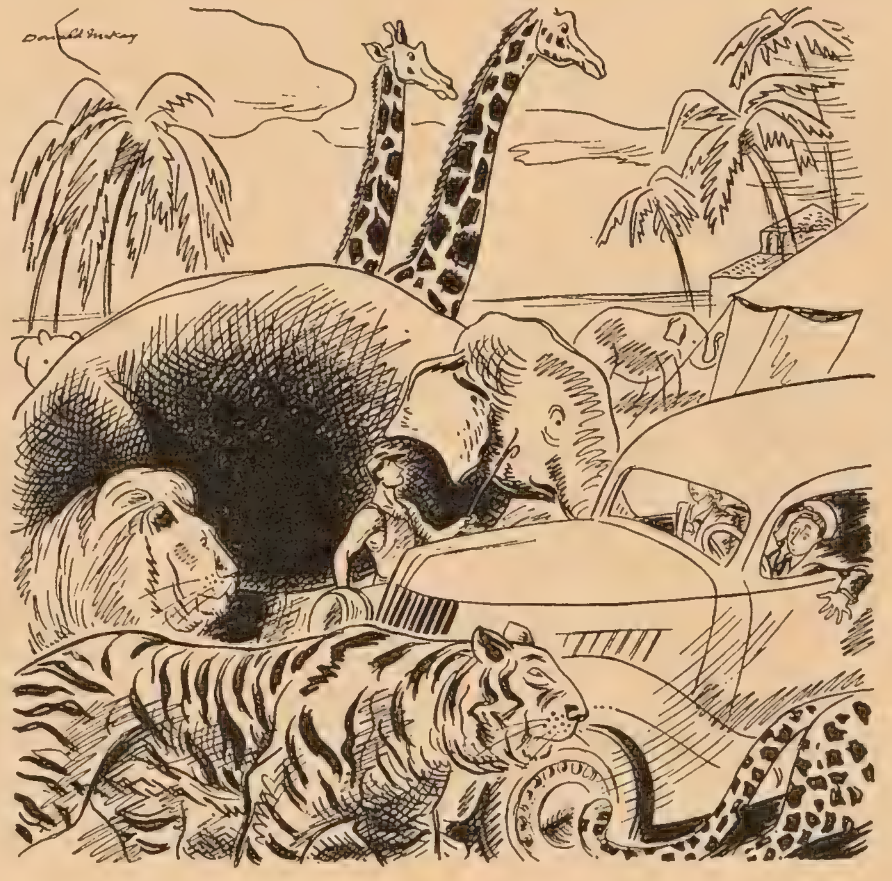
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MONDAY: Up betimes, leaving Mobile Bay and six hundred trailerites behind us, and I did make remark to my wife that if these Gasoline Gypsies became much thicker, people would be going back to live in houses to get away from their neighbors. So I did recite for her a poem of my own devising which I did call The Charge of the Light-Housekeeping Brigade:

"Into the valleys and hills
Rode the six hundred thousand—
Trailers to left of them,
Trailers to right of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to honk and hie—
Noble six hundred thousand!"

So on until we did reach Panama City, where my dear wife did suggest that I purchase a Panama hat, but I did remonstrate, saying that I had not bought a collar in Colorado, a coat in Dakota, a jersey in New Jersey, nor pants in Pantsylvania; to which she did retort, "Well, you should have picked up some new jokes in Jokesonville!"

TUESDAY: Up bright and early, driving through such hamlets as Wewahitchka, Apalachicola, and Sopchoppy, and I did prophesy to my wife that the next town must certainly be Chicken Chow Mein, but it did turn out to be Wakulla, where at a roadside stand my dear wife did purchase a small rug bearing the inscription TAM HTAB, and she did become greatly excited, exclaiming that it must be an old Indian name; but when she did look on the other side it did prove to be nothing but BATH MAT.



Our hero bravely confronts a world of ups and downs and jungle visions

So on to the modest village of Clara, where we did stay the night.

WEDNESDAY: Up in gay spirits, coming at noon upon a motorist stuck in the mud who did inform us that he was a traveling dentist, and he did beg me to help extricate him, a chore which I did relish exceedingly, for when I had pulled him halfway out I did exclaim gleefully, "This is going to hurt a little!" But no sooner had I said it than my own car did slide back into the ditch.

So laboring for an hour with little success, when a farmer with a horse and wagon did come along, refusing, however, to pull us out for less than ten dollars, which we were forced to pay, my dear wife protesting that instead of calling Florida "America's Playground" it should be called "America's Payground."

So on with our dentist friend, Dr. Clutch, camping for the night on the banks of the Suwannee River.

THURSDAY: Up wearily, suffering from a backache and remarking to Dr. Clutch that I wished he were a chiropractor instead of a dentist, whereupon he did take me into his trailer, fitted up as a dental office, and he did bring forth an excellent bottle of Scotch, which did prove a speedy cure indeed until my dear wife did come asking what on earth I was doing. And when I did inform her that I was having my gums treated, she did retort that it was too bad the doctor wasn't a brain specialist.

So on our way, following the course of the Withlacoochee River, my wife, poor wretch, objecting strenuously to my singing, "I wish I were with my hootchy-kootchy on the Withlacoochee!" So I did retire to the trailer, where I did take a nap.

My dear wife came later to awaken me and to inform me that we had arrived in St. Petersburg, in a trailer camp.

FRIDAY: Up early, my wife off to look up a cousin Electa, so I did while away her absence in watching the natives fishing off the docks and I did conceive the idea of showing my dear wife what a fisherman I could be; so after passing the time of day in a tavern or two, I did stop in at a store and did order six halibut, which I did take home and upon my wife's arrival I did inform her happily of my great catch; but when she did open the package it did prove to be frozen fish!

So out and to a tavern, unable to convince my wife that the waters of the gulf were extremely cold at that time of the year and that I had really caught the fish.

SATURDAY: Up late, my head nigh bursting, and we did drive along the gulf to Sarasota, where to my dismay I did see visions of pink elephants and tigers and all manner of queer animals, and I was firmly convinced that I had advanced delirium tremens until a native did inform us that Sarasota was the winter quarters of the circus.

SUNDAY: Up betimes, donning my new white trousers and shoes, and out for a stroll along the water front, but in admiring a girl in a red bathing suit I did inadvertently step off the dock. My rescuers were forced to pour brandy down my throat to revive me.

So back to the trailer, my white trousers having shrunk to my knees. And when my dear wife did see me and smell my breath she did cry, "Oh, migosh! Drunk again!"

Mind over Mashie

BY LYTTLETON FOX

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

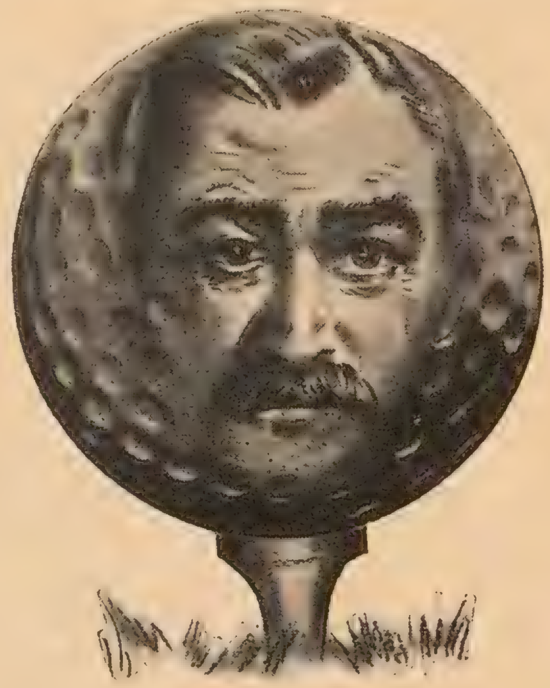
READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

EACH time, as he riveted his eyes on the ball, Jack Kilcullen saw in its white surface a pair of luminous black eyes and the shadow of a black mustache.

An easy four for 298 and the championship, for Sanders, the titleholder, had just holed out in 299. The rest of the field wasn't even close. The weather had done for them—the finger-numbing snap of winter that had come into this fall day.

Kilcullen wished they hadn't brought him the news just as he was walking up to the last tee. For he knew, as every member of the now swollen and breathless gallery knew, that he wasn't fighting the field. His enemy was far more insidious and ruthless.

Twenty years of tournament competition and never a major championship. That was the thought that had haunted him. It wasn't the ten-thousand-dollar prize, although heaven knew he was flat broke and could use it. What twenty years of frustrated ambition cried out for was vindication. Wasn't he acknowledged the greatest technician in the game, whose mastery of difficult strokes was sheer magic—when there was no competition? The public had labeled him a "trick-shot artist."



As he rubbed his stiff hands and stepped up to the ball he noticed that the little guy with the lighted eyes and dark mustache was still staring intently at him. Always at each stroke the fellow had managed to get to the front of the gallery.

Suddenly there was murmur from the crowd and ticking of tongues. Kilcullen had overdone the slice. The ball soared with obstinate, illogical defiance straight against the path of the wind and dropped, far to the right of the fairway, in a clump of trees.

He tried to shut out the quick words of the crowd, and couldn't. "The jitters . . . Kilcullen always blows up in a crisis. . . . Too bad. . . . Greatest exhibition player in the game, but he can't beat his nerves. . . . He still has a five to tie. . . . Yeah, but the yips have got him."

In the center of the murmur his own mind kept telling him that he could still get his five. Then he would have left the play-off tomorrow against Sanders. He was halfway down the fairway now, the gallery following him. He could see the little guy out of the corner of his eyes.

The night before, they had sat opposite at a table in a bar where Kilcullen had gone to drink because nobody he knew would be there. Kilcullen had noticed the little guy pick up his check and start fumbling, casually at first, then with embarrassment as he tried each pocket a second time.

Maybe it was a dodge, but it looked on the level. So Kilcullen had pulled out a dollar bill. "Here, you can send it back to me tomorrow at the country club. Name's Kilcullen."

The little guy's gratitude was really something to see. Then he said, "I saw your score in the evening paper, Mr. Kilcullen. You've got a good chance in this tournament."

"Yeah, if I don't blow up again," Kilcullen answered listlessly.

For a couple of minutes the little guy just looked at him. Kilcullen couldn't think of anything to break the silence.

"You won't blow up," the little guy said finally. The syllables were softly drawn out. "You'll be perfectly calm. I say you'll be perfectly calm. . . ."

Kilcullen was making an effort at speech when suddenly he passed out.

When he came to, the little guy was gone. The next morning he received in the morning mail an envelope containing a dollar bill. . . .

He found his ball in an even worse lie than he had expected. It nestled in the basin between two thick roots of a huge oak, about eighteen inches from the trunk.

Kilcullen was hesitating over a pair of irons when he saw the little man peering through the trees toward the hole. His own eyes followed the man's gaze. He saw that beyond the oak was a narrow but perfectly straight path through the overhanging branches to the green. He let himself toy with the idea of curving it around the oak, yet in such a way that it would uncurl itself and cut straight for the green. After all, that was a trick shot he could pull off successfully in exhibitions nine times out of ten. If it missed and bounced against a tree, there wouldn't be any use holding out. But in an amazed instant he found that he wasn't toying with the idea at all any more. He was getting ready to carry it out.

When the crowd saw him take his stance with his left shoulder toward the oak, there were gasps, then a courteous hush, but they didn't stop shaking their heads. The little guy, though, never changed his unsmiling stare.

The ball cleared the oak, then, almost like a bird finding its course after hovering in a circle, straightened along the clear space through the trees and landed neatly and beautifully within ten feet of the pin.

The gallery recovered their suspended breath and cheered the shot their grandchildren would tire of hearing about.

Even in a state near somnambulism it was easy enough to lay the ten-foot putt dead and sink it for the championship.

Not until midnight, when the handshakes and the interviews and the dinner in his honor (he vaguely remembered making a speech at it) were over, did he have the chance he craved to be alone in his room and just grin.

He had read all the articles about himself in the evening papers over and over, and the taste was still sweet in his mouth, when his eye was caught in astonishment by a picture a couple of columns to the right of a picture of himself.

It was the little guy, mustache blacker than ever in the photograph.

"Dr. Jethro Clark," he read underneath, "in his lecture at Community Hall last night, stressed the increasing importance to modern psychotherapy of posthypnotic suggestion. Under the guidance of a skilled operator, suggestions made to a subject in the hypnotic state will be carried out by him when awake, even though he is unaware of the hypnotism. Dr. Clark pointed out . . ."

Kilcullen didn't read any further. He folded the paper back to begin again the story about himself. Gee, he thought, it's funny what people will be suckers enough to believe!

THE END

Ulysses OF AVENUE A

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE postman nodded as he passed the window but he didn't pause at the door. Mr. Ulysses Popodulos—fat, fiercely mustached, and forty-six—sighed dismally, slumped his elbows upon the sticky marble of his soda fountain, and returned to the contemplation of the corpse of a fly which had taken courage by the hand and ended it all in the pineapple syrup. His wife—fatter, less fiercely mustached, and forty-three—resumed her screaming at him from the rear of the shop. She was always screaming at him from one place or another, and when Mrs. Popodulos screamed, she screamed in the approximately original Greek. Just now she was calling him something in nine syllables. It meant "heel."

Even when clean-shaven, as on Sundays, Mrs. Popodulos was a lady lavishly endowed by nature to act as party of the second part in a furnace murder and had escaped her destiny only because her husband was the meekest of Greeks. Lately, as with the postman's daily passing it became certain that Mr. Popodulos' seven epistles would never be answered, he was not only meek but despondent.

Those seven epistles had contained his final bid for fortune. Addressed to the country's leading candy manufacturers, they announced that the writer had finally perfected, legally protected, and now offered for sale a formula for the Pop-O-Whop—a honey-nut-marshmallow bar containing no honey, no nuts, and no marshmallow and costing prakly nottink to make, iss mabbe so less as smoll pot of a cent, joss tink of it! Wholly without advertising and solely on its merits, the Pop-O-Whop had built up a brisk neighborhood demand; with adequate exploitation its national possibilities would be somting treemenjus. The formula was enclosed and the manufacturers were urged to communicate with the inventor so quicker as you can doing so wit utt dill lay.

"There!" Mr. Popodulos had said as he pounded down the seventh envelope flap. "One wick, two wicks, and we'll being rich pipple! Where you wanna moving to when the money comes? Lung Beach? Pock Avenue?"

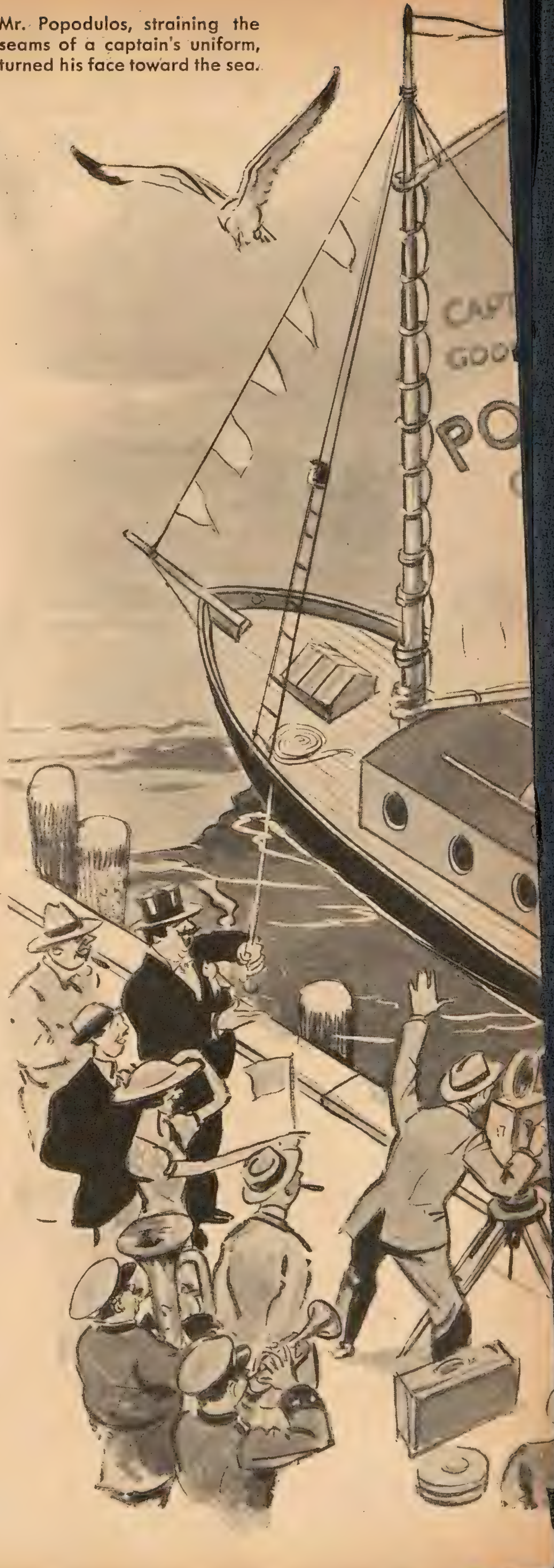
Despite herself, Mrs. Popodulos was impressed. For a week she was almost genial, which is to say she rarely screamed longer than ten minutes at a stretch. But as day followed day and she watched the postman pass, pass, and pass again, her patience deserted her and she found voice as never before.

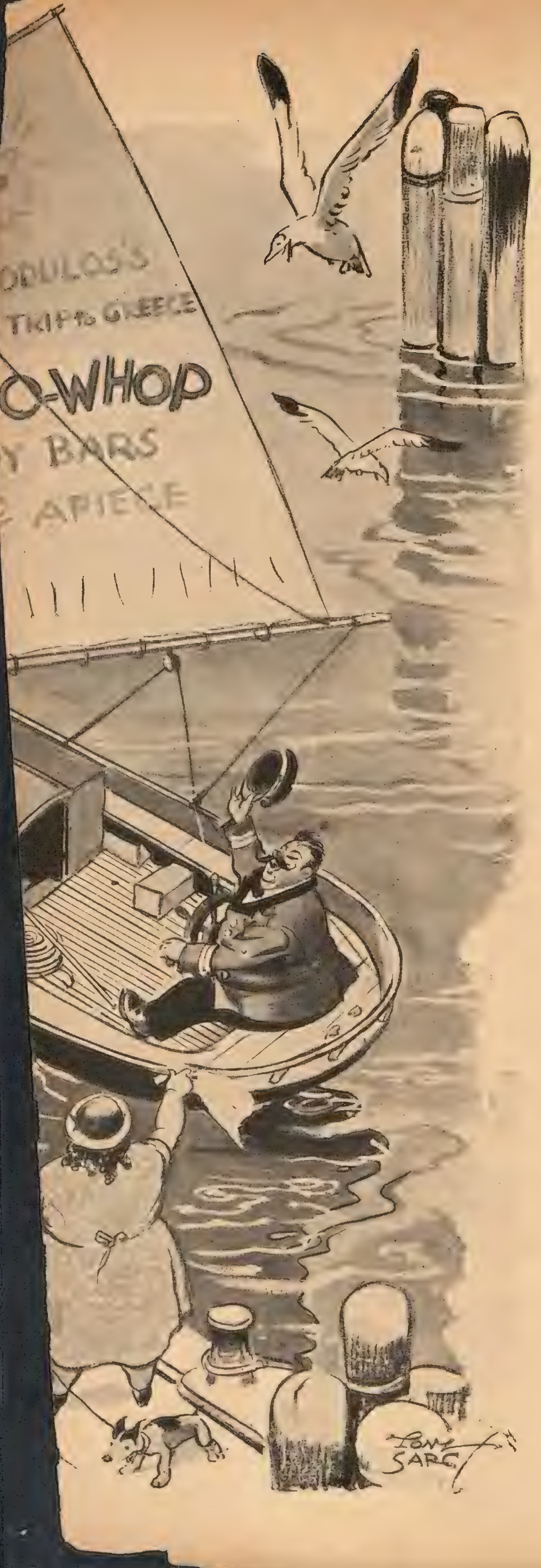
"But, mommer! Mommer!" pleaded Mr. Popodulos. "Iss yet not time. How can it? Somma them letters went lung away, like Chikkogger and Boffalo and Peachbug, didn't it? And they gotta make up the zomple bars, five or six gross for testing, shouldn't it? Well," he spread his fat hands and smiled reassuringly—"well, what you expack?"

But today, as he stood envying the peaceful lot of the syrup-sodden fly, he knew as well as she did that there was nothing to expect. Those seven manufacturers—the livest in the trade, always on the lookout for new items—had passed up the Pop-O-Whop. It was a cinch that nobody else would touch it. . . .

He snapped out of his reverie. He saw his wife beside him. She was pointing at a picture of an airplane in a tabloid newspaper.

Mr. Popodulos, straining the seams of a captain's uniform, turned his face toward the sea.





Here's fun! . . . The blithe, delirious saga of a soda-fountain sailor and an epic voyage into seas of trouble

By GUY GILPATRIC

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY SARG

"M'm, yes, I seen," said Mr. Popodulos vacantly. "Iss pretty big arrowplane, but so which?"

"So which?" repeated Mrs. Popodulos. "So which, you got the goll to asking? Well, stupit, ain't I been explaining you so which in good Inklitch for half and hour? You better listening now, fat slob!"

According to her, the big manufacturers received hundreds of letters every day from unknowns who, like himself, had novelties to offer. These letters the tycoons simply chucked into their gobbitch kens. But suppose (she waved toward the picture of the airplane, the fuselage of which, Mr. Popodulos now observed, was painted to resemble a tube of dentifrice), just suppose they received a letter from a man already famous about a candy which the whole world knew? Ha, that would be different! Well, if these flyers were braving the Atlantic to enhance the fame of a toot pest, why couldn't Mr. Popodulos do something—something similar—for Pop-O-Whops?

Mr. Popodulos felt his spirit squirm. His mustache trembled at the ends. "I—I guessing I ain't the right guy for them kinds monkey business to mabbe bust the neck."

"Oh, ain't you, you ain't, ain't you?" she demanded, breathing through dilated nostrils to pump up a good head of steam in her screaming mechanism. "Well, joss you listening somting while I tell you, you big, fat, lazy, stu . . ."

From the street came youthful shouts, the scurry of feet; into the store burst the vanguard of the three-o'clock after-school rush. For the next half hour the Popoduloses were too busy jerking soda and selling Pop-O-Whops to resume their debate; then, to Mr. Popodulos' relief, his wife shed her apron and stamped off to do the shopping.

Her theory, he had to admit, was sound. Nowadays merit alone was not enough—publicity was its necessary adjunct. A stunt—a stunt for the tabloids, the newsreels, the radio—that was what it took! But—Mr. Popodulos glanced down at the forward hemisphere of his fifty-six-inch globularity and hastily averted his gaze. It fell upon a schoolbook left by one of the kids on a stool before the fountain.

He picked up the volume and leafed through it glumly. He paused at a full-page map of Greece. It made him a little homesick to read the familiar names. He thought of the little fishing village near Kyparissia, where he had lived as a boy. With a stab of envy he reflected that his nine brothers and his countless cousins were probably offshore in the boats that very minute, dragging the nets.

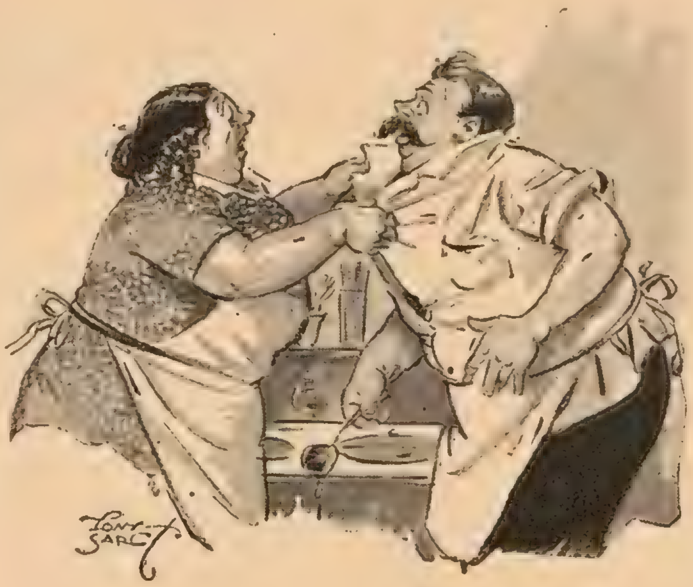
Recalling himself to the book, he was surprised to find that it chronicled the exploits of a man of his own name, Odysseus, or Ulysses—a fellow Greek, though not, apparently, a contemporary. Before he had finished the first chapter he realized that Ulysses was the greatest hero of all time. No tooth-paste aviator, no Channel swimmer, no marathon runner had ever pulled off a stunt like his!

The book didn't say what he had been advertising, but this was unimportant. The point (Mr. Popodulos' paunch heaved with quickening emotion)—the point was that a Greek—therefore, necessarily, a man more or less like himself—had sailed into history aboard a craft which the pictures showed as more or less like the fishing boats Mr. Popodulos had sailed in his youth. If Ulysses Whosis had done it for fame alone, why couldn't Ulysses Popodulos do it for fame, fortune, and Pop-O-Whops?

"Hey, mommer, mommer, iss okay!" he shouted as she loomed like a storm cloud in the doorway. "Now, wait, mommer. Listen to I'm telling you!"

. . . . .

It was four o'clock of a warm spring Saturday when Mr. Popodulos, swelling with pride and severely straining the seams of a Greek naval captain's uniform, turned his face toward the sea. Caught by the swift tidal current, the twenty-eight-foot cabin catboat Pop-O-Whop in which he stood bowing to the plaudits of the crowd, seemed minded to travel in the opposite direction; but this was a minor flaw in the inspiring scene. Pier A, with its cheering throngs, its Greek societies, its newsreel cameras, and its radio drool dispensers, was soon a hundred yards distant, and though there wasn't enough breeze to give his boat steerageway, he was finally embarked upon his great adventure. The screams of Mrs. Popodulos (he had just signed his last will and testament in her favor while thirty cameras clicked) came to him across the sewery Hudson waters even above the blare of the band.



"Well, joss you listening while I tell you!"

Upon his sail, in foot-high letters, was painted:

CAPT. POPODULOS' GOOD-WILL TRIP TO GREECE
POP-O-WHOP CANDY BARS, 5¢ APIECE

"Ha!" he gloated. "I'm Captain Popodulos, that's who! And when them seven big candy fellers come starting to read about us, they will busting a gut to seeing which buys Pop-O-Whops for a hunnerd thous and bucks!"

The good ship Pop-O-Whop continued to drift uptown in spirals. An excursion steamer slid past, its paddles spewing cascades of soapsuds. The crowd lining its rails spied the legend on his sail and gave him a ringing cheer. He arose to acknowledge it. Just as he struck an attitude, the swell struck his boat on the beam amidships and the boom struck his person a trifle farther aft.

By this time he was almost up to Cortlandt Street. Tugs and ferries were missing him by inches and the catboat was wallowing in the troughs of their swells. The sextant, the compass, the handbook on navigation, and twelve gross of Pop-O-Whop Bars, intended as a good-will gift to the King of Greece, were rattling about on the cabin floor. A gallon jug of Viva-Vino Grape Crush toppled from the locker and crashed with a purple spurt. Mr. Popodulos was moved to profanity. Of course thirty years had passed since he had handled a boat, and even then, come to think of it, his father had done most of the handling. . . .

At intervals bull-throated Irish tugboat captains leaned from their pilot-house windows and admonished him to gitta hell outa the way. One of them inquired if the way to Greece lay via Poughkeepsie. Mr. Popodulos decided to furl his sail until nightfall. At sunset a breeze would spring up, the tide would change, and he would speed down to the open sea like no buddy's business.

He sighted Forty-second Street. He drew abeam of Forty-second Street. He left Forty-second Street astern. Well, if he could pass a big important thoroughfare like Forty-second Street with canvas furled, what couldn't he do with sail set? The only thing was, he wished he'd passed it in the opposite direction.

As darkness fell there came a hatful of breeze. Hopefully Mr. Popodulos hoisted his sail. The current was with him now, but as the breeze freshened, it came dead up the river. He beat back and forth, close-hauled, but he didn't seem to be getting anywhere. The big illuminated clock on the Jersey side was just where it had been an hour before.

Once more he narrowly missed a tug, or vice versa. As he wallowed across her stern, the usual Irishmen hurled the usual insults. Mr. Popodulos heeded them not, being too busy wondering if he could dodge another craft which loomed like an ocean liner in the murk a hundred yards downstream.

Suddenly, to his joy, the wind shifted and the Pop-O-Whop came about of her own accord. She surged along like a clipper ship. She held her course without the slightest guidance of the tiller, full in the center of the stream. Mr. Popodulos glanced shoreward for his landmark, the illuminated clock, and was gratified to find that it was no longer in sight.

"HA!" he chuckled, straining his eyes into the gloom. "Now are we spitting so quicker like fire enjunce!" They sped for hours. Fatigued by the day's excitement, Mr. Popodulos dozed.

A peculiar grating noise came out of the night and the Pop-O-Whop's hull trembled violently. For an instant Mr. Popodulos had visions of a swordfish cutting jigsaw puzzles out of his centerboard, but then he decided that the disturbance was coming from beyond the sail. He ducked down, peered under the boom—and gasped! There, miles astern, but on the wrong side of the river, glowed the familiar face of the electric clock. Where the clock should have been were the distant lights of Manhattan. He realized that he must have turned around and traveled upstream all evening!

Again came that mysterious *scrunch, scrunch!* Groping his way forward until the sail no longer obstructed his view, he found that his bobstay was fouled on a long towline which sagged back from a tug to the empty barge which he had taken for an ocean liner. They were dragging him at so merry a pace that morning would find him in the Catskills!

He snatched up the boat hook and worked the bobstay clear. As the barge plowed ponderously past—"Hey, you damned big damn!" he roared. "Looking to hell where you are getting outta the way of it, can't I?"

Observing that the tide was once more set against him, he decided to anchor for the night and refresh himself with slumber against the morrow's travail.

. . . . .

When Mr. Popodulos awoke, the sun was high. To the right reared green hills like the heights of Staten Island. He wondered if he hadn't made more progress than he'd reckoned and journeyed down to the lower bay. But the town on the opposite side didn't look like Sea Gate—in fact, a billboard on the river bank bade visitors welcome to the healthy, hospitable, and homelike town of Nyack. But Nyack—Nyack had no business to be here! The directions were all mixed up! A glance at the compass showed that the Pop-O-Whop was heading northward She must have been drifting upstream all night!

Mr. Popodulos rushed forward to see if the ancho was still dragging. Upon the deck lay a neat coil of rop He realized that he had forgotten to make the anchor fas to anything and had simply dropped it overboard.

An endless procession of excursion boats was marc ing up the river. Loath to reveal his progress on t vasty deep as being minus thirty-odd miles, he reefed t sail in such manner that the lettering was concealed a changed his glittering uniform for khaki pants a sweater.

By noon the George Wash- (Continued on page 2

TODAY'S CARS

DEMAND MOBILOIL

WHEN YOU'RE ROLLING along this summer, remember, your engine needs oil to withstand heats, speeds, pressures unbelievable a few years ago.

Today, more than ever, your engine needs Mobiloil—made by the Clearosol Process! Cleaner, longer-lasting, tougher . . . Mobiloil makes all cars run better!

Proof? . . . more motorists buy Mobiloil than any other brand. It's the world's largest-selling motor oil! Today drive in—and fill up—at the famous Mobiloil sign.

HERE'S WHY:

Did you know . . . on today's cars, **Engine Parts are Tighter?** Clearances may be only 1/1000th of an inch—or less!

Temperatures are Higher, too! Engine heats soar to 300° F.!

Bearing Pressures are Greater . . . up to 3000 lbs. per sq. in.

Also, Engine and Road Speeds are Stepped Up. Motors are turning up 4200 R. P. M. There's more road-shock, vibration!

Engines, Gears, Transmissions, all carry greater loads today!

Today, these are the reasons

IT'S DOUBLY IMPORTANT TO ASK FOR

MOBILOIL

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM

MOBILOIL AND MOBILGAS

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Mobilgas Mobiloil

(Continued from page 22)

ington Bridge loomed in the distance and along toward sundown he sighted Dyckman Street on the port bow. He was down off Desbrosses Street when the lights of the city became yellow and fuzzily blurred. From the lower harbor came the moan and bellow of whistles. A fog was rolling in from the sea. Suddenly it closed in. He strained his eyes for lights and his ears for the clang of bell buoys, but the fog was too thick for the signals to penetrate. He didn't wish that he was home in bed, because Mrs. Popodulos would be occupying sixty-six and two thirds per cent of it; but at the same time (he swayed slightly and his yawn scooped up a full gallon of fog) at . . . the . . . s-s-z . . . m'm'm . . .

He jerked himself out of a cold cramped sleep, peeped into the murk, and then hastily at his wrist watch. Midnight—time to swing out to sea! Training his flashlight on the dithering compass card, he shoved over the tiller until the Pop-O-Whop headed east.

Confident that the North American continent was finally astern, he lashed the tiller, went below, and slept.

Mr. Popodulos slumbered soundly and awoke refreshed. Sticking his head through the little sliding hatch, he saw that the fog was thicker than ever but that now it was gray instead of black; evidently the sun was already high above it. He hitched up his pants in a nautical manner, spat to leeward, and took a squint at the compass. The EAST pointer was still aimed dead at the bow, just as he'd left it last night. Unfortunately, a certain quantity of Viva-Vino Grape Crush had leaked into the instrument, mingled with its liquid, and stained the edges of the card a pale mauve. It gave off a sloshing sound and dripped a fluid which smelled like gin. Turning the instrument until he located the leak in its bowl, he applied his lips to it and sucked in a long and most refreshing draft. "Ha!" he exulted. "A good reliarble compasser is all any sailor was needing!"

He was still ruminating this truth when he heard a muffled roar as of a train on the Second Avenue El. The sound came from somewhere high in the fog; it swelled louder and ever louder. His heart leaped with joy as he realized that they were searching for him with airplanes! Fifty million people would see the headlines, by chimpus!

Whistles bellowed and big ships passed close. This was reassuring proof that he was in the transatlantic steamer lane.

SEVERAL times, as the day wore on, the searching air squadrons roared bravely but futilely through the upper reaches of the fog. As night fell they were still at it. Mr. Popodulos, one hand on the tiller and the other grasping a salami sandwich, was gazing upward trying to spot their lights when his vision was obscured by a great black mass immediately above him. Simultaneously the Pop-O-Whop thumped against something solid. Springing to his feet and fending off with the boat hook, he saw that he had drifted under the stern of a ship which was lying hove to—evidently to pick him up. In white-painted Greek characters was her name, Mylokopi, and her port of registry, Piraeus.

"Well, here I am! Good evening, gentlemen!" he shouted cheerily in his native tongue. "I only hope I find you all as well as I am!"

"Who the devil are you?" inquired a voice from the rail.

"I? Ha-ha! Why, I am Captain Popodulos, my dear fellow—the 'lone navigator' you're searching for! I suppose you had word of me by wireless?"

"Popodulos? You—you are Popodulos? Good Heavens, man, what are you doing here?"

"Why, I'm on my way to Greece, and going strong!" He could see a bearded face above the rail. "Who is the commander of this ship?" he demanded.

"I am. But now, see here, Popodulos—cut out all this foolishness, won't you? I hate to see a fellow Greek drown, but I hate even more to see one make a public jackass of himself! If you really want to get to Greece, come aboard before dawn and I'll take you for nothing."

"Jackass?" repeated Mr. Popodulos indignantly. "Well, that's hardly the way to talk to me, captain! If you'll just give me my exact position, sir, I'll delay your ship no longer. But there—listen! Hear those planes? I guess that proves the United States navy doesn't think I'm a jackass!"

The Greek commander leaned far over the rail and pointed upward. "Planes?" he bellowed. "Look, idiot, look at your planes!"

Mr. Popodulos looked. There, through a rift in the fog, roaring with the traffic of the home-going rush hour, was the Queensborough Bridge.

The boat hook slipped from his fingers. The Pop-O-Whop drifted out into the stream. "Your position," came the Greek captain's voice, "your exact position, is Sixty-third and Exterior streets, East River, Manhattan."

For an indeterminate period of time Mr. Popodulos sat slumped with his head in his hands. Even for one in whose veins flowed the blood of Ulysses, this—this was too much! He took up the compass, located the leak, and from it imbibed a good sound swig. It was heartening stuff. It made everything better! For even now the fog was lifting and the current was carrying him downtown again. There was hope!

THE lights in the skyscrapers winked to life. Mr. Popodulos trimmed his sail, offered up a prayer that wind and current would hold, and once again sped down toward the sea. Two hours later found him still speeding. And then—a ferryboat smashed off his stern with a rending crunch.

Mr. Popodulos grabbed his life preserver. The Pop-O-Whop lurched from under him and vanished with a gurgle. Supported by the life belt, he struck out for shore. As he dragged himself to safety he saw a sign which read "Pier A."

. . . . .

Save for a bum asleep in the corner, the subway car was empty; nevertheless Mr. Popodulos turned his life preserver face inward to hide the name, Pop-O-Whop.

Suppose—just suppose—he were to get off at Fifty-ninth Street, walk over to Exterior and Sixty-third, and avail himself of that Greek captain's offer, "Take you to Greece for nothing"? Somewhere off the coast he could chuck the Pop-O-Whop's life belt overboard. Lost at sea, that's what they'd think! In Greece he'd join his brothers. By the terms of his will, his wife would have the candy shop and the Pop-O-Whop formula. But—the Pop-O-Whop formula was worthless and so would be the shop without him there to run it. . . . No, he couldn't leave her unprovided for. He'd have to go back. No getting off at Fifty-ninth Street for him!

A draft-blown newspaper wrapped itself around his sodden trouser leg. He picked it up and scanned it dully. M'm—m'm. Well, here was a funny story!

FORTUNE AWAITS LONE NAVIGATOR
AS ANXIETY GROWS
Popodulos' Patents Worth Thousands
No Word of "Good-Will" Sailor
Feared Lost at Sea

As one of the worst fogs in history continued to blanket the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Cape Hatteras, grave fears were felt for the safety of Ulysses Popodulos, who sailed last Saturday in a tiny catboat in a daring attempt to reach Greece. Meanwhile seven of the country's leading candy manufacturers are racing to New York in an effort to beat one another to the purchase of the lone navigator's valuable candy patents. Last month Popodulos wrote to these magnates offering his formulas for sale, but neglected to sign his name or give his address. Not until they read of his departure were they able to identify the eagerly sought inventor of the Pop-O-Whop candy bar which . . .

"Phut!" exclaimed Mr. Popodulos, suddenly thinking of something. "Why, she will scrimming even louder on Pock Avenue than she is scrimming on Avenue A! The apotments is so much bigger!"

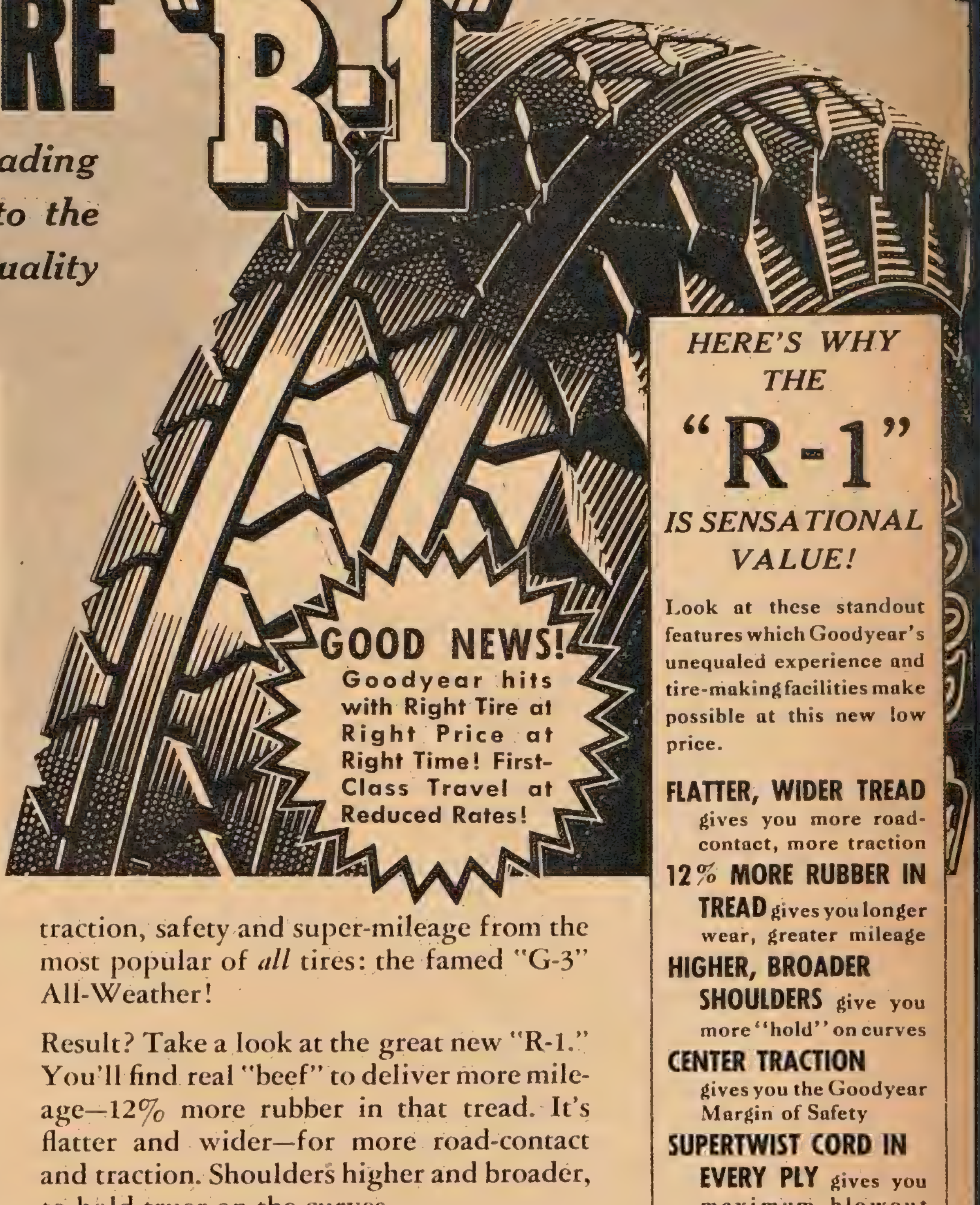
"Fifty-ninth Street!" bawled the conductor.

Mr. Popodulos took up his life preserver and strolled out of the car. He was humming a tune, and hoping that the S. S. Mylokopi had a good reliable compass with a leak in it. . . .

THE END

CLIMBING COSTS SQUARELY SMACKED BY GOODYEAR'S NEW SURPRISE TIRE "R-1"

Sensational Move by World's Leading Tire-Maker Tosses Bombshell into the Field of Bedrock-Priced High Quality as Millions Cheer



GOOD NEWS! Goodyear hits with Right Tire at Right Price at Right Time! First-Class Travel at Reduced Rates!

EVERYWHERE you see the same story—rising costs on all sides. And millions of car-owners are thinking of what they'll have to pay for new tires.

But Goodyear, world's greatest rubber company, *today has licked that problem for you!*

Months ago our engineering and development staffs went to work on it—with the finest facilities, resources and experience in the tire industry—pitting brains and science against climbing costs.

And they came through with one of the greatest tire values in history: a big, tough, rugged tire, a handsome tire, a standout tire packed with safe mileage—at the price you're used to paying!

It's the Goodyear "surprise tire"—the new "R-1"!

What a tire value it is!

As "foundation" for the "R-1," we took the principles of long, economical wear developed in building more than 23,000,000 Pathfinders.

Then we applied the knowledge of sure traction, safety and super-mileage from the most popular of *all* tires: the famed "G-3" All-Weather!

Result? Take a look at the great new "R-1." You'll find real "beef" to deliver more mileage—12% more rubber in that tread. It's flatter and wider—for more road-contact and traction. Shoulders higher and broader, to hold truer on the curves.

It's got *all* the great Goodyear features. Center Traction—the Goodyear Margin of Safety. Wider riding-ribs—for easier steering and slow, equalized wear. With patented Supertwist Cord in every ply—for maximum blowout protection.

Go see this sensational new "R-1"—in your car's size—at your nearby Goodyear dealer's or Goodyear Service Store. You'll see plenty—and you'll like what you see!

HERE'S WHY THE

"R-1"

IS SENSATIONAL VALUE!

Look at these standout features which Goodyear's unequaled experience and tire-making facilities make possible at this new low price.

FLATTER, WIDER TREAD gives you more road-contact, more traction

12% MORE RUBBER IN TREAD gives you longer wear, greater mileage

HIGHER, BROADER SHOULDERS give you more "hold" on curves

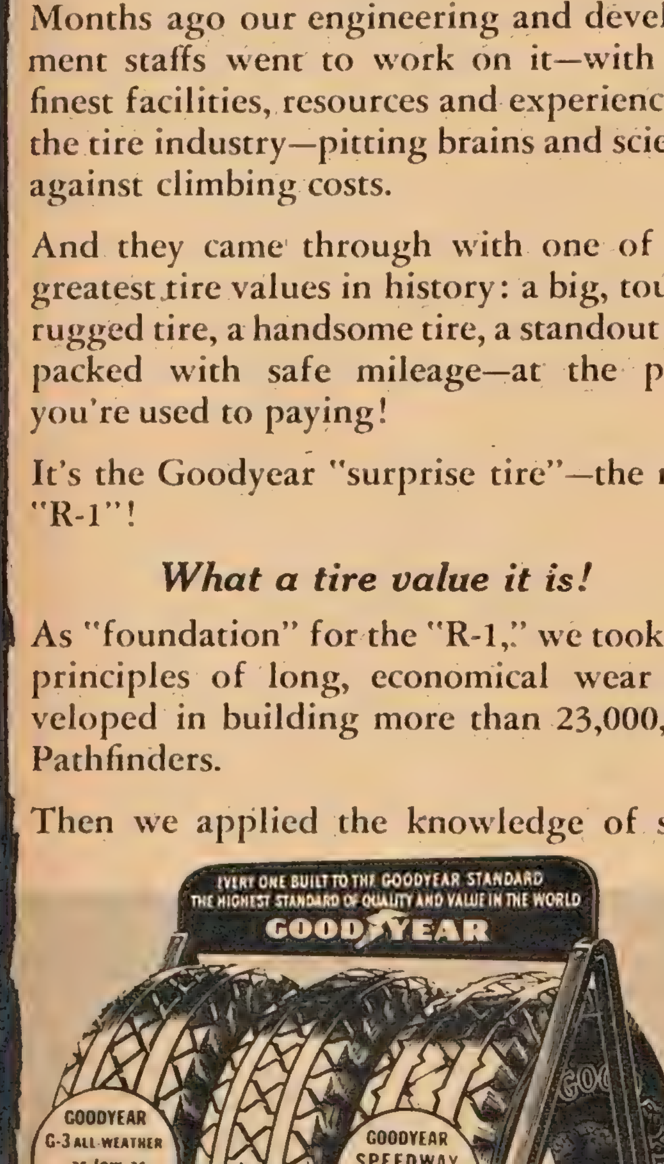
CENTER TRACTION gives you the Goodyear Margin of Safety

SUPERTWIST CORD IN EVERY PLY gives you maximum blowout protection

HANDSOME, STREAMLINED SIDEWALLS give your car smart, modern looks

Remember—

THE CHEAPEST THING ON YOUR CAR IS THE BEST TIRES YOU CAN BUY!


EVERY ONE BUILT TO THE GOODYEAR STANDARD
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY AND VALUE IN THE WORLD
GOODYEAR
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GOODYEAR SPEEDWAY as low as $\$5^{55}$

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

LIBERTY PRESENTS

Comers

BY ED SULLIVAN

FOUR-STAR SPECIAL—If you haven't seen her already in Wings of the Morning, you will throw your hat high in the air when you do see Anne Charpentier (at right), because Anne, a twenty-five-year-old Parisian, is the greatest picture prospect I've seen in years. Her screen name is Annabella; checking up on this prediction will be easy!

MOUNTAINEER—When Sam Snead, rawboned twenty-four-year-old pro golfer from West Virginia, exploded a 65 in the Metropolitan Open, the golf writers agreed that Sam was the first pro sensation in many seasons. Just as all of us were wondering who were to carry on where Sarazen and Hagen were leaving off, Snead of White Sulphur Springs came rolling down the mountains in answer!

BROADWAYFARERS—June Hart of San Francisco and Jack Holland of Seattle, known professionally as Holland and Hart (at right), are destined to reach great heights in ballroom dancing. Many are called but few are chosen in this field—for charm, originality, and something new in the rhythm line are demanded. These two young dancers qualify!

MACHINE SHOP TO OPERA—Thomas Thomas (left) is the Scranton, Pennsylvania baritone who went from a job as oiler on a machine-shop's night shift to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. He's twenty-four, his parents are Welsh, and his career has but just started. Certainly he is headed for stardom.

Man feeding MADE EASY

Here's a picnic MEAL-IN-A-MINUTE that makes them ask for more

If you think it's hard to prepare food men like, try this mouth-watering picnic dish... Bean Tuna Salad. Heap a hungry man's plate with it and watch the first forkful tell you how well he likes it. It's a tasty Meal-in-a-Minute guaranteed to please and satisfy the most manly appetite.

That's because it's made with luscious, mealy Van Camp's Pork and Beans enriched with tangy tomato sauce. Don't confuse Van Camp's with ordinary canned foods. Taste their delicious flavor and you'll recognize the difference.

Your grocer is featuring a complete assortment of Van Camp's Meal-in-a-Minute table treats. Now's the time to buy a supply. Keep plenty on hand for quick, tasty hot-weather dishes. Van Camp's foods are economically priced—everyday prices are lower than most nationally known canned foods.

Send for new illustrated file-book of Meal-In-a-Minute recipes. Shows twenty-eight easy ways to prepare appetizing dishes. Contains menus, shopping lists and other helpful information. For your FREE copy, send name and address on a postcard to Van Camp's, Inc., 2120 South East St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Van Camp's *Meal-in-a-Minute* for July

costs only 7c a serving

BEAN TUNA SALAD

How to make it: (1) Mix 2 cups Van Camp's Pork and Beans with 1 cup each tuna fish and diced celery; (2) Add ½ cup mayonnaise; (3) Season to taste and serve cold on lettuce. (For picnics serve with deviled eggs, pickles, olives, potato chips, sandwiches and coffee.)

Van Camp's
PORK AND BEANS
PREPARED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Keep these Van Camp's table treats on your pantry shelf: BEAN HOLE BEANS
SPAGHETTI • VEGETABLE SOUP • TOMATO SOUP • CHILI SAUCE • CATSUP

FAMILY SCANDAL

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH NUSSDORF

TWO sudden marriages, less than a week apart, have put the wealthy Madisons in the headlines and shocked their social set. The elopement of William Madison, Second, with his son's fiancée, Roberta Redmond, explodes the first bombshell of gossip on the day young Bill lands in New York from one of his many exploring trips. Three days later, climaxing a drinking spree to forget his jilting, the young adventurer and Harriet Vail, a Brooklyn girl he met on the voyage, are principals in an early-morning wedding in Elkton, Maryland. Coming out of his alcoholic coma, Bill recalls nothing of the wedding, but decides against an annulment when the shrewd Harriet convinces him that their marriage, while he doesn't love her, will enable him to devote more of his time to his work and free himself of many social obligations. Bill takes her to his Park Avenue home. There, the first moment she is left alone, Harriet makes a telephone call to Ivan, a waiter working at Club El Morocco.

Meantime Bill is visiting his Aunt Delia, seeking her advice and assistance in helping lovely Anne Moore, the ship's nurse Bill had met on the boat, and who had been his childhood companion when her father had captained his uncle's yacht long before an accident at sea had crippled him and caused his retirement to piloting a coal barge, an event that turned Anne's father against the rich and powerful Madisons.

The reunion on shipboard had resulted in the loss of Anne's position when her jealous superior, Dr. Delaney, ordered her to choose between her position and his amorous attentions.

Anne refuses Bill's offers of aid when he visits her at the family barge, but she does accept his aunt's address, when he asks her to call on Delia.

Returning home earlier than he is expected, Bill is astonished to see Harriet run from a car parked in front of the apartment house. A surly-faced young man seated in the car shouts, "Be careful!"

Moonlit skies and a strange drama of heartbreak! . . . New thrills in a swift, daring novel of society today

PART FOUR—WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN

BILL was more amused than curious about Harriet's furtiveness. And furtiveness was just the word for her manner as, taking hasty farewell of the angry young man, she ran across Park Avenue.

Bill delayed before entering his apartment—to give his strange secretive wife a chance to get her breath. If she has an old affair that she doesn't want me to know about—more power to her! he told himself. Better if she keeps on seeing old friends—or friend. . . . Her bargain with me is, after all, not going to be entirely easy! Then, as a slightly critical afterthought, he made mental comment that Harriet would be more discreet if she didn't enact emotional scenes practically under the nose of their Park Avenue doorman. Bill wanted no more scandal in the family. No more skeletons that could be found in the closet whenever some prying reporter chose to jerk open the door. The newspapers had already made sufficient Roman holiday over the "Marrying Madisons."

Bill needn't have worried. Harriet wanted scandal even less than he. She wanted security, peace, luxury, the proud position of being Mrs. William Madison, Third. She wanted no more life in a Greenwich Village room with underwear drying on the radiator and coffee perking on the one electric plate. And as for the existence her mother led—bungalow aprons, bargain sales, washing, baking, climbing three flights of stairs, dishing up dinner to papa and the boys—always in shirt sleeves—ugh! . . . Now and then movies or a game of pinochle with the dull Carrillos— No, thank you! . . . Life could be different if you made it so. . . . She, Harriet, had done just that, and it was up to her to see that nothing threatened her new glamorous state!

Harriet, still breathless and trembling from her run, pulled off her new town suit. She put on a new hostess gown— "Just the thing, miss, for the cocktail hour," the salesgirl had assured her. Harriet's hands shook as she brushed her hair. She was so glad that she had reached home first—to make herself attractive—ready to face Bill. . . . But what an awful scene with Ivan! Necessary though! She couldn't have her family, her friends, *any* one endangering her future! . . . Harriet's ruthlessness had, years ago, surprised even her own mother. Soon it was to surprise Bill. He had been far more astute than he knew when he had likened her to a Spanish rebel.

Nothing ruthless showed now, however, in her face as she heard his step in the hall. She ran to the door, kicking the too-long train of her hostess gown behind her.

"Bill," she cried, "it's lovely! I adore your home, your room, your pictures—" She wisely stopped before saying "and you."

Bill, relieved that the little scene in the side street off Park had added—for him—a kind of humor to the grim beginning of his married life, bowed.

"We thank you on behalf of the builders, decorators, and the Whitney galleries!"

"You *didn't* let the galleries choose them! . . . You picked these pictures yourself!"

"A discerning woman!"

Harriet relaxed. The gap was bridged. Bill had entered the rooms with her there. As he had balked at doing this morning!

"Manage to keep busy today?" Bill asked, crossing to his study, where two stacks of mail—vital, moribund—waited him.

"Oh, yes. I rested. Then I shopped."

"Didn't see your family?"

"No. They live in Brooklyn. I didn't have time. I telephoned."

"Hard-hearted wench!"

"I'm not. Far from it!"

She had come to the door of his study. Her eyes were smoldering. Her body, in the amazing gold velveteen robe, was posed against the doorjamb as once, as a child, Bill had seen Nazimova do it.

"Mm," he said. He wondered where on earth she had found the costume. "Didn't you even look up any old friends?"

Harriet's dark eyes didn't flicker. But her mouth smiled widely. "This conversation's marvelous, Bill! You even sound like a jealous husband!" She sank into a leather armchair. "Did *you* look up any old friends?" she mimicked.

Bill raised his eyebrows. The girl's good! he conceded to himself. A pity she's such a liar! . . . But does any woman live that a man can trust? No! And the sooner I get that straight, the better! . . .

"Well," he admitted, "I didn't look up any friends, but a few found me."

"Who?"

"Oh—Cornie Rogers, Hal Fl—"

"Not *the* Cornie Rogers?"

"I—suppose so. . . . Thought you weren't interested in 'right' people."

"I'm not, stupid! But his name was in the papers—"

"Good! I bet it annoyed him plenty!"

"You're human, after all, aren't you, Bill?"

"Thanks. . . . But no! Not human. I'm really the werewolf's son!"

"You'd be rather fun—"

"Oh, no—I use toothpicks! . . . Now, as I was saying—today I had a business conference with dad's partner. It appears that dad isn't well, has been losing his grip on things of late; gets fixed ideas that are completely illogical and insists on trying to push them through. Lately his heart has been showing signs of strain, too. . . . I'm going to handle the estate as well as my own work—Lord! Don't we sound domestic!"

Bill pushed the entire moribund mail into a rawhide barrel serving as a wastebasket.

"Horribly so," laughed Harriet. She steadied her fingers sufficiently to light a cigarette.

"Dull of us!" Bill rose abruptly. "Let's dress and go places."

Harriet rose slowly. On her tongue's tip were the words—"I *am* dressed! The salesgirl—" She choked them back.

"How nice," she agreed. . . . But she hated the idea of having Bill see her search through the so-far unopened boxes for something more elegant—or shouldn't it be more elegant?—than this.

In her quandary she reckoned without her host.

"I'm taking dad's rooms," Bill remarked lightly. "It'll give you more space. . . . Not dinner clothes tonight. Something simple. And make it fast. Prove you *are* a superwoman!"

Harriet tore open her plunder. Box after box—not too many. Not really enough—a lifetime of thrift is hard to overcome. "Something simple," Bill had said. She put on a black velvet suit—the only simple thing in her pitifully new finery. And she was rewarded.

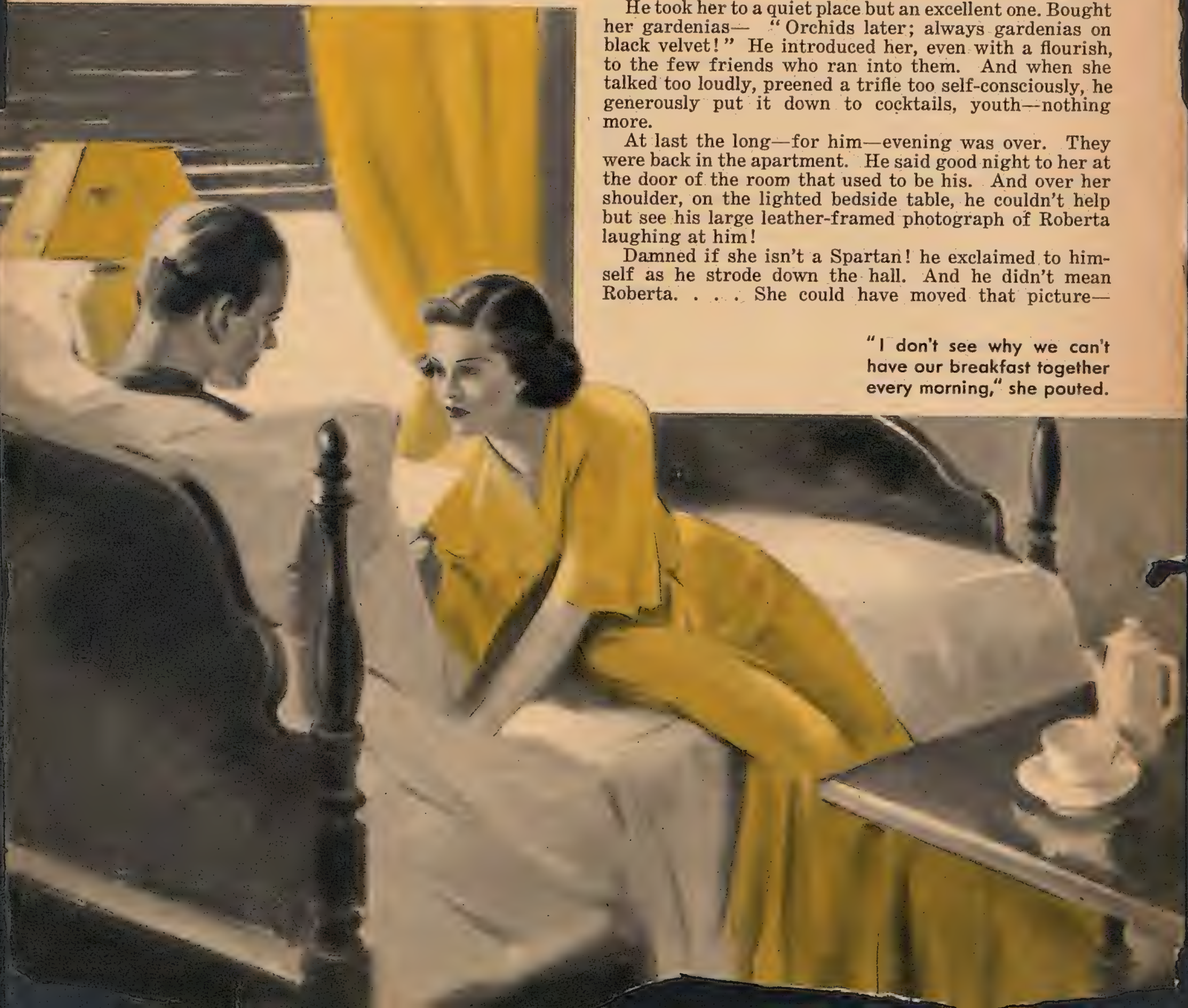
"You're top-drawer!" said Bill. "Let's go."

But Harriet, for once, couldn't guess that Bill was working hard to be a good sport. The evening for him was a nightmare. For her it was merely the beginning of a series of glorious, colorful, expensive dress rehearsals.

He took her to a quiet place but an excellent one. Bought her gardenias— "Orchids later; always gardenias on black velvet!" He introduced her, even with a flourish, to the few friends who ran into them. And when she talked too loudly, preened a trifle too self-consciously, he generously put it down to cocktails, youth—nothing more.

At last the long—for him—evening was over. They were back in the apartment. He said good night to her at the door of the room that used to be his. And over her shoulder, on the lighted bedside table, he couldn't help but see his large leather-framed photograph of Roberta laughing at him!

Damned if she isn't a Spartan! he exclaimed to himself as he strode down the hall. And he didn't mean Roberta. . . . She could have moved that picture—



"I don't see why we can't have our breakfast together every morning," she pouted.

could have turned all three in the room to the wall, or chucked them into a drawer. I wouldn't have blamed her. She's a Spartan!

. . . . .

Harriet *was* a Spartan. The next few days proved it.

They went on board the yacht late in the afternoon. Some hitch in getting a part for the engines delayed their start. Spring fog had settled over the river, the harbor. Liberty's light was dimly aglow as they passed her. There was a stiff breeze. Even the waters of the bay were more than usually disturbed.

And Harriet, who had never been on a yacht, or on any small craft, in her life, fought a battle with her inner woman. Almost as grim a fight as a boy in ancient Sparta once lost to a fox cub clutching his breast.

Only Harriet didn't lose. True, she didn't know port from starboard. She called going below "going downstairs," and thought the galley was the "cutest little kitchen" she had ever seen.

She wore a yachting costume that would have done yeoman service on a racing schooner—save for her high heels. But, withal, she kept a stiff upper lip, a smile on her now paler-than-usual face. And Bill again gave her "A" for effort.

He gave her another "A" when, as they were listening to the radio before turning in, one of the crew announced in stupidly excited tones that they had run afoul of a coal barge!

Bill, assuring Harriet that Captain Grierson didn't do things like that, went on deck. . . . And she, instead of running after him to see what there was to see, took his word for it.

She was still listening to the radio when he returned below.

"As I thought!" he fumed. "One of those damned barge captains out to get what he hopes he can get!"

"What do you mean, Bill?"

"They're the Robin Hoods of New York harbor! Steal from the rich—give to the poor—they, naturally, being the poor *in person!* They deliberately let their dumb barges drift into our path—just enough—so that not even Neptune himself could keep a stern wave from washing over their grimy low-lying decks! Then up goes the steam on their tug, and back they put to New York to enter suit for damages!"

"Can they collect?"

"Yes—no. Depends. Usually a yacht owner settles out of court; coughs up in part to quiet them. They bank on that. . . . But I'll be damned if I'll be made a fool of again. I'll fight him, whoever he is—in court, if need be!"

"I would!" applauded Harriet.

Then, in the following blue-and-gold days—and sometimes absorbingly rough days—she forgot all about such unpleasantness.

So did Bill. He, with the sea tang in his nostrils, worked on a book that he was writing about Bantu culture in Africa. And thus, with no further mishap, they reached Palm Beach.

BILL had wondered about meeting Roberta. Would his heart leap at the familiar sight of her once-adored beauty? Or would he hate her for what she had done?

He did neither. So great was his concern for his ill father—aged shockingly—that he scarcely noticed the subdued young vision hovering solicitously about.

Roberta's attitude was—"You and I will save him if we can, Bill!" Bill's was—"Save him," without the "you and I."

"Don't disturb him with business problems—or with anything else that could possibly upset him!" the physician warned Bill the first night after dinner. They were pacing back and forth in the loggia, their footsteps beating a tattoo on the Pompeian tiles, their cigarettes accenting the jasmine-scented dusk.

Roberta, reclining in her chaise-longue, was an exquisite wraith in anticipatory black. Absent-mindedly toying with diamond bracelets on her white arms, she watched the two men.

A golden spotlight, suddenly lighting the fountain in the center of the patio, revealed the expression on her perfect face.

Only Harriet, awkwardly ensconced in a twin chaise longue, saw the other's Mona Lisa smile, sensed its meaning. . . . I'm seeing a play, Harriet realized. This setting—liveried servants; music rising from nowhere; orchids growing; palm trees, stars above, fragrance below—in the house an old man who won't live very long, and out here—*that woman!* That woman who never takes her eyes off Bill! . . . Yes, I'm seeing a play—but I'm also in it! Well, I've been in plays before.

And that is what the following days were to Harriet. She resolutely ignored the dangerous gleam in Roberta's eyes, the condescension in her manner. For the first time in her life, Harriet reveled in the luxury of living. Her childish enjoyment of places like the Italianate Bath and Tennis Club, the Breakers, the baccarat room at Bradley's, at first amused, then alarmed Bill.

"We'd better leave before this life gets you!" he warned her. "It's a deadly virus when it enters the blood!"

But the days slipped by pleasantly enough—even for him. He marveled at the care that Roberta took of his father. Had he misjudged her? An incident answered this question in his mind.

IT grew out of the purchase of an evening gown by Harriet—to wear to an end-of-the-season ball at the Everglades Club. Harriet who, in spite of her artistic ability, would never have clothes sense if she lived to be a hundred, had accepted Roberta's offer of shopping advice.

She had trailed Roberta from the honey-colored Rolls-Royce into a Paris shop camouflaged behind a bower of flaming hibiscus. And once in this bower, she was like the fly in the spider's web. All native intelligence, as well as her shrewd knowledge that Roberta didn't mean well, deserted her.

Harriet went to the ball that night in a raspberry-and-green picture frock with a lei of American Beauties around her neck so overpowering that she looked like Queen Liliuokalani, saying her last *aloha oe!*

Bill—who rarely noticed clothes, unless they were outrageous—almost gasped when she appeared in the cocktail room to greet their dinner guests. He was sorry now that, days ago, he had begged her to give up her annoying habit of demanding, "How do I look?" "Bill, do you like this dress—or this one?" "Bill, what shall I wear tonight?" It was his fault. He should pay more attention to her!

He was very attentive to her at the dance. So much so that Harriet's spirits soared.

She drank more than she usually allowed herself. She became quite noisy. And finally, when she started to give away the roses from her lei to her various partners, Bill had to rescue her.

"Save 'em to hang around a departing celebrity's neck!" he advised her.

"Oh, Bill—and I thought you liked this dress!" Her dark eyes became shadowed; her full red lips pouted.

They were dancing out on the terrace now—a fairyland of a place glowing softly in lantern and moonlight.

"Sure—it's fine!" He steadied her as she backed away from him.

"It isn't! It isn't! I know now! Roberta made me get it on purpose!"

So that was it, thought Bill. But he soothed her. He sat beside her on the balustrade, keeping her out in the air as long as possible. And by the time one of their house guests came to bear Harriet away to supper, she was both slightly sobered and again sure that all was well with the world.

But Bill, still on the terrace, under the high-riding moon, was facing Roberta.

It was their first moment alone together since his arrival. He had been avoiding her. But now he had deliberately sought her out.

"Proud of yourself tonight?" he accused her coldly.

"Oh, Bill!" Her beautiful eyes filled with easy tears. Moonlight made her small head—so near him—a thing of sculptured gold. "The first time we've been alone—just you and I—and you're angry!" She put her hand lightly on his arm. "Is it—defense mechanism?" Her voice was a caress.

"Sit down!" he said abruptly, indicating a marble bench.

The sea rolled in molten silver before them. The night hovered, a fragrant benediction, above. Roberta seated herself with self-conscious grace. She clasped her hands demurely. Appreciation of the night's beauty—and of the fact that it made a fitting background for her own—pulsed through her.

"Yes, teacher!" She laughed softly up into Bill's narrowed eyes.

"Don't call me teacher," he said. "Call me—son!"

"Oh!"

"All right, skip it! I'll never ask what spell you laid on dad to get him 'eating out of your hand' to the extent of marrying you! I won't even ask whether he became what he is now before or after he married you! . . . That's between you and him. . . . Tonight I'm concerned only with what you're doing, or trying to do, to me and—my wife!"

"Oh!" Now her cry was a moan.

"I've thought a lot, Roberta. Mostly in Africa. In long, burning nights when fever lifted me to planes between death and life. I saw then—when I could see anything—every human endeavor stripped to naked truth. I made decisions in those bright sure moments of fever. I nurtured fool hopes. Out there I wasn't a rich man's son, Park Avenue playboy. No! I was a soul in a body. The soul had qualities worth preserving. The body had almost gone beyond the point of fitness to exist. But I forced it to! Every time it began to disintegrate, to slip away into the fetid air of that jungle shack, I snapped it back. I stood guard over it—yes, made it eat, drink, and hold it.

I BROUGHT it back—body with soul attached—to New York because I had such a powerful reason for wanting to live! We'll skip the welcome waiting my fine high fool hopes in New York! . . . You probably know that the age-old Eastern races regard women as pleasant necessities, completely devoid of honesty, loyalty, decency, and—importance. Well, I become more and more Eastern as I grow older! . . .

"Which brings me to today. To the fact that I know what you are trying to do to my wife; *why* you are trying to do it! And I feel that—out of kindness to you—I should warn you to stop."

Roberta had never lived through anything like this. Her bright poised beauty wilted. She cried. It was the only thing she could think to do.

Bill stood up. "Snap out of it, Roberta," he advised. "Get on to yourself! . . . Leave Harriet alone. She's one of the most intelligent girls you'll ever meet, even if she doesn't know a single one of the easy tricks that you were born laughing yourself silly about! . . . Leave *me* alone, too! The

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play's over—*fini!* You take care of dad from now on. Do that, and I'm your friend."

Bill thrust out his hand.

Roberta, quivering, rose to take it. The tradition, training, which Bill had just scorned, made her capable of this silent gallant gesture.

Bill—and perhaps the moon, or the night, or the universe—appreciated it.

Harriet, coming upon them, didn't.

Harriet, on the arm of a young escort, sagged beside a full-blown hibiscus.

"I'm always finding you in the moonlight with a redhead," she hailed Bill.

"When," Harriet's swain cued in, "shall we three meet again?"

"There are *four,*" Harriet corrected. "Must always, you blockhead, be a woman for Bill! . . . Wine, woman, and Will! Same as this on shipboard—a nurse there—another redhead!"

"You're color-blind, my pet," Bill checked her coldly. "There's not a thread of telltale red in Roberta's yellow locks."

"Sounds suspiciously like poetry," grumbled Harriet's escort.

"Don't *you* write poetry?" Bill turned on him in mock seriousness. "I always do at daybreak. And it's practically that now! Come on, Hat! We're going home. Going with us, Roby?"

"No, thanks. I—I must find my escort."

. . . . .

"She'd better find her escort," mumbled Harriet in the car. "She needs one if ever any one did! She's a dirty little—" Harriet refused to learn that Bill maintained certain silences in the presence of chauffeurs, butlers, maids.

Bill put his hand over her mouth. Which made matters worse. And before they reached the house she had delivered herself of a large amount of unpleasant Brooklyn billingsgate. Which left her deflated and just able to crawl heavily into a bed that seemed to be rocking under her.

But it left Bill cold, miserable, and wide awake. He walked up and down in the patio until the clear green-and-turquoise dawn flooded the sky above the palms. Then he went to bed.

Full morning found Bill still discouraged, and found Harriet contrite to the point of tears.

"I'll never, never behave that way again!" she promised.

She had come to his room in her dressing gown, an intimacy on which he frowned. And now she sat on the foot of his bed while he opened his mail.

"I was jealous, Bill."

DULL of you! As a matter of fact, when you made that elegant entrance on our little scene, I had just finished telling Roberta that you were one of the most intelligent women in the world. You didn't exactly live up to my praise."

"I'm sorry! I couldn't help it, Bill. I was tight, and—really jealous. Hasn't a—wife a right to be jealous?"

"I wouldn't know. I've never been a wife. As far as I'm concerned, no one has a *right* to be jealous, any more than one has a *right* to have measles. Jealousy's a disease. . . . Have a piece of toast? . . . Mind if I open this? It's from my lawyer."

Harriet watched the sunlight on Bill's crisp dark hair. "I don't see why we can't have our breakfast together every morning," she pouted. "You told me you're a bear in the mornings. You're not at all."

Bill concentrated on his long letter.

"Bill," said Harriet, "let's go back to New York!"

Bill leaped suddenly out of bed, clutching the letter in his hand.

"We certainly will!" he exclaimed. "At once!"

"What's the matter?"

"Plenty! You know the barge we almost ran down in New York harbor? It belongs to Captain Henry Moore—Anne Moore's father!"

"Well, what of it? And we didn't almost run it down. You said—"

But Bill wasn't paying any attention to her. He was pacing the floor.

"Lord, I wouldn't have had that happen for anything! Why did it have to be *theirs*—of all the ten thousand barges in New York waterways! Anne's opinion of me'll be worse than ever!"

Harriet's eyes dilated. So many forces were storming her not-too-firmly-entrenched position! Bill's friends, his background, his father, his breeding, Roberta—they were all enemies. And now this "Anne" whose welfare seemed to concern him so alarmingly!

"But your captain said," she protested, "that that barge got deliberately in our way. That it's a common trick! And you agreed!"

Bill hadn't heard. Or, if he did hear, he was concentrating on something else. He turned suddenly. "I have it—the very thing! Perfect solution!"

"Of what?"

"Of how to help Anne, of course! This thing's a godsend! I'll settle out of court—and settle handsomely!"

NOW Harriet was thoroughly alarmed. "I thought you said you weren't going to be made a fool of again!"

"This is different. I'm doing this of my own free will. . . . I don't care whether Captain Moore ran into me deliberately or not. As far as that goes, he well may have! He received a bad injury on my uncle's yacht; he probably doesn't lose any love on any of us. . . . Run along; pack. We'll fly back. How would you like that?"

Harriet stood like a sullen angry child before him. "How would you *expect* me to like it," she challenged, "when you're flying back to another woman? . . . You think nothing of me—you're hateful to me!" Her voice rose. "I can be pushed about as you and any of your fancy family wish. 'We'll go here, go there,' you say. And you never ask me where *I'd* like to go! We've seen all the clubs and public places in Palm Beach! But how many times have you taken me into the swell houses of your old friends? I'm human—and I'm a college graduate, too! And not too ugly! Don't you think I have any pride? . . . Well, I have; but I've had to swallow it! And I've done pretty well, too. I can take what I've had to take down here! But when it comes to sitting back and letting you make a fool of yourself over a cheap little redheaded nurse whose father's a water rat, I balk. I'm your wife. I have some rights!"

Bill stood looking at her. Then he spoke. The room seemed to settle back into its normal state of peace at the sound of his voice.

"I'm sorry you're unhappy. I hadn't realized— Shall we consider our experiment at an end?"

"What? Oh— Oh, Bill!"

He thought she was going to faint. He moved to catch her. She flung her arms about him.

"No, no, Bill! Please forgive me! Forget all I've said. I didn't mean it! You're right—jealousy's a disease. Oh, Bill, I love you, I love you—"

He disengaged her gently.

"You promised—" he reminded.

"I know. I'll remember. I promise again."

She clasped her hands tightly. Again Bill witnessed the miracle of an emotional woman conquering herself.

"Good girl," he said. "Let's have no more scenes. We'll forget this and last night. Turn the page! . . . As long as we remember that this is a partnership, not a marriage, all will be fine."

"Yes." She hesitated, then asked in a small voice: "Bill?"

"Yes?"

"Could anything— I'll ask this now, and won't bother you again—could anything ever make this a real marriage?"

"Nothing."

He shook his head. Harriet turned and left the room. *Nothing?* she asked herself. She narrowed her eyes.

Harriet's determination is deadly clear; but how will she go about gaining her greatest goal? Will it affect Bill's present plan to aid Anne and her father? Suppose Anne learns of his charitable move—what then? The next installment gives you an inkling of a new surprise!

FLIGHT INTO HELL

By EDWIN C. PARSONS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHEVALIER

A war pilot's stirring memories of death and courage and flaming skies

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

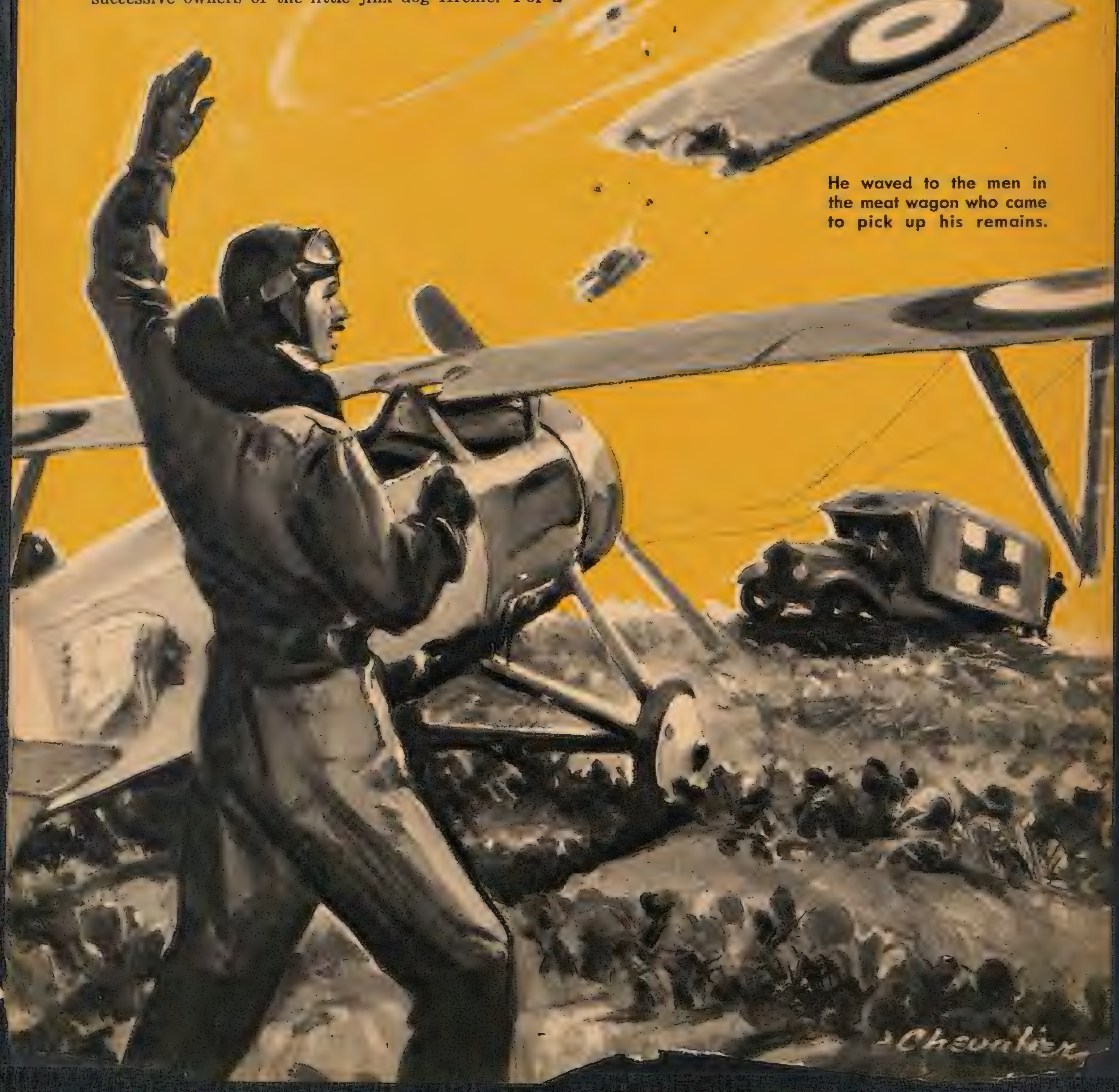
PART THREE — CONCLUSION

WE all commenced to look askance at Archie, but de Laage pooh-poohed any thoughts of a jinx, and adopted the pup.

Three Mondays later, our gallant, courageous, and well beloved officer met his own death. Trying out a new Spad, gathering terrific speed as he left the ground, he pulled up in a climbing turn, ordinarily a reasonably safe maneuver. But at fifty meters from the ground his motor momentarily cut out, and before he could straighten the plane, he crashed, and was killed instantly.

With him went the soul of the Escadrille; for no truer, finer gentleman ever existed.

Three deaths on three Mondays—and all of them the successive owners of the little jinx dog Archie. For a



He waved to the men in the meat wagon who came to pick up his remains.

time Archie was a pariah, living on scraps which big-hearted Salmpson, who didn't worry about a jinx because he didn't have to fly, fed him. But just at this time Sampson was caught swapping off food to get more wine for himself, and given fourteen days in clink.

Then came Lieutenant Maison Rouge from another French escadrille to replace de Laage. The new officer was far from popular, and so no one bothered to warn him when he took over Archie because it had been de Laage's. Archie didn't get in any dirty work until some time later, when Maison Rouge was involved in a mid-air collision with the wild man Campbell, escaping annihilation by the narrowest of margins.

After that Maison Rouge became too nervous to fly any more with what he called *"les sauvages,"* and soon left the Escadrille. With his departure, Archie was shunned by every one, including Salmpson, and, apparently feeling he was losing his grip because he hadn't got Maison Rouge killed, he simply lay down and died of some unidentifiable disease. It was a great relief to every one when the last clods fell on his resting place.

At Ham the Escadrille was strengthened by the arrival of the youthful and scholarly Ray Bridgman, who had seen service with a French squadron, and Charles Dolan and Henry Jones, fresh from the flying schools.

In the beginning of June the Escadrille was ordered to the field of Chaudun, behind Soissons, to fly over a sector which included the historic Chemin-des-Dames.

We hadn't been long at Chaudun when Campbell, the wild man whose whole life seemed devoted to giving other people thrills, pulled off the first of his famous escapes from death.

Indulging in some of his usual fancy acrobatics with his Nieuport at fifteen hundred meters over the field, he flipped off his lower left wing in a loop. With somewhat over a million chances to one of keeping out of a spin and losing the rest of his wings, he miraculously found and held a perfect counterbalance on coming out of the loop. He volplaned all the way down to a safe landing in a beetfield ten kilometers from the airdrome and waved to the men in the meat wagon who had been dispatched to pick up his mangled remains.

THE Escadrille received two new replacements in the middle of June. That famous warrior and writer, hero of three armies, James Norman Hall, and an ex-ambulance driver, Douglas MacMonagle.

Jimmy Hall distinguished himself almost on his first patrol by one of the narrowest escapes from death accredited to any pilot during the war. As a new pilot, he was assigned a hand-me-down Spad fatigued from long service. As a consequence, he was slow getting away to join his patrol and missed them at the fixed rendezvous. He went on to the lines hoping to pick them up, but they were nowhere in sight.

Some time later, quite a distance in the German lines, he saw a patrol which, in the fading light, looked like the one he was supposed to be with. Gaily he roared across to join this flight, flying right into the center of the tight formation.

The first American flag at the front was flown at Ham, France.

Whiskey and Soda, the Lafayette Escadrille's lion-cub mascots.

Then he looked around to identify his mates, and suddenly discovered, to his horror, that the Spad wings and tails looked curiously distorted. Instead of an Indian Head patrol, he was ringed in by a bunch of grinning expectant jerries in black-crossed Albatroses.

Jimmy was willing to call the whole thing quits and tried to duck unobtrusively away; but the Germans wanted to play. They poured flaming lead at him from every angle. He was struck simultaneously by three bullets, but none caused more than superficial wounds.

The shock was too great and Jimmy passed out. As he fell forward on his stick, the little Spad plunged down, full motor, from twelve thousand feet, but, by good fortune, headed toward the French lines.

With Hall slumped down unconscious, the pilotless plane hurtled down at terrific speed to within a hundred meters of the ground. Just when it seemed as if nothing could save him, Jimmy came to long enough to realize what was happening. He cut the motor, pulled back with all his remaining strength on the stick, and promptly went off to dreamland again. The swooping plane settled and crashed in the first-line trenches. Outside of the minor wounds and the shock, Jimmy didn't have a scratch on him from his long plunge and crash.

TERRIBLY afraid that he was going to die, the captain and Bill Thaw rushed up to the dressing station at once and decorated Jimmy with the Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre. But Jim got well and in less than two months, after writing another book, was back in active service. His later experiences as an American army aviator were even more thrilling. But, after heroic services and a brilliant record of victories, he was forced to land in Germany and spend the rest of the war as a prisoner.

We still heard nothing definite about a transfer to the American forces. In fact, rumors were extremely disquieting. Far from wanting us, from all we could gather, the United States military authorities were extremely reluctant even to consider taking us over.

Unfortunate and untimely propaganda claimed that they had hundreds of aviators ready for the front and thousands of planes nearly completed (which, incidentally, we knew to be already outmoded). They would blacken the front with American planes and blast the German aviation from the skies. Bitter experience made us a little skeptical of the last statement. However, it seemed they had no need for us who had long been carrying the burden.

In the middle of July we were ordered to Dunkirk, on the far northern end of the lines, to assist the French, English, and Belgians in a great drive in Flanders.

Before leaving Chaudun, two other young Americans joined the squadron—tall, skinny, phlegmatic Dave Peterson and Jimmy Doolittle.

Lufbery was the only one of our bunch who seemed to have much luck in Belgium. He found enemy planes where there just weren't any, and added to his steadily growing score of victories.

Twice I nearly concluded my part of the entertainment. Luf led Willis, Lovell, and me over a German aviation field late one afternoon, and found some of the enemy rookies practicing formation flying.

I was sky man, supposed to protect the others from surprise attacks from above; but I got so intrigued watching the fight underneath that I quite neglected to watch upstairs, and, as a consequence, was shocked when I heard hot lead whistling around my ears and found two mordant-minded gentlemen sitting on my tail.

I dove straight down, full motor, for over five thousand feet, with both German boys still using me for a target. The other boys saw me go by like a bat out of hell, and kissed me good-by while, warned of the danger, they fought their way out of the trap to safety.

At terrific speed, using both hands on the stick, I pulled out abruptly a thousand meters from the ground, praying that my wings would stay on, and raced for the lines covered with cold sweat. The Spad was built to stand great strains, while, had the Fokkers tried it, their wings would have folded like a bird's. They had to pull out more slowly, and in the meantime I was long gone. There was certainly nothing creditable to me in the whole affair; but, somehow, I'd much rather be a live coward than a dead hero.

Naturally, being so close to England, it was a great temptation to fly to London for lunch. Strict orders were posted that we shouldn't make any unauthorized visits to our sister country.

Therefore, after having finished a patrol one morning, I decided I could do with a bit of good old rare roast beef. But I didn't know that it was a military order that every plane crossing the Channel must advise the English authorities of its departure.

OVER Dover I got one of the jolliest receptions ever accorded a visiting airman from several straight-shooting English archie batteries. I quickly decided that perhaps I wasn't welcome, and, quaking in my boots, beat it back to Dunkirk. There were several official inquiries. The commandant had a fishy gleam in his eye, but he couldn't doubt my protestations of innocence and the matter was finally dropped.

Our stay at Dunkirk provided a very pleasant interlude for the tough months to follow. It was a continuous round of sea bathing, poker and drinking parties with the pilots of several English squadrons near whom we were billeted. They were royal hosts.

On August 17 the Escadrille received its first citation, which read as follows:

> The General Commandant in Chief cites to the Order of the Army, the Escadrille N 124 (Escadrille Lafayette).
>
> An escadrille composed of volunteer Americans who have come to fight for France in the spirit of purest sacrifice. Under the command of Captain Thénault, who formed it, it has maintained without ceasing, an ardent struggle against our enemies. In exceedingly difficult combats and at the price of severe losses, which far from discouraging it, has exalted its morale, has brought down twenty-eight officially confirmed planes of the enemy. It has excited the profound admiration of the officers who have it under their command and of the French escadrilles, who fighting by its side, have striven to vie with them in valorous deeds.
>
> (Signed) PÉTAIN.

In the middle of August we were ordered back to Verdun, based at the flying field of Senard, for the most intensive flying of the war. After our arrival we had twenty-four successive days of brilliant sunshine, a great rarity in France, and the total of flying hours piled up in that month was staggering.

During that time nearly every one of us put on at least three shows a day, which, added to the fact that our sleep was very much broken, owing to the nightly incursions of the German bombing squadrons, was tremendously fatiguing.

Only twice did the Germans stop at our field, and each time they destroyed one or two hangars with several ships; but they passed over us regularly and we never knew when we were going to be the objects of their affectionate regard. It was most inconsiderate and annoying.

We were deeply grateful for the generosity of our English friends at Dunkirk. Without the aid of good

On or off with a Zip!

the sensational

Jantzen ZIP-HITCH

● Score another "first" for Jantzen. It's the new Zip-Hitch, designed for and dedicated to impatient American men. Absolutely new—originated by Jantzen with patents pending, A concealed Talon fastener enables you to put them on, take them off, quickly, easily. But convenience isn't all! They're smart in appearance, superbly tailored from a new whip-cord Kava Knit fabric. Like all Jantzens they fit perfectly and permanently. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore; Vancouver, Can.

The ZIP-HITCH [illustrated] 3.95; Other Jantzen Trunks 2.95 to 5.95

Jantzen

MOLDED-FIT SWIMMING SUITS

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 333, Portland, Oregon
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1937 models. WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name

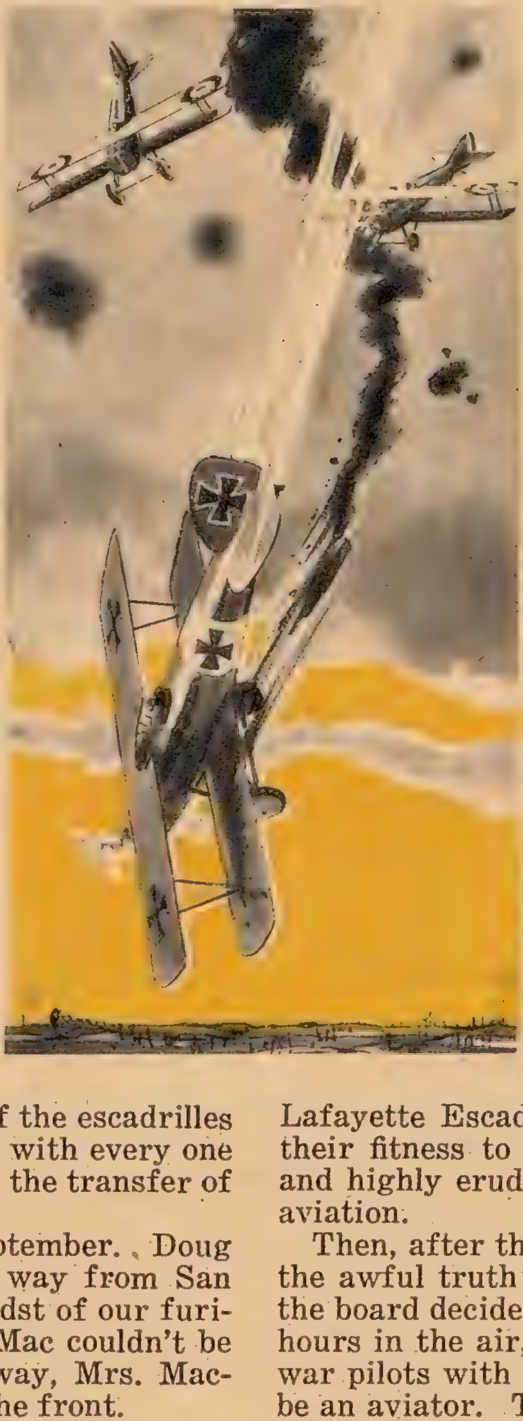
Street City

Scotch whiskies to ease off the nerve strain, we'd have been in a pretty thin way.

Before leaving Dunkirk, through the kindly offices of some of the high rankers, we got an order on the English quartermaster to purchase at wholesale price as much Scotch as we wanted.

Then came the question of transportation. Every lorry was loaded to the gunwales with material for the long haul across France. No pilot could carry more than a couple of bottles in his ship. After much discussion a solution was found. Whiskey and Soda had a nice padded trailer, their own especial property. Every case fitted snugly in their traveling compartment, but it left no place for them. Consequently, two docile but bewildered lions rode the seats of lorries between driver and helper all the long way across France.

At Verdun we got a tremendous thrill in seeing the first uniformed American troops, a couple of regiments of engineers. We began to feel that maybe, after all, America was going to take an active part in the war. Till then, they had been devoting all their time to the Battle of Paris.



Campbell again distinguished himself by sticking his wheels through the top wing of Maison Rouge's Spad. It was always Campbell's delight to see how close he could fly to any one without actually hitting him.

This time somebody misjudged and, locked together like Siamese twins, the staggering planes made two complete turns of the field, while we ran out the meat wagon and tried to follow them.

Finally Campbell socked on full throttle, heaved on his stick, and, almost taking the lieutenant's top wing off, managed to pull away. Maison Rouge landed at once, deathly white and sick to his stomach; but Campbell put on an acrobatic exhibition which nearly took off the tops of the hangars before he landed without even a flat tire.

It finished Maison Rouge with the Escadrille; but Campbell, far from realizing what a narrow escape he'd had, demanded approbation for the clever way he'd handled the whole affair.

Very shortly, Maison Rouge was replaced by a gallant, fearless, gentlemanly French lieutenant, Louis Verdier Fauvety, transferred from one of the escadrilles in our group. He was extremely popular with every one and remained as second in command until the transfer of the Escadrille to the American aviation.

A most pathetic thing occurred in September. Doug MacMonagle's mother had come all the way from San Francisco to Paris to see him. In the midst of our furious flying during the intensive attacks, Mac couldn't be spared for leave. In some miraculous way, Mrs. MacMonagle wangled permission to come to the front.

On the morning of the day that Doug was to go to the railroad station to meet her, he made a regular morning patrol, and in the middle of a hot combat a German slug with his name on it found him squarely between the eyes. His mother missed him by only a few hours.

A DAY later, Si Marr joined the Club of the Should-Be-Dead. He, Doc Rockwell, and Dud Hill tangled with a big German patrol just inside their lines, and in the course of the hot scrap which ensued Marr found he had no control over his rudder or elevating planes. Every wire had been cut through by the storm of lead.

Luckily headed toward the French lines, he dropped out of the fight. By alternately blasting and retarding his motor, he was able to land his crippled ship in the shell-torn, fire-blackened Bois de Hesse without even a blown tire.

Later on in the war, Marr was the first commanding officer of the famous 94th, Hat-in-the-Ring squadron, eventually commanded by Rickenbacker.

Late in September the Escadrille was selected to form part of the escort for a gigantic daylight bombing raid on Dun-sur-Meuse. On the way over, after a hot intensive and extremely unpleasant archie barrage from the German batteries in the Argonne Forest, Willis and I, top men on the left flank, were attacked by three vicious Fokkers, attracted by the shellfire.

Willis took a straight-shooting black-crossed enemy off my neck and saved my hide, but was in turn attacked by the other two, who caught him in a wicked cross fire and sank him with a perfect flood of lead.

His motor dead, tank full of holes, even his goggles shot off, Willis made a safe landing in Germany. As so many of us did on hot days, Willy had gone up in his pajamas, covered by an old greasy brown sweater, without identification papers.

Later that same day I fixed up a message, put it in a cardboard cylinder, hung it on a little silk parachute, and dropped it far in the German lines, asking for news of his fate.

Two days later I had a reply saying he was in good health. So I wrapped his uniform, boots, cigarettes, and money, and took them over, being careful to address my bundle to Lieutenant Harold Willis. Harold's rank was only sergeant, but he too had been smart enough to claim commissioned rank, for the life of a noncom in a German prison camp was anything but sweet.

WILLIS was the only Lafayette Escadrille man captured alive. After several attempts, he succeeded nearly a year later, with Lieutenant Isaacs, an American naval officer, in making a thrilling escape from an electrified-barbed-wire prison camp.

At the end of September the Escadrille was ordered back to Chaudun. Here we were joined by Chris Ford, the thirty-eighth and last American to be a member of the Escadrille while it was still a French unit.

Just when we were on the point of despairing of ever hearing from the American brass hats, the American army in October sent out an examining board to the front, to examine the Lafayette Escadrille pilots, with a view to determining their fitness to become members of that socially select and highly erudite branch of the service, the American aviation.

Then, after the usual ridiculous and nonsensical tests, the awful truth came out! In solemn, owlish conclave, the board decided that not one of us, despite hundreds of hours in the air, most of us aces, all thoroughly trained war pilots with many victories to our credit, could ever be an aviator. Their tests showed that, physically, mentally, and morally, we were unfit to be pilots.

Dud Hill's blind eye, Bill Thaw's bad sight and his crippled arm, Lufbery's inability to walk a crack backward, Dolan's tonsils, Hank Jones's flat feet—everything was revealed in the pitiless light of publicity. Just a broken-down crew of crippled misfits!

However, while we were waiting to hear the tragic results, and while Paris was filled with American aviators and Y. M. C. A. men, with bars, theaters, and night spots doing a capacity business, the Escadrille continued to carry on the war.

It was still the only American outfit in active combat service at the front, although not entitled to wear the uniform of its own country. At the same time, the Escadrille was once again cited by the appreciative French, entitling its members, as a twice cited organization, to wear the fourragère in the colors of the Croix de Guerre.

About three weeks after our return to Chaudun, the last casualty occurred in the Escadrille. Campbell's strange and unbelievable luck deserted him.

With Hank Jones he met and tangled with a vicious patrol of four Albatroses. Jones's plane was badly damaged and his tank filled with holes. As he dove for the safety of the lines he glanced back over his shoulder, expecting to find Campbell there.

To his astonishment, he saw the wild man hot on the tails of the four black-crossed planes, chasing them into Germany. That was the last ever seen of him.

In the early part of December the Escadrille was ordered to La Noblette near Chalons on the Champagne sector. Acting under advices from high officials, all the pilots with the exception of myself, on leave in America, asked the French army for release, expecting to receive immediate commissions in the American army. Their releases were granted, but no commissions arrived.

So, from the 1st of December, 1917, until the 18th of February, 1918, they flew as civilians in the uniform of the French army.

IN February five other young Americans, with the most brilliant records in various French pursuit squadrons, joined the Lafayette Escadrille for transfer, although they did no active work with the squadron. They were Phelps Collins, Paul Baer, Charles Biddle, George Turnure, and Charles Wilcox, all of whom later made distinguished names for themselves with the Americans.

On the 18th of February the Lafayette Escadrille passed out of existence as a French unit and, lock, stock, and barrel, became the 103d Pursuit Squadron of the American air service, the first American pursuit squadron on the front in the World War.

They were allowed to keep their Spads and Indian Head insignia, but the unsentimental brass hats refused to let them keep Whiskey and Soda. The lions were sent to the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris, where, deprived of their friends and freedom, they languished and died.

When the commissions finally arrived, there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. Thaw and Lufbery were given majorities; there was a sprinkling of captaincies; but most of the boys received commissions as first and second lieutenants, to be placed under the commands of newly arrived ninety-day wonders who had never heard a gun fired in anger. What price experience and heroism!

Instead of their being allowed to continue flying as a unit, the old Escadrille was broken up. Only a few of the old men remained with it to the end of the war.

Lufbery was given a desk job at headquarters, and for weeks on end chewed pencils in frantic impatience to get back into active service. When they finally yielded to his insistent demands, he and his men were forced to fly in old planes which the French had withdrawn from service.

It was in one of these old crates that the heroic Luf met his untimely end in May, when his tank was set afire near Nancy by the incendiary bullets of an enemy plane he was attacking. As he had always said he would do in case it happened, he courageously launched his body into space for a quick finish to the last long flight.

Although he is rarely given credit, except by those who fought with him, Raoul Lufbery was America's greatest ace. His official record was nineteen victories, every one of which he won himself in desperate hand-to-hand struggles in the flaming skies.

The real career of the Lafayette Escadrille ceased when it passed into the American army. Thirty-eight men were on its active roll. They had a sum total of fifty-seven victories over enemy planes. Nine were killed while in the Escadrille; one so seriously wounded that he was invalided out; and one taken prisoner.

From April 20, 1916, to February 18, 1918, they served France with honorable distinction. They were the only group of organized volunteer active combatants flying and fighting against Germany.

Many more of these young heroes were killed while in the American air service; several have died since the war. But their glorious exploits and the magnificent accomplishments of the Lafayette Escadrille are imperishable.

THE END

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS

“HE GAMBLED ON TIRES..*AND LOST!*”

H. V. KALTENBORN
Famous Editor, Commentator, Lecturer and Author

Read H. V. KALTENBORN'S Version of What Happened to a Beechhurst, New York, Motorist

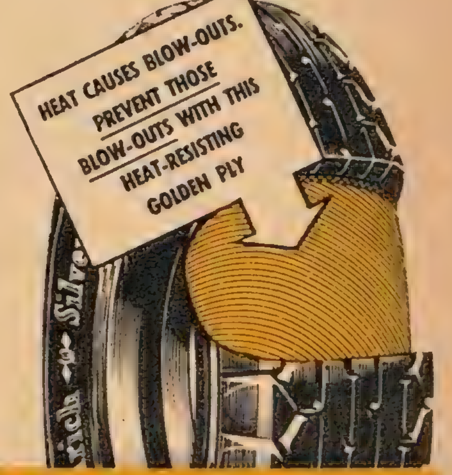
IT WAS nearing 2 P.M. The Whitestone Road was thick with a fast-moving stream of motorists. But Mr. Mitchell of Beechhurst, New York, scarcely saw them. All he had were visions of an hour in the dentist's chair. He could almost hear the bz-zz-zz of the drill when, suddenly, he heard something he was least expecting—BANG! A blow-out! The right front tire collapsed. Mitchell sat helpless at the wheel. With a lunge, he grabbed for the emergency brake. But it was too late. A telegraph pole put a stop to the wild ride, leaving Mr. Mitchell with a crumpled car bumper—bruised knees—*and plenty of regrets.*

H. V. KALTENBORN

Motorists seldom realize that when the accelerator goes down, the heat *inside* the tire goes up. But Goodrich engineers knew that this internal heat was the great unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs. That's why they developed the Golden Ply, found only in Silvertowns.

This Life-Saver Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific *blow-out-causing* heat generated *inside* all tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this *internal* tire heat the Golden Ply protects you against these dangerous high-speed blow-outs.

When you are urged to replace tread-worn tires with new safe tires stop at any Goodrich Silvertown Store or Goodrich dealer for a set of these life-saving Silvertowns. *It's better to be safe than sorry!*


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Silvertown

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

LISTENING to wonderful ideas for the New York World's Fair of 1939 is part of the giant job now being handled by the fair corporation's president, Grover A. Whalen.

Here are some he has listened to so far:

A mother wants her infant daughter engaged as a piano prodigy for the fair at seventy-five dollars a week, with a grand piano thrown in immediately so the little girl can learn to play before the fair begins. . . . A man wants to build a three-million-dollar tower three times as high as the Empire State Building, and thinks the War Department ought to put it up as a vantage point from which to spot possible enemies who may invade America from across the Atlantic. . . . Another man wants to spin pairs of lovers around head over heels in a mechanical cage, claiming they'd always be faithful if they went through that experience together.

I sympathized with Mr. Whalen, asked him for more serious information. He gave me the following:

College girls of the class of 1939 will be employed as hostesses at the fair. . . . Focal point of the show will be a revolving platform, glass-inclosed, large enough to accommodate twelve thousand people, and so situated that the entire exposition can be viewed from it in panorama during one of its fifteen-minute rotations. . . . Huge trailer camp now in preparation outside the fair grounds will be a complete city in itself, with its own stores, laundries, police, hospitals, etc.

Mr. Whalen refused to guess how many babies may be born in Trailer City at the fair. Refused also to guess how many of the boy babies born there may be named Grover, or Whalen, or both.

As you probably know, Mr. Whalen has served New York as Police Commissioner, and as Commissioner of Plant and Structures. Formerly he was general manager of the Wanamaker department stores.

GROVER A. WHALEN

● A wise lady, Mrs. Catherine Ross of Chicago, has sent me six hot-weather reminders, three good tips and three warnings. Summer is the *best* time of year, she says, in which to

1. Make new friends,
2. Get better acquainted with your children,
3. Go on a reducing diet.

Because discomfort and worry should be avoided in hot weather, summer is the *worst* time of year, says Mrs. Ross, in which to

1. Start a lawsuit,
2. Have much dental work done,
3. Play bridge too seriously.

● A young friend of mine makes money running a small dress shop in a town of medium size. One secret of her success merits careful attention. She changes the buttons, belt buckles, flower accessories on most of the inexpensive dresses she gets from wholesale houses. "The wholesalers turn out well cut garments of sound material," she says, "but many of them are spoiled for customers of good taste because the buttons, buckles, et cetera, are garishly *modernistic.* They cheapen the entire garment in their attempt to make it look *ultra*-smart. I rip the accessories right off and put on correct trimmings. Often the substitution of plain pearl buttons adds several dollars to the value of a dress."

Any of us can do likewise at home when we buy bargain clothes that are freakishly trimmed.

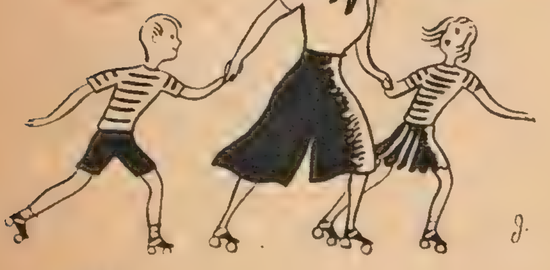
● Years ago we used to stand a little gingerbread man on a shelf to act as a barometer. While he stayed crisp, the weather would be clear; when he went soggy, we could expect rain; and if he told us wrong, we could eat him. He was neither as tidy nor as accurate as the household barometers now in fashion. They are smart and stylish.

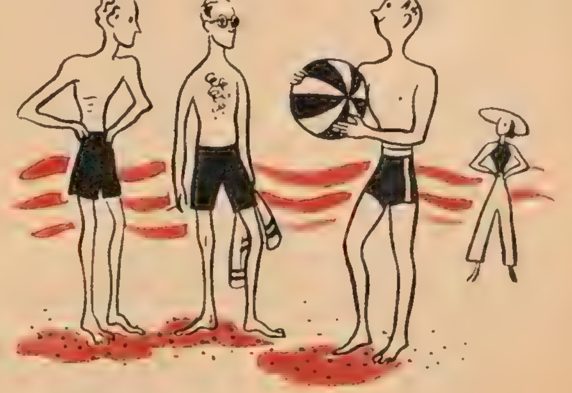
● A letter from a California girl provoked by the way young men go swimming in public nowadays with nothing on above the waist: "I am no prude," she writes. "It doesn't offend my modesty, but it makes life so complicated. The boys who are nicest to talk and dance with when they're all dressed up are sometimes the funniest-looking with their shirts off. And the ones who look nicest just in bathing trunks can be terrible dancers or awful dumbbells with their clothes on. Isn't that true?"

It's *too* true, dearie. But you must remember the boys have long been similarly confused by some of us.

● There's good advice for modern homesteaders in the new book, If You're Going to Live in the Country, by Thomas H. Ormsbee and Richmond Huntley. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.)

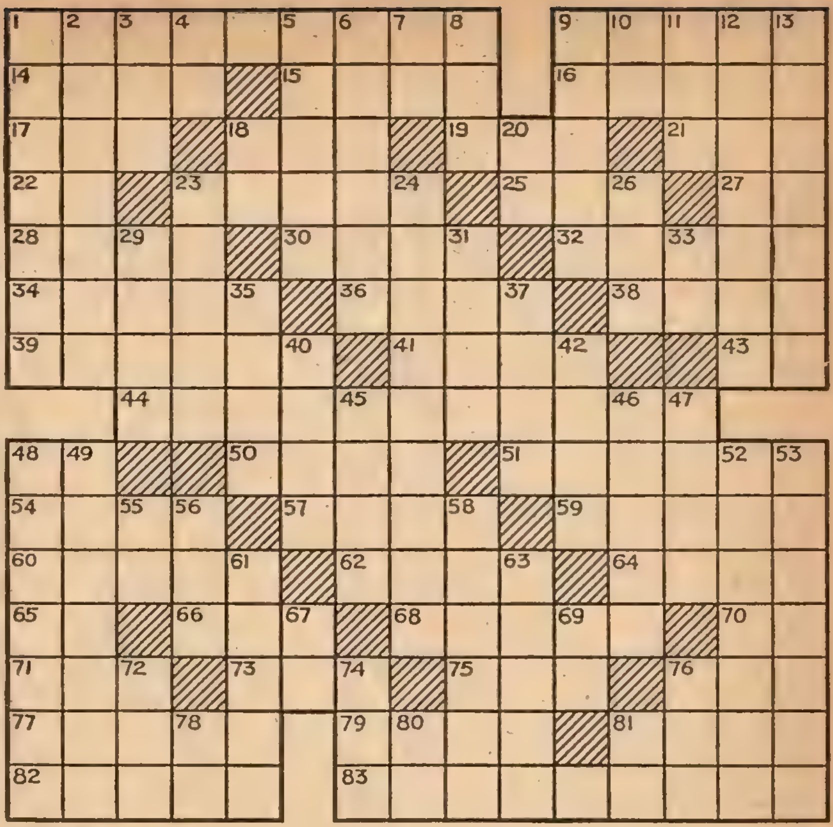
● A friend just home from South America has introduced me to this Argentine version of avocado salad. It's *good.* . . . Slice two avocado pears in half lengthwise, remove stones, scoop out most of the meat and dice it. Peel and seed 2 small tomatoes, 1 green pepper. Chop these fine with half a Bermuda onion. Mix with the diced avocado, adding 1 teaspoon lemon juice, dash of tabasco sauce, a little salt. Use as filling for avocado shells, chill thoroughly, serve with hot corn sticks.





COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Association of Air Pushers that goes on regular toots (two words)
9 From Gen. Franco—to the Loyalists
14 What society assumes
15 Silly ahs
16 Summer dress that'll reveal a lot about good form (two words)
17 Proletariat country club (abbr.)
18 The lamp of poetry
19 What the bum crooner laid
21 Eat fancy
22 Stillborn sneeze
23 A bad spell for a lady sorceress
25 What I hope to find in the fountain of youth
27 Initial signs of a movie critic
28 Indian lots
30 Leader in sassiety
32 There's nothing to this game
34 Leader in the sit-down business
36 A baby chewer
38 Unpopular form of has
39 Redhead
41 What doctors never do—much!
43 A small liner
44 She'll bare anything for her Art (two words)
48 Tor—but abbreviated
50 The life of any party
51 The first strip-tease
54 Attention!
57 Great copper country
59 What every cigar salesman knows (pl.)
60 Sufferer from saddle bunions
62 When a dumb belle fails to respond, twist this
64 There's usually one attached to your doorbell
65 Ruin without you and I
66 A good woman
68 In its youth it's soft, sweet, and squeezable; after it's aged, it's good for a headache
70 Clothes may make the woman, but this makes the man (abbr.)
71 Izzy Isaac or Izzy Ichabod?
73 A headline sister
75 Big bumps (abbr.)
76 Meowstrap
77 Jittery
79 A town in California
81 Cinema sparking place
82 The skin Mrs. O'Grady & the Col.'s lady differ in
83 The big lure of the movies (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 Greek Hic, otherwise known as Johnides Barleycornopopolus
2 Kind of people who find it hardest to pay taxes
3 It gets around in the best circles
4 Female greyhound (abbr.)
5 Stickers
6 A Whitey
7 Thumbs down (abbr.)
8 A change in woman's clothes
9 You can't commence to start unless you do this
10 A big pullet
11 Every husband's problem
12 Peggy Joyce's hangouts
13 Gas & water chargers
18 Cry of the ghetto
20 Galloping Grief (abbr.)
23 Broke down in letters
24 A flashy killer
26 Point of a story
29 Villains are full of them
31 Prunella when small
33 } Popular Parisian publication (it is to laugh)
35 }
37 What old-timers go through
40 Cleo's swimming hole
42 Anti-redhead
45 Sit-downers' Eden
46 Dash for a hitching post
47 John Lynch's necktie
48 Nagged
49 Original sit-downer
52 The President's prescription for a Congressional spring tonic
53 Playgrounds of the big shots
55 The end of a biped
56 Vassar's hope
58 The breed of Wm. the Conqueror
61 What wiles women are full of
63 A very colorful rag hand-printed
67 Hard to say
69 Afterthought (abbr.)
72 'Fore (poetic)
74 Something Shaw'll never do to his whiskers
76 Baby hangout
78 Has sense
80 Kind of man Hitler wants
81 Weigh in the Orient

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

G	R	O	W		S	O	B	E	R	E	D		B	A	R	N
R	I	M	E		A	B	A	L	O	N	E		E	R	I	E
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T	E	A	S		T	E	R	R	E	N	E		S	N	O	W

Answer to last week's puzzle

NEW Shinola White

GIVES 3-WAY GUARANTEE WITH DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

1. GUARANTEED NOT TO RUB OFF

This famous guarantee made New Shinola the sensation of the white cleaner field! New Shinola is *guaranteed* not to rub off.

2. GUARANTEED TO REMOVE STAINS

Grass stains, oil and grease stains, dirt stains, that spoil the neatness of white shoes . . . New Shinola is *guaranteed* to remove them.

3. GUARANTEED TO WHITEN QUICKLY

See your white shoes restored to that smart, just-out-of-the-box newness! New Shinola is *guaranteed* to whiten shoes quickly!

New
SHINOLA
WHITE
CLEAN

DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

Simply apply New Shinola according to directions on the carton. New Shinola is *guaranteed:* (1) Not to rub off, (2) To remove stains, (3) To whiten quickly. If you are dissatisfied in any of these respects, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.

BOTTLES OR TUBES

10c and 25c

Wherever white cleaners are sold

FOR GUARANTEED WHITE SHOE SMARTNESS . . INSIST ON NEW SHINOLA

Will these *Mysterious Crimes* ever be *Solved*?

No. 6—The Case of the Wisecracking "Uncle" of Broadway

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

New light on an unsolved classic of crime . . . Who killed Arnold Rothstein?

A snub-nosed revolver, similar to the one used in the Rothstein murder.

By FRED ALLHOFF

ONE morning not long ago—on March 8, 1937—a Brooklyn hoodlum named John Spellman walked into his favorite Flatbush restaurant. He sat down at a table, his back, a trifle thoughtlessly, to the street door, and ordered breakfast. He spread his newspaper and began looking for a standout in the first at Fair Grounds.

His order of bacon had scarcely begun to curl on the hot plate behind the counter when the street door opened and a stocky man wearing a gun in his right hand entered. He stepped quickly behind Spellman and did a noisy but thorough job of killing him.

The execution of John Spellman, who was a dime-a-dozen bad man, is recorded simply because detectives seeking the culprit who had done him in brought in for questioning that same day a lad known as Tough Willie McCabe.

Mr. McCabe was absolved and released. He had an alibi.

Nearly nine years ago a man was pistoled; and police at that time, too, held high hopes of catching Tough Willie with his alibis down. But nothing came of it, for McCabe proved that on the night in question—November 4, 1928—he had been aboard a ship, New York bound, out of Savannah.

The man who had been fatally shot on that occasion was Arnold Rothstein.

Officially, after all these years, the murder of Arnold Rothstein lies a-moldering in the unsolved file—one of America's classic whodunits. Actually, men still walk the Broadway on which Rothstein did a fabulous banking business who might reveal what really happened that night. Unfortunately, the reason why they should tell all has not yet been invented.

Hence, any exploration of the mystery today must content itself with an exposition of the known facts and a judicious weighing of a few theories, one of which probably is true.

Known as a gambler—and a crooked one—Arnold Rothstein was sundry other things.

He is reputed to have sponsored a $5,000,000 bond theft in Wall Street; to have backed the crooked World Series of 1919; to have fixed prize fights, financed bootleggers, controlled a $7,000,000 dope ring, and to have masterminded bucket-shop collapses.

All of these things—and more—he may well have done, to his profit.

But it was in his role as " uncle " to Broadway that this greatly publicized pawnbroker gained much of his wealth and almost all of his amazing power. He was always good for a loan—at usurious rates—and by loaning money he tied firmly to his purse strings all manner of officials, from the lowliest cops to the highest magistrates and politicians.

In appearance Rothstein was not unhandsome. He was of medium height and stocky build. He was on the plump side, but had broad muscular shoulders and a barrel chest. He wore expensive clothes and was inordinately vain.

He had a sense of humor—so long as he was not asked to laugh at himself—and was adept at cajoling or wisecracking himself out of difficult situations.

In all matters of money he was a confirmed cheat. He once won $850,000 on a single horse race—and collected every cent of it immediately from the pale-faced bookmakers. On another afternoon he dropped $80,000 at the track—in markers. The bookies who took his I O U's were told to whistle for their money, and were still whistling when Rothstein died.

Even at dice and cards he was a chiseler. He collected his winnings promptly enough—and to the penny. When he lost, however, he issued markers and stalled off payment until his distracted creditors voluntarily appeared with a proposition to accept in settlement a sum much less than their actual winnings. Then he would pay up, pocketing the mark-off.

This system, while profitable, won him a minimum of friends.

He had no need of friends, however. Loans and campaign contributions had entrenched him so firmly in the world of politics and crime, in which he had become a genuinely dominant figure, that he managed very nicely. His victims hated him. Honest cops detested him. But these things did not matter.

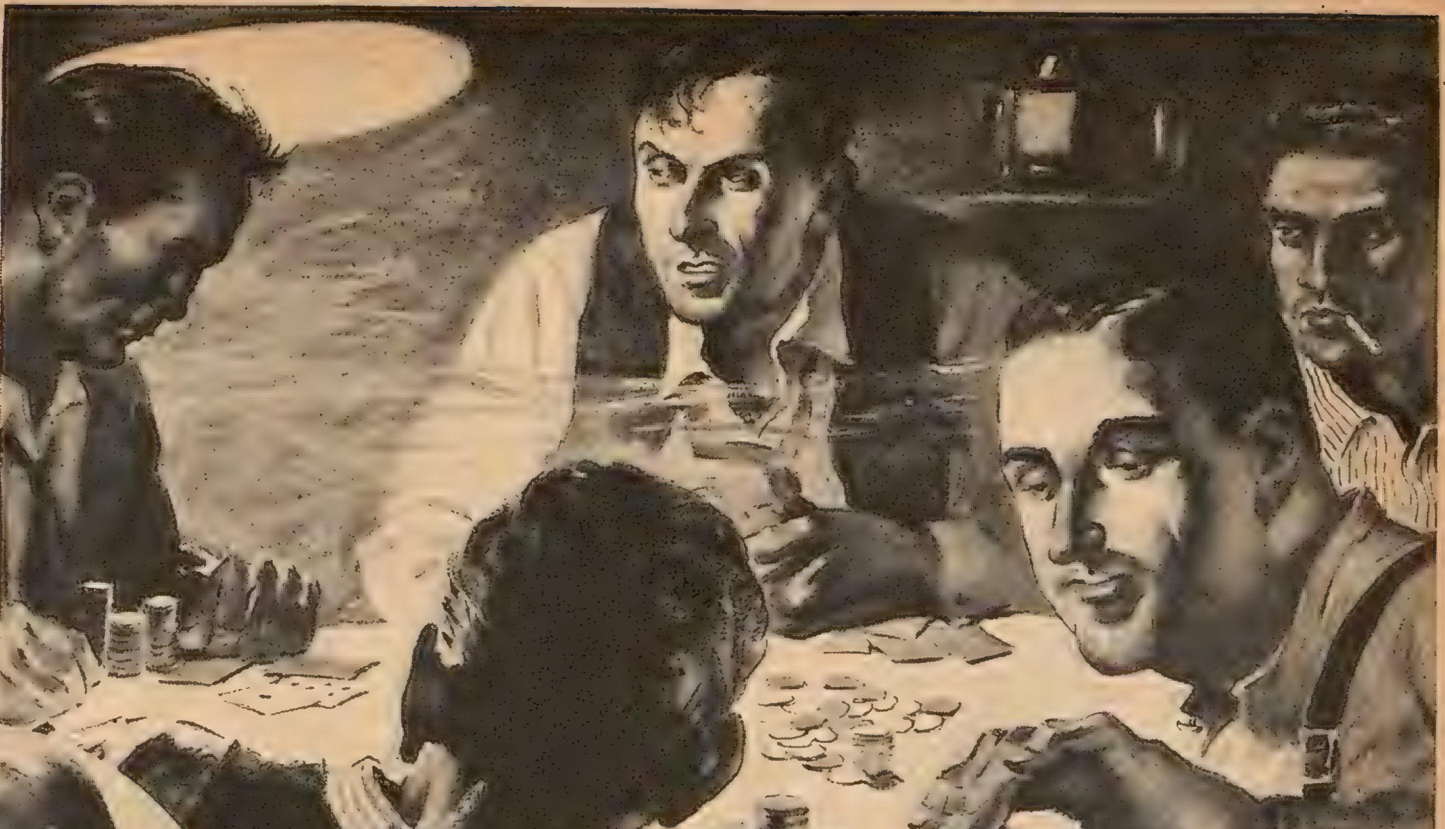
One incident will suffice to illustrate his incredible power.

In 1917 five armed thugs invaded one of his floating crap games in the St. Francis Hotel at three o'clock in the morning and made off with $20,000.

Two years later some outsiders attempted to crash a Rothstein game in West Fifty-seventh Street. Rothstein promptly pulled a gun and blazed away at the room door. Unfortunately, the men on the other side of the door—two of whom were slightly wounded—proved to be cops.

Since time immemorial it has been unwritten law in America that a wounded cop is to be regarded much in the manner of a little girl who has suffered a fate worse than death. The victim's brother officers do not rely upon the courts, but promptly gather in the offender and take turns questioning him over the head with their night sticks.

By all the laws of ancient custom, Arnold Rothstein



The game lasted nearly twenty-four hours. McManus had lost $51,000; Rothstein, $316,000.

Left: "The Great A. R.," Broadway's famed pawnbroker.

should have appeared in court the following day with puffed eyes and a cracked scalp, where it would be explained that he had fallen out of the patrol wagon.

Actually, nothing like this happened that night on West Fifty-seventh Street. Rothstein proffered smooth and sincere apologies, rushed the wounded policemen in his own car to the nearest hospital, and put up bail for all of his fellow crapshooters.

However, an ambitious prosecutor took advantage of Rothstein's bewilderment over having actually been arrested to seek and obtain two indictments. Before the case could come to trial, however, the prosecutor took a vacation, and a friendly judge promptly dismissed the indictments.

One arrest; no convictions. That—in twenty years of shady dealings—was Arnold Rothstein's box score.

Rothstein's death, it is generally conceded to this day, was the outgrowth of a poker game.

The card game began on the night of September 7, 1928, in the apartment of Jimmy Meehan at 161 West Fifty-fourth Street. For a while the play was light. At 11 P. M., with seven big-shot gamblers at the table, Joe Bernstein began to deal stud poker.

Others dropped into the game from time to time, and at its conclusion on Saturday night, nearly twenty-four hours after it had started, three men were losers and four were winners.

Meyer Boston had won $8,000; Titanic Thompson, nearly $30,000; Joe Bernstein, $73,000; and Nathan "Nigger Nate" Raymond was big winner with a paper profit of $219,000.

Of the losers, Martin "Red" Bowe got off easiest, dropping $5,700; George McManus lost $51,000; and Rothstein, heaviest loser of the session, was behind $316,000.

Strangely enough, the only man to walk out of that room—his pockets stuffed with money—was Arnold Rothstein, the heavy loser. He left with almost all the cash that had gone into play—nearly $40,000.

By the same token, the biggest winner, the California gambler, Nigger Nate, had to borrow $1,000 carfare when he left, despite the fact that he had entered the game with $17,500 in cash and had won $219,000.

The reason for this was simple enough. Arnold Rothstein had sat down to play, and had not put a cent of cash into the game at any time, throwing I O U's into the pot to cover his bets. When he won a pot or bet on high card, however, he immediately stuffed his cash winnings into his pockets.

Every player in the room held Rothstein's I O U's, and Rothstein, at the end of the game, took a notebook from his pocket and went to each individual, asking each to add up his markers and announce the totals. When this had been done, Rothstein jotted down the total and calmly asked that the I O U's be returned to him.

Nigger Nate, the Coast gambler, protested.

"I've lost plenty of cash," he informed Rothstein, "and I've won plenty of paper. I'm going to keep the markers."

Eventually, however, he was laughed out of his determination to keep the I O U's, and left the room that night with nothing more than Rothstein's verbal acknowledgment of a debt of $208,000.

However, Nigger Nate collected not a penny of his killing.

He made several attempts, but Rothstein stalled on the plea that he needed every cent of cash to wager on the approaching elections.

"I'm spreading a million and a half," he told Nate, "that Herbert Hoover will win the Presidency and that Franklin Roosevelt will be the next governor here in New York. But get in touch with me tomorrow, Nate, and I'll see what I can do."

Nate did get in touch—the next day, the day after that, and every succeeding day. And nothing happened. Once, in a taxicab, he got into a hot quarrel with Rothstein about the money. After that he went around hinting broadly that Broadway's number one gambler was a cheat.

Most of the others to whom Rothstein owed money were not without complaints.

On November 1 George McManus, second heaviest loser of the big game, had a quarrel with his wife and left their Riverside Drive apartment. He took a room—No. 349—at the Park Central Hotel in Manhattan, under the name of George A. Richards of Newark, New Jersey.

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Get Bug-a-boo. You will find prices are now lower than ever. See your dealer, today.

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These powerful, pine-scented crystals give a saturated air which kills destructive moth worms that ruin clothing.

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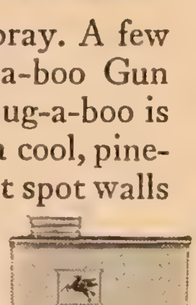
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SOCONY-VACUUM

On the afternoon of Sunday, November 4, McManus called a near-by drugstore and ordered two pints of whisky.

Jack Greaf, who delivered it, found McManus and his betting commissioner, Hyman Biller, there with a blonde woman later identified as the wife of a Chicago brakeman. Greaf had a drink or two with them.

At eight o'clock that night a hotel bellboy went to Room 349 to collect twelve dollars—a day's rent. McManus was there alone.

At ten forty-seven two employees of the Park Central, standing in the servants' entrance areaway, looked up to see a man standing near them, clutching his abdomen with both hands. He wore no overcoat.

"Get me an ambulance," he muttered thickly. "I've been shot."

The wounded man slumped to the floor, and was sitting there, moaning, when the beat cop came in and recognized him as Rothstein.

Rothstein refused to say who had shot him or where the shooting had occurred, and the patrolman notified the precinct station and summoned an ambulance. Detectives John Green and Patrick Flood beat the ambulance to the scene, but had no more success in obtaining information from Rothstein than the hotel house detectives, who were endeavoring to learn whether Rothstein had reached the servants' hall from outside or inside the hotel.

About this time a cab driver stationed on Seventh Avenue just north of Fifty-fifth Street came in with a badly bent snub-nosed revolver of .38 caliber which he had seen land, bouncing on the car tracks. The revolver held one discharged cartridge shell.

The wounded Rothstein was removed to Polyclinic Hospital and the detectives began work on one of the most involved investigations of all time.

WHAT sent Detectives Flood, Green, and Joe Daly to Lindy's, the rendezvous of Broadwayites, shortly after the shooting, has never been entirely explained. In any case, it is known that they hurried from a conference with Abe Scher, cashier at Lindy's, to the Park Central Hotel and went directly to Room 349.

The place was deserted. Every shade in the room was down, the lights were on, and the air was thick with the smells of tobacco and whisky. There was a profusion of cigar and cigarette butts on the table — and glasses for four persons. Rothstein, it might be added, never drank, never smoked.

Raising the shades, they found all of the windows down. Raising the north window on the Seventh Avenue side, detectives found a jagged hole about four inches wide in the outer screen. Its wires had been forced out, and it was logical to assume, since the hole in the screen was almost directly above where the gun had been found, that the murder weapon had been thrown from this window.

Further confirmation was found when the bullet removed from the wounded Rothstein was found to be a .38—matching the caliber of the gun.

The fatal bullet had entered Rothstein's right side just above the right hipbone and had followed a sharp downward course, piercing abdomen and bladder.

A bullet hole was in the lower front part of his suit coat, but no powder marks to indicate that the shot might have been fired at close range.

Rothstein's wound had not bled externally, and there were no bloodstains in Room 349, nor any sign of a struggle. A new gray coat belonging to George McManus—and closely resembling a coat later established to have been worn to the Park Central by Rothstein—was found hanging in a closet in the room. The implication—afterward denied by McManus—was that McManus had taken the wrong coat when leaving the room.

THE four liquor glasses found at the table were sent to headquarters for a fingerprint check. What fingerprints, if any, were found on them has never been made public by police.

A check of the hotel switchboard records showed that a call had been put through that night from Room 349 to Circle 3812—Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway.

While police were still examining the room, Hyman Biller and Tom and Frank McManus entered. The first was the constant companion, the other two the brothers of the room's missing occupant. They were asked for the home telephone number of George McManus, but refused to give it. They left the hotel.

The next day Biller vanished. So did McManus' chauffeur, Willie Essenheim. McManus, of course, was already gone.

A check-up on Rothstein's movements on the evening of the shooting indicated that he had dined at the Colony Club, earlier, with his blonde show-girl sweetheart, Inez Norton.

Though Rothstein was married at the time, he had been separated for more than a year from his wife, Caroline Greenwald.

Miss Norton, after dining with Rothstein, had driven with him to Lindy's Restaurant, where she had left him to go to a movie with a girl friend. Rothstein had been seen at his accustomed table in the restaurant whence he was called at about 10.20 P. M. by Cashier Abe Scher, who received the telephone message that summoned Rothstein to Room 349 of the Park Central.

Rothstein died in a coma on November 6 — Election Day — without naming his slayer and, of course, without collecting his election wagers.

Police meanwhile had managed to learn of the poker game played weeks before in the apartment of Jimmy Meehan. They questioned the players but learned little.

Not until twelve days after the shooting did they locate and obtain a search warrant for the apartment of the missing George McManus. By that time they found what they might have expected—a stripped and deserted apartment, devoid of clues.

Days passed—and no trace of George McManus was unearthed.

On the night of November 26 Detective John H. Cordes answered the telephone in his home. An anonymous caller told him to come to the corner of Broadway and 242d Street the next morning at seven o'clock.

Cordes kept the strange appointment, and there, at the edge of Van Cortlandt Park, in a corner barbershop, was greeted by a lawyer, D. C. Murray, and his tall, toothy, smiling client—George McManus.

McManus was taken to the office of District Attorney Joab Banton, who, angered when the grinning gambler refused, upon advice of Murray, to answer questions, ordered McManus' arrest on a charge of murder. McManus was promptly fingerprinted and thrown in the Tombs, and one of the biggest fiascoes in the history of the New York district attorney's office was under way.

HAVING taken the cold plunge, the district attorney's office, on December 4, indicted McManus, his missing pay-off man Hyman Biller, and two anonymous accomplices—Joe Doe and Richard Roe—for the murder of Rothstein.

The whole futile investigation now became a political field day. The district attorney marked time, offered complete immunity (which was not accepted) to any accomplice who came in and brought evidence with him, and delayed prosecution on the grounds that he wished to prosecute McManus jointly with one of the three other men being sought for the murder.

Heads began to drop into a dozen baskets. Police Commissioner Joseph A. Warren was removed, to be replaced by Grover Whalen. Warren died, brokenhearted, within a few months of his removal.

Ten detectives were forced into retirement and a score brought to trial, charged variously with dereliction of duty, neglect, and incompetence.

McManus, whose father had been a detective and whose brother was a police lieutenant, won freedom on bail of $50,000 put up by a former police inspector, William McLaughlin.

The Rothstein murder mystery became a battleground of charges and countercharges in an impending mayoralty campaign.

Who John Doe and Richard Roe, sought so assiduously by the district attorney, were, has never been revealed.

One theory holds that they were created for no better reason than to explain the fact that four empty glasses had been found by police in the Park Central's Room 349.

Various persons, taken into custody from time to time for questioning or as witnesses, were watched closely by press or public curious to know if each might be the John Doe or Richard Roe of the indictments.

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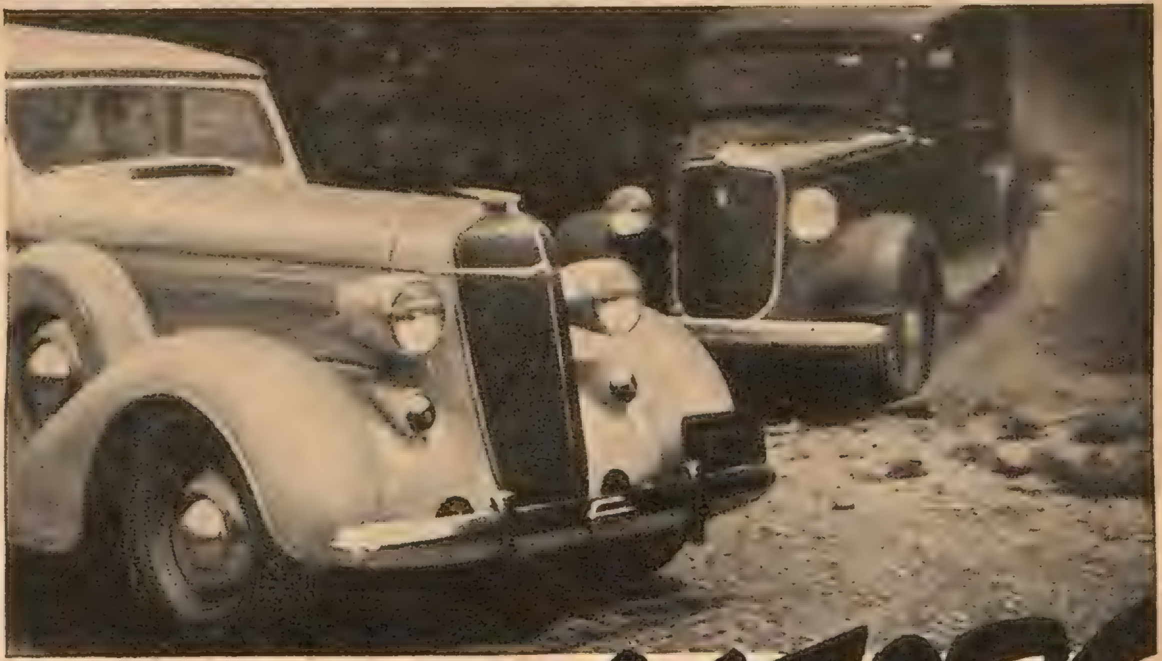

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MARVELOUS BRAKES they are building these days! Lightning-fast in action...55% more efficient than formerly...they'll stop your car in its tracks!

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Actually, the better your brakes are, the more you need **Armorubber.** This new, *tougher* tread rubber...developed by Kelly...is better able to stand today's terrific stress and strain.

For this extra safety, hundreds of thousands of drivers are replacing present tires with Kellys. They find they are getting extra mileage, too.

Your Kelly dealer has **Armorubber** Kellys at regular prices.

"I know I can trust Kelly Tires! After 6 years carrying supplies from school to school, the same Kellys are still on our car. I've never had to worry about tires." Mrs. C. C. Ireland, Jr., Illinois.

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L.7-3

One of those temporarily detained was Tough Willie McCabe, who placed himself aboard the boat out of Savannah on the night of the shooting.

For nearly a year—during which he wrecked himself politically—District Attorney Banton emulated the deceased Rothstein. He stalled. He promised, however, to send George McManus to the electric chair, and, late in November of 1929, brought the gambler to trial before Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr.

Assistant District Attorney George Brothers opened for the state and outlined its theory of the crime.

McManus, he said, had summoned Rothstein from Lindy's to Room 349 at the Park Central, where he, McManus, had shot Rothstein and then fled. Rothstein had then walked to the servants' entrance hallway, where he was found fatally wounded. The motive—McManus' anger over having lost $51,000 in the September card game.

On the very face of things, this theory was pretty thin.

McManus had no known reason for shooting Rothstein. The $51,000 he had lost the night of the big game had been no larger than other sums he had dropped unflinchingly from time to time. Rothstein owed McManus no money, since both had been losers.

Furthermore, McManus and Rothstein had been good friends and had been seen together often since the night of the big game.

The state was unable to prove conclusively that McManus had summoned Rothstein to the Park Central; that the gun belonged to McManus, had been thrown from the window, or had ever been in Room 349. Furthermore, the state was unable to place Rothstein in or even near the room where, it contended, the murder had occurred.

THE prosecution called thirty-six witnesses. The defense called none, since the state's witnesses did very well. Most of them were frankly hostile. The state obviously had hoped, through Abe Scher, cashier at Lindy's, to establish that McManus, via the telephone, had summoned Rothstein to his doom.

Scher took the stand; said he had known McManus for some time; said that he had answered him on the telephone many times and knew his voice beyond shadow of doubt.

All of this was very encouraging until Scher was asked whose voice had summoned Rothstein on the night of November 4. Then Scher said he didn't know, but it certainly had *not* been that of McManus.

Jimmy Meehan, to complete the rout of the perspiring prosecution, now identified, on cross-examination, the state's "murder gun" as one that Arnold Rothstein had shown him in the washroom at Lindy's just before leaving the restaurant to walk to his doom.

Gamblers who had participated in or kibitzed on the big stud-poker game testified blandly that Rothstein's neglectfulness about paying off had occasioned no ill will, that the game had been an honest game, and that none of them could conceive of a reason for the murder.

Nigger Nate, who himself was living at the Park Central Hotel the night of the murder, took this occasion to advance publicly his own alibi. From noon of the day of the shooting until 3 A. M. of the morning after the shooting, he and his wife, he said, had been driving in Central Park and dining at a night club.

On December 5 the ten-day travesty ended and Judge Nott directed the jury to acquit George McManus of the murder of Arnold Rothstein.

The trial of McManus cost the taxpayers an estimated $200,000 and accomplished nothing. If anything, it created a situation whereby official solution of the Rothstein murder mystery could be frustrated forever. District Attorney Banton acknowledged as much.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Thatcher Colt, New York's greatest fictional commissioner of police, knew Arnold Rothstein well. He thinks it is extremely interesting that the author of the present excellent story of the gambler's murder should have chosen as his opening incident the death of another crook who was foolish enough to sit in a restaurant with his back to the front door. For it was one of the guiding principles of A. R.'s life to sit with his back to no man and no thing—except a good fat wall.

His famous table at Lindy's was so situated. The chair he always sat in when he was in his own Fifth Avenue apartment high above Central Park was also so situated. No man could be more meticulous in protecting himself against death.

Yet he died—and by an assassin's gun.

Thatcher Colt knew Mrs. Rothstein, too. She was a fine wife; she is a fine woman. She married A. R. before he had money. She married him without knowing the kind of man he was or the kind of life he led. When she found out, she stuck by him through the years, until no one could have stuck any longer. A. R., in his strange distorted way, loved his Caroline, depended on her. The finest thing about his gambling, cheating double-crossing was his sincere desire to make her happy, wealthy, secure.

Yet he died—a bankrupt!

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T. Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

"Even if we were to bring in Hymie Biller," he pointed out, "and the two other defendants, John Doe and Richard Roe, indicted with McManus for the murder, it might be impossible to convict them on any evidence.

"For McManus could now come into court and swear that he, not they, fired the shot. We could not prosecute him. We could do nothing, under the circumstances; for the law does not allow a man's life to be placed in jeopardy twice for the same offense."

However, Messrs. Biller, Doe, and Roe were not apprehended and this neat and intriguing legal twist was put to [illegible]ments against them were dismissed.

Today, nearly nine years after the slaying of the great Rothstein, it remains, officially, one of the most baffling mysteries of a decade.

Unofficially, however, there are several "solutions" for the murder, one of which won support from a small group of high police officials, an assistant district attorney or two, and gamblers who were Rothstein's constant associates. Of this—the probable theory—more in a moment.

There are a certain number of reasonable deductions obtainable from the known facts. Any theory that George McManus killed Rothstein is untenable. He had neither motive nor desire to kill the man who was his friend.

Arnold Rothstein's shooting in no way resembled a gang execution. Gangsters shoot their victims in the head whenever possible, and invariably shoot more than once. It is not their custom to leave a man alive and able to talk.

All of the circumstantial evidence in the case indicates that Rothstein actually was shot in Room 349 at the Park Central Hotel, after being summoned there. We know, definitely, that he was summoned to the hotel. Those who knew Rothstein are emphatic in their statements that he would never have gone there alone at the telephoned request of a "stranger." Some one he knew well summoned him.

The most likely theory is this:

One of the stud-poker players in the big game, angry over his inability to collect money owed by Rothstein, hired two men to collect the money for him on a 25-per-cent commission basis. One of the two men hired for the job was a man who had himself played in the big game; the other was a hard-boiled gentleman handy with a gun.

These two men, the theory goes, sought out McManus on the night of November 4 and, either disguising their intentions or using force, made him summon his friend Rothstein to the Park Central Hotel room.

Rothstein came in, sat down in a chair, and was told to pay up—and pay up at once. Verbal threats failed to scare him, and the men sent to collect were getting nowhere. There was, from the outset, no plan afoot to shoot or murder Rothstein, since it would be even more difficult to collect the debt from him dead than alive.

However, one of the two men—either because he was excited, drunk, coked, or angry—pulled a gun. McManus, this version goes, promptly tried to knock the gun down, and in doing so exploded it. Rothstein, trying to rise from his chair at the moment, received the peculiar slanting fatal wound.

This, then, is the version of "accidental" shooting that seems to fit best the facts that are generally known and the facts that Broadway, under its breath, whispers about from time to time.

Proving it—as the state, forced to dismiss its John Doe and Richard Roe indictments, knows — is something else again.

Every one connected with the Rothstein case came into court or headquarters well fortified with an alibi. Even McManus, after his acquittal, revealed to District Attorney Crain that while Arnold Rothstein was being shot he, McManus, was pulling soda through a straw in a ground-floor drugstore in the Park Central.

Will the Rothstein murder mystery ever be solved?

When you're in New York, walk up Broadway some rainy night. Stroll the blocks between Forty-ninth and Ninety-sixth Streets. Look in all the doorways.

For twenty years, at one hour or another of nearly every night, Arnold Rothstein was to be found somewhere in that sector. His ghost may still be there, peering out of the shadows.

Should you run across him, it would do his spirit's heart good to place a wager with you. In all probability, he'll bet you—this ghostly gambler—that the mystery of his own death will never be solved. For Arnold Rothstein could be a genial fellow when, as was his custom, he put a bet down on a sure thing.

THE END

The strange facts shrouding still another great unsolved mystery will be presented in an early issue.

GOOD BOOKS By OLIVER SWIFT

★★★ **AMERICA AND THE WORLD WAR** by Samuel Taylor Moore. Greenberg.

An able narrative of the part played by the United States from the outbreak of war to the outbreak of peace.

★★★ **GENTLEMAN OVERBOARD** by Herbert Clyde Lewis. The Viking Press.

An acute psychological study of a drowning man, married, a broker, and a member of the New York Athletic Club, reflecting his changing moods from chagrin to annoyance to panic, as he faces the ultimate.

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A look into the essence of a sound game designed to help both the low- and the high-handicap player. Illustrated.

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An invaluable book for the puzzle fan, which illustrates, analyzes, and describes the various problems, clues, and false clues which face you.

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1 BEFORE you go to bed, take Bromo-Seltzer. This gentle remedy works while you sleep to help counteract the effects of the party.

2 AFTER waking—another Bromo-Seltzer! This relieves the effects of fatigue from too-late hours. Leaves you refreshed and keener!

WHY suffer next day because of fun the night before? At bedtime take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, it settles your stomach—soothes your nerves. And ALKALIZES—reduces excess acidity caused by overindulgence.

In the morning—to relieve effects of fatigue, take another Bromo-Seltzer. You're more alert, keener.

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Alias EMERALD ANNIE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

HARDESTY, Washington G-man, puts "Emerald Annie" under arrest as the brains of a dope-smuggling ring in Panama. But, before he takes her back to the States for trial, the glamorous night-club hostess pours out her life story in the hope he may relent and let her remain in Colón.

As an orphan of fifteen, Annie Hopkins was adopted by Honest Tim Nagle of Avenue A, New York. One night this roughneck political boss seduced the girl. A baby was born and given the name of Flossie. Honest Tim began hating mother and child. Wanting to believe a circumstantial story that she was unfaithful, the brutal scoundrel gave orders to a henchman of his, Hymer Schmitt, to kill Annie.

Schmitt drove her to a lonely spot, but his nerve failed him. However, he lied and told her that the baby had been smothered to death. Full of horror and despair, poor Annie determined to lose herself, and boarded a steamer for Panama, a place she had heard Tim talk about as a land of big profits. It was during the Canal-building days.

Too late Annie learned that her child was in an orphan asylum, but vowed to Heaven to get her back. To get a place in the world, she married Joe Magruder, who had a little son Bill; then became a third partner in a cabaret opened by her husband and his friend Carlos Urdaneta. She prospered, and then adopted a little girl, Mimi, who came from Boston after the death of her mother in Panama. All the while, secretly, she had detectives hunting the lost Flossie.

Even before marrying Magruder, Annie had been tremendously attracted to Grant Bradlaugh, a biologist who was fighting yellow fever and malaria on the Isthmus. When she divorced Magruder and started her own cabaret, Bradlaugh courted her. So did Urdaneta, a suave, sinister fellow.

Hardly was her "Annie's Gardens" place opened than it was deliberately wrecked by a drunken bunch. Urdaneta, she suspected, was behind it. Courageously she raised capital and began again. Then, returning from a trip to the States, Bradlaugh told her he had "news." Annie was excited.

PART EIGHT—A DESPERATE DECISION

THE story that Grant Bradlaugh told Annie made the greatest of the many changes in her life, filled with so many upside-downs.

For Bradlaugh's story explained everything—or almost everything. It made clear to Annie what she had never known, nor even dreamed—the reason Tim Nagle had wanted her killed.

Boldly, strangely, a mother's love attacks a heart-shaking mystery

It was that revelation that made the marked change in her and gave her new resolution for an old purpose.

"What was it you found out, Brad?" cried Annie eagerly, the moment they entered her office.

"A great deal—and yet perhaps very little, Annie."

"Don't keep me waiting!"

"All right."

He had, he explained to her, a number of friends in key positions in New York and Washington, some of them connected with the Department of Justice; and he had pulled wires right and left to obtain results.

No news as yet, he repeated, as to what had happened to Flossie. But strange news about Tim Nagle. . . .

The latter—it appeared—was no longer a mere ward heeler but an important figure in New York politics. These days he was making money hand over fist. Far too much money to be accounted for even by the regular municipal-graft channels. This was the reason why Washington had taken an interest in him and—employing its own inquisitorial methods—had gathered a fairly complete record of the man's past, though not yet enough to convict or even to indict him.

No use, said Grant, bothering Annie with all the various bits of information. The great revelation for her—and the Department of Justice had turned this up only incidentally while pumping George, Tim Nagle's colored houseman—dealt with the facts of her own disappearance. The operatives had got from George what they could, and had pieced out his story with the slurring malicious gossip of Avenue A, and the whispers of friends of a gangster, murdered years ago, called Hymer Schmitt, and the memory of a Pullman conductor. And so Bradlaugh began to tell Annie a story that you already know—the story of a certain Panamano.

This man had come to New York shortly after Tim Nagle had taken Annie to live with him; at the time when the building of the Panama Canal, just begun, had stirred American imagination to fever pitch. The two men had become partners in several enterprises of which gunrunning into Latin-American countries had been the least shady.

And Grant Bradlaugh told her how one day, on a train to Chicago, not being very sober, the Panamano and Tim Nagle and two others had got to talking—and boasting—of their affairs with women. How the Panamano had declared he could overcome the scruples of any woman on whom he had set his heart. How the wager had been made. How the Panamano had left the train and, taking the next eastbound, had returned to New York, getting there shortly after midnight. How he had proceeded straight to Tim Nagle's brownstone residence off Avenue A, where he had conferred in whispers with George, the Negro houseman. How a hundred dollars had changed hands, and presently the Panamano had climbed the stairs in his stockinged feet and had softly entered Annie's room.

It had been a sweltering August night. She had lain naked on the bed. He had played a flashlight on her. Then he had slipped out, had caught an early train to Chicago.

There, at the Blackstone Hotel, in answer to Tim Nagle's question where he had been and what had caused him to sneak off so suddenly, he had replied:

"To win a bet. You owe me your share of the profits of this gunrunning deal—fifty thousand dollars."

For a minute or two Tim Nagle had not spoken. Then his hand had reached for the automatic under his armpit; had, the next second, dropped limp and empty, and he had cried:

"You're a liar! A damned liar!"

"Am I?"

"How—how are you going to prove that you . . ."

"So easy. For, unless my eyes deceived me, your little Annie has a birthmark—a strawberry-shaped birthmark—beneath her right breast; and on the inner part of her left thigh—"

A silence.

"I"—Tim Nagle had mumbled—"I see. . . . I'll pay—and so will she!" . . .

And so, at long last, Annie knew what had happened a long time ago; what Grant Bradlaugh had found out, and eked out, from various sources—and he said to Annie:

"The name of the Panamano . . ."

"Are *you* telling *me?*" she interrupted. "His name is Carlos Urdaneta." . . .

Broken pieces of thoughts, of memories, suspicions, fears, tumbled through her mind; then fell into place, making a complete picture.

What Hymer Schmitt had mentioned, that time he had taken her for a ride way up to the Bronx. Something about her having two-timed Tim. . . .

The queer impression that she had met Urdaneta before she had ever come to Panama. Why, that night in New York when he had played the flashlight on her, she must have seen him vaguely, as in a dream. . . .

The fact that he had returned from New York, years back, with all that money. Enough to buy out Nell Codman, as had been his original intention, and, failing in this, to start the expensive Club Newport. . . .

Nell's cryptic words choked and silenced just before her death . . . did they have a meaning connected with all this?

Other things. . . .

Each piece fitted. And her hate against Urdaneta grew. It became a hard, solid mass—of brass, iron. . . .

God!—what he had done to her—and to Flossie . . .

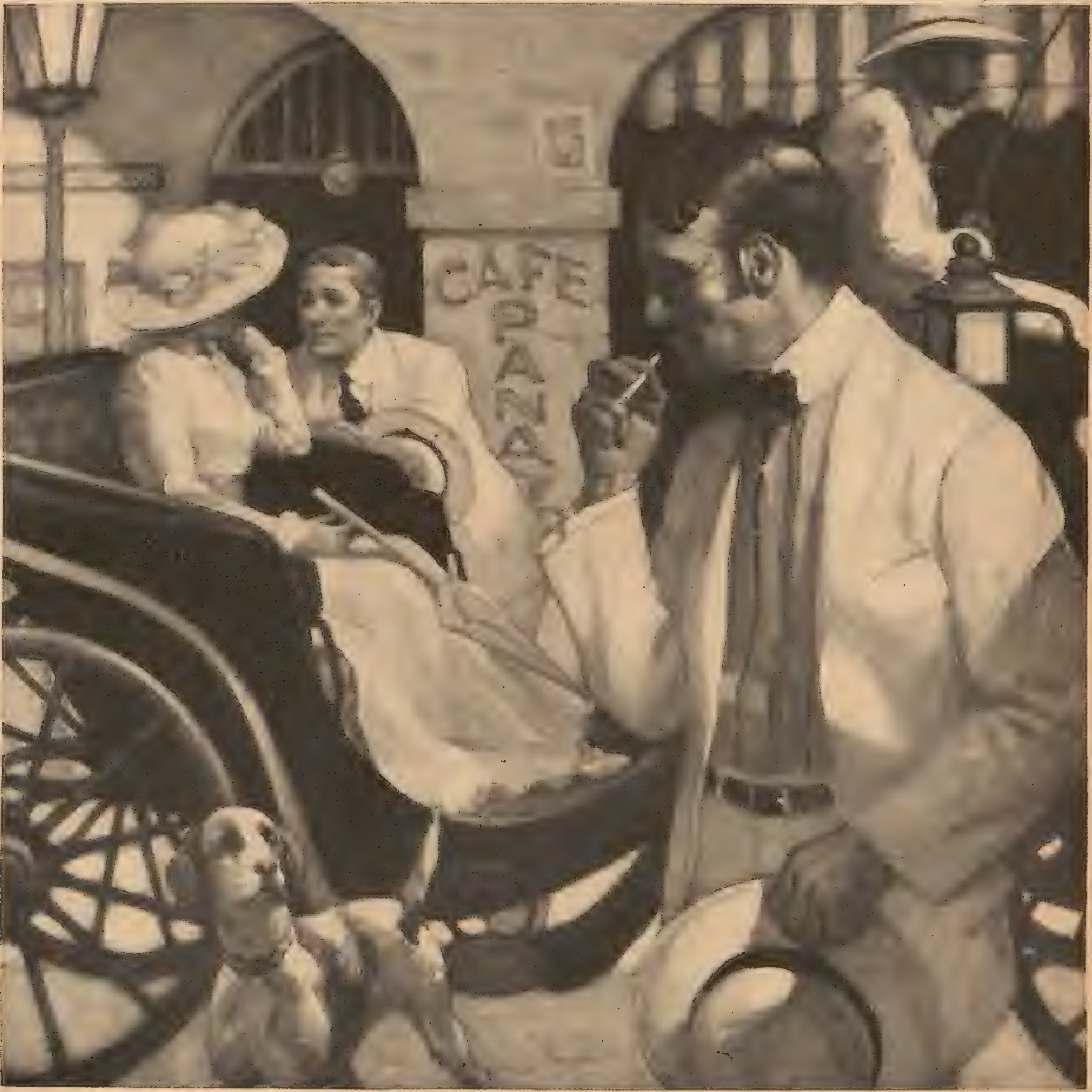
Chiefly to Flossie. . . .

She turned to Grant Bradlaugh:

"Found out nothing about my child—you said?"

"Nothing constructive. That night when Hymer Schmitt was supposed to kill you, Tim Nagle took the child away. He came with another man. George, your old houseman, was there. But it was too late. The lights were low. All George noticed—and I talked to him myself, in jail where he happens to be, tried to refresh

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB



People were beginning to talk about her and Grant Bradlaugh. So Carlos was rent by animosity.

his memory with money and with the promise to work for a pardon—all he remembered was that the other man was rather dark-skinned."

" Maybe Urdaneta? "

" Maybe, but I doubt it. Anyway, I'll keep on with my investigations. You must not give up hope."

" I haven't all these years, and I won't begin now."

But on her way home she said to herself:

" I'll find out from Urdaneta. I'll find out my own way—a woman's way." . . .

Therefore she overcame her first impulse, which was to go straight to Urdaneta, to face him with what she knew and guessed, to demand that he tell her the rest.

Instead, for weeks and then for months, with great cunning and purpose, she hid all this in her heart and attended strictly to business. Weeks and months during which she had her ups and downs—more ups than downs—and finally sound and lasting success.

But naturally she did not have it all her own way, since Urdaneta lived up to his threat.

He continued to fight her by all the concealed means in his power. Tried to obstruct her progress right and left. Having friends and relatives high in the councils of the Republic of Panama, he managed to make her the victim of many a petty persecution: causing her taxes to be increased out of all proportion; having her water cut off; forcing her, because of alleged fire risks, to rebuild a good half of her premises, so that, for almost a month and at the height of the tourist season, she had to close her place; having her summoned into court and heavily fined for breaking this or that municipal regulation which theretofore had been a dead letter on the statutes.

Joe Magruder took no part in this systematic hounding; had got over being sore at his former wife. . . .

She smiled as she spoke of that interlude to me.

" Not a bad little runt," she said, " as runts go. I guess Joe was just ashamed of himself. Besides, he was devoted to his kid—young Bill. And young Bill was home from the States on his long vacation. Almost seventeen he was, ready for college, and spent most of his time with me. Mums, he called me, just like Mimi did. Loved me as Mimi did, too. And—I began to get the idea—he loved Mimi even more than he did me. Puppy love? Sure. But in some cases puppy love is the real, lasting brand. Anyway, once or twice Joe comes to my apartment with young Bill. Then he comes alone, usually around dinner-time, he liking my Avenue A style of cooking. And one evening, over the fourth highball and the third plate of pigs' knuckles, he pops the question. Yes, he really did! Asks me to be the third Mrs. Magruder, as I had been the second. Of course I tell him to go to grass and eat clover. But from that time on we're pals—and more than once he tips me the wink when his partner is up to something especially lousy."

NOT that it helped much, since Urdaneta continued to do her all the harm he could.

He never admitted being responsible for it.

Indeed, he would tell her frequently how distressed he was about it. Would assure her of his sympathy. Would converse, as was his wont, in stratified hard-enameled layers of sarcasm, varied by flaming and florid layers of passion. But he did not repeat what he once had asked:

" Be my wife! "

To all his amorous eloquence she would chuck back some inanity: " Aw—don't be a goof! "

But her very accents, so casual and—had he known—so deeply and deliberately cloaking her hate, would get under his skin; and he grew the more angry—and also the more insistent—as, with the rest of Colón, he knew by this time that people were beginning to talk about her and Grant Bradlaugh. So Carlos was rent by animosity against the biologist; and this animosity was sharpened by the fact that the two men represented—and labored for—diametrically opposed political and national ideals.

For Bradlaugh—who, with his scientific department running in smooth well oiled grooves, was now taking an active share in the medical administration of the Canal Zone—believed, with a fanatic's exalted sincerity, that it was the divine American mission to spread its rule, which to him meant, paradoxically, the rule of freedom, throughout Latin America, beginning, for practical purposes, with the Republic of Panama. Urdaneta, on the other hand, was no less fanatically sincere in his conviction that, in spite of the financial and hygienic benefits which the Canal had conferred upon his country, Uncle Sam was an arrogant bullying alien oppressor who, by whatever means, should be booted out and sent back where he belonged.

Here, then, both as a man and a patriot, was the Panamaño's searing hatred and jealousy against Grant Bradlaugh. Here, solely as a man, was his bitterness against Emerald Annie—a bitterness shot through by overwhelming physical desire; by what he was pleased to call love.

Annie understood this. She understood, too, that the one thing she must not do—and over and over she conquered the impulse which grew ever more compelling, since, week after week and month after month, all Grant Bradlaugh's attempts to obtain news about her child proved as unavailing as her own—was to go to Carlos Urdaneta and ask him straight out:

" What has happened to Flossie? Where did Jim and you take her on that night? You were with Jim. I feel it. I am sure of it! "

A driving impulse which came to her every time she met the Panamano—and she did not dare give in.

THEREFORE she must bide her time; must proceed carefully, unhurriedly, without arousing his feline suspicions. When the right time came, she had her plan—she would take the final step and, by the same token, make the final sacrifice. She would sacrifice not only herself but Grant.

And perhaps this was another reason why she was so slow about it—because of her love for Grant.

. . . . .

Some time later—when it had become the current Colón gossip that recently Emerald Annie was losing interest in Grant Bradlaugh and seemed to have added another string to her bow, being seen often in the company of her old enemy Urdaneta, Bradlaugh mentioned it to her.

She frowned.

" Is that what they're saying, Brad? "

" I've been finding out certain new things about Urdaneta. I've really no right to tell you. Official, confidential stuff. But—the man is dangerous. He has recently engaged in intrigues against the United States."

" His grand and glorious patriotic plans. I know."

" But you don't know how far he has gone, nor how far he is willing to go. I—I have every reason to suspect . . ."

" What has that to do with me? "

" He may easily involve you."

" Not a chance. I've been around." . . .

A pause.

Then the scientist asked:

" Tell me—what *are* you up to? "

" With Urdaneta? Why—you know. I want to find out about Flossie . . ."

" But you entrusted that job to me. I'm trying to . . ."

" We're not getting anywhere, either one of us. So—"

" You must be patient. You must—"

" I'm tired of being patient, Brad." The next moment she was contrite. " I'm a beast to talk to you like that, after all you've done for me! I didn't mean it. Honest—I didn't." . . .

He smiled.

" It's all right, dear."

He went on to say that in a month or two he expected to go back to the States. Official business. Perhaps by then he would have another lead about Floss

He continued speaking. She hardly heard. She was taken up with her own morose reflections. . . .

Gee—if Grant knew what she intended doing! He'd have a fit.

But what else was there to do?

Why—of late, with young Bill and Mimi together half the time, the more she saw of them, of their youthful pep and gaiety, the more she brooded about her own child. And the more she brooded—sure! no use fooling herself—the more she became conscious of a certain aversion toward the two kids. Something akin to hate; to—yes, yes!—wishing them ill. . . .

And that was all wrong. It was wicked. It was plain downright lousy.

So, if she was going to keep her own mind straight, she must find out about Flossie. She must know the answer. Even if she discovered that Flossie was dead. At least it would mean an end to this long, torturing, dreadful uncertainty that was steadily developing into an obsession—"driving me nuts," she groaned to herself.

Only two men had the key. Tim Nagle and—probably—Urdaneta.

She would not approach Nagle—unless she had to. He had tried to do away with her once; would surely try again—she figured—if he learned that he hadn't succeeded the first time.

Therefore it was up to her to make Urdaneta talk. And she knew how—dear God!—she knew . . .

Grant Bradlaugh's words cut across her thoughts:

"You see that—don't you? You'll have to be careful where Urdaneta is concerned." . . .

She had not heard the beginning of the sentence. Well—it didn't matter.

"I'll be careful, all right," she promised; added, after a second's consideration: "That goes for you also."

"Me?" . . .

"He hates you quite as much. More, I guess. For what you are politically. And he's a patriot—don't forget. I bet he'd sell his soul to get rid of you." . . .

She was right.

To get rid of Grant Bradlaugh, the archenemy—as he saw it—of Panama. Here was one of Urdaneta's ambitions and desires; and he had already begun to play his cards accordingly, just as Annie suspected.

HE told himself that he understood Americans. He was familiar with their prejudices and moral scruples; was familiar, as well, with their trick of forgetting these same prejudices and moral scruples and dropping a knowing and tolerant eyelid over the various sins of man—provided, of course, the man be great and important enough.

All Colón suspected more about Bradlaugh and Emerald Annie than ever was true. Doubtless, over many a Sunday breakfast table, many a stoutly corseted matron on the Zone made disparaging comment. Yet, just as doubtless, many a husband rallied to Bradlaugh's defense, saying:

"Don't let's throw bricks. Not at Bradlaugh. He is the best there is. There wouldn't have been any Big Ditch without him. Besides, some people claim it's Urdaneta who has the inside track with Emerald Annie, not Bradlaugh. So I guess it's merely friendship with him—a platonic affair." . . .

To which his wife replied hypocritically:

"Let's hope so."

Anyway, that's how it was. There was gossip. Of course. But this gossip was within bounds; was not permitted to affect Grant Bradlaugh either socially or officially—until Carlos Urdaneta gave his party.

It was a party to celebrate the Independence Day of his native land. He had invited the leading Panamanos. Had invited, too, the leading Americans. For recently he had made, craftily and with hellish insincerity, a radical switch in his international alignments, proclaiming that he had been mistaken right along; that the interests of Panama and the United States were identical; that he considered Uncle Sam to be the small republic's big brother.

Good neighbors! He was now all for good neighbors! And the banquet was to be a proof of how he felt.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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A few days ahead he published a list of the guests in both the local papers. It began as follows:

"His Excellency the American Governor, Colonel R. C. Hartley and Mrs. Hartley;

"The American Consul General Jamison C. Parker and Mrs. Parker;

"Colonel Gordon Schoonmaker, commanding Fort Davis, and Mrs. Schoonmaker;

"Dr. Grant Bradlaugh and Miss Annie Hopkins."

. . . . .

Annie interrupted her recital.

"Y'know"—she said to me—"first I didn't realize who Miss Annie Hopkins was. I'd been Emerald Annie all these years—to others and to myself. Then, when I catch on, it gives me quite a kick. Grant's name and mine coupled together—see what I mean? . . . I didn't guess straight off what'd happen, how the fat would be in the fire. And—take it from me—it sure was. Gee, how it sizzled! You could hear it sizzle all the way to Washington . . ."

"Washington?" I echoed.

"You bet." . . .

For—it appeared—that same afternoon, Colonel Hartley, the acting governor of the Canal Zone, asked Grant Bradlaugh to call on him—and there was an ugly scene.

Hartley, tall, good-looking, was the typical rather self-consciously heroic soldier man. It was an ornamental army man's chance to prove his authority; and, as soon as his caller crossed the threshold, he barked at him:

"I am surprised, sir!"

"Oh?" . . .

"Yes." The governor indicated a marked copy of the morning paper. "Seen this?"

"Of course."

"Upon my word—I am not amused, sir. I am shocked. To see the name of a prominent American dragged into the mud . . ."

"Isn't your language rather strong?"

"Not strong enough. I," pompously, "am the acting governor of the Canal Zone. I represent not only the American government but also the American principles of conduct . . ."

HE made quite an oration about it, announcing in well rounded phrases what these principles stood for, chiefly here among those races which he reckoned as the lesser breeds. He mentioned the respect owed to American womanhood; mentioned rock-ribbed New England puritanism, the duty one has of conforming to the old-fashioned American code, the danger of becoming slack . . .

"Slack, sir! Here in the tropics! I was willing to close my eyes to your disgraceful behavior as long as I could. But now that it has become public property, now that your name has been openly linked—"

Then Bradlaugh grinned.

"Hartley," he drawled, "I warn you . . ."

"Warn *me*—the governor? By gad, sir, this is rank insubordination . . ."

"Is it?" Bradlaugh chuckled. "Well—I don't happen to be in the army. I'm afraid you can't have me shot at sunrise . . ."

"But," exclaimed Hartley, turning purple, "I can do something else . . ."

"Yes?" . . .

"I shall make a full report to Washington."

He did, by cable; and received a reply within the week.

Washington, in its most superbly diplomatic mood, did not refer to the quarrel between the two men. Instead, it expressed its deep appreciation of the colonel's services and announced that, to reward these services, it had decided to promote him to the rank of brigadier general. It so happened that, just then, a brigade post of the Second Division in Tennessee was without its commander. Would Colonel, now General, R. C. Hartley assume his new duties there immediately?

TEN days later he left the Isthmus. He must have been very much annoyed when, the first afternoon out, on the promenade deck, he ran across Grant Bradlaugh.

The latter, too, had received a message from Washington which, decoded, began:

"Your presence here is urgently needed in matters of Tim Nagle and Carlos Urdaneta."

. . . . .

While Colón knew nothing of this second communication, it heard quite a little about the rest.

Therefore Colón snickered—and Urdaneta cursed—and Emerald Annie laughed.

She laughed again, years later, as she told me of it.

"Holy Mike!" she exclaimed. "Was that greaseball set on his can! And, to rub it in, me and Grant went to his swell party anyhow, as large as life. That was about a week before Grant sailed."

She paused.

"Y'know," she went on, "I was glad to be rid of Grant. You see—as long as he was in Colón I couldn't do what I had made up my mind to. Can't stab a man in the back with whom damned near every night you sit holding hands and—oh—trying to think up something new to say about the moon."

"What *had* you decided to do?" I asked.

"Haven't you guessed it yet? I was going to marry Urdaneta."

"What?" . . . I couldn't believe that!

"You bet, copper. It was the only way I could be close enough to him to win his confidence, to find out about Flossie. And the only way I could get back at him."

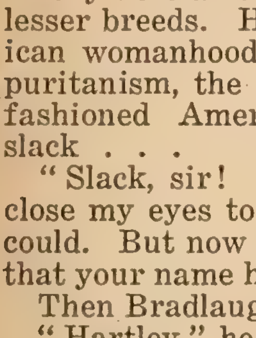
So, on the next Saturday, she invited him to dinner.

Carlos came; and, when she saw him, she thought:

Sure I'll be your wife. We'll settle it right now. And may God have mercy on your soul!

Is it possible that Emerald Annie will go to that dangerous length? And if she allows herself to marry Carlos, will it result in the finding of Flossie? The answer in next week's Liberty is electrical. You can't afford to miss it.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Her maiden name was Sklodowska; she became a professor at the University of Paris, and was awarded a Nobel prize. American admirers presented her with grams of that which she discovered with her husband. Although the subject of the photo at left died July 4, three years ago, her beneficence lives on. Who?

2—Which hour is shorter than a solar hour?

3—What exiled German poet wrote from his "mattress grave"?

4—Why is lead employed for bullets and shot?

5—If a pike weighs eight pounds and is six feet long, what, specifically, should it be called?

6—Who made the round trip with Dick Merrill last May?

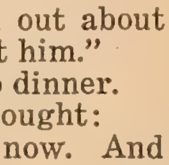
7—People who live in what new type of homes pay cash for their groceries?

8—What large fruit got its name from an Italian castle?

9—Cornstalks form what building material?

10—Are children from five to fifteen years of age particularly vulnerable to fatal disease?

11—In which country did sauerkraut originate?



12—In the Bible, what sea captain got drunk on homemade wine?

13—Duncan Phyfe was a famed maker of what?

14—What North American island is most densely populated?

15—Alice Adams, The Able McLaughlins, Early Autumn, The Magnificent Ambersons have what in common?

16—Is the earth's girth growing smaller or larger?

17—Which American city has the largest number of single-family homes?

18—Why is the climbing perch so called?

19—How did the Greeks of the ninth century B. C. put a stop to hoarding?

20—Who is the Dempsey of the baton?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

GAILY, A DREAM COMES TRUE

Paris and love lift Miss Colbert engagingly out of a workaday world . . . Hawaii, Vienna, and the South Seas reflect life as it's lived in the films

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ I MET HIM IN PARIS

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young, Mona Barrie, George Davis, Alexander Cross, Lee Bowman, Fritz Feld. Screen play by Claude Binyon based on a story by Helen Meinardi. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 87 minutes.

ANOTHER attempt to recover the mad, whimsical humor of It Happened One Night. Here you have the dream of every working-girl. Kay Denham has saved up for a long time in order that she may indulge in an extravagant visit to Paris. In love with Kay is a solemn prissy young chap.

Once in Paris, Kay runs into two irresponsible American playboy playwrights who are drinking their plots at the Ritz bar. One is young, romantic, impetuous. The other is worldly, detached. Kay falls in love with the careless young dramatist and the three dash off to Switzerland for a vacation on skis and bobsleds. Please let us note here that it is a perfectly moral harmless trip, strictly on the Will Hays.

Now comes Kay's problem. Which is the lad for her?

The comedy is smartly, brightly told in a gentle and casual mood of comedy. Claudette Colbert is a pretty and charming Kay; Melvyn Douglas is ingratiating as the older playwright; while Robert Young, as his younger pal, has more opportunities than he usually gets on the screen.

Actually the best performance of the film is that of the new recreation spot, Sun Valley, Idaho, which plays Switzerland with remarkable verisimilitude.

Dramatist Douglas and working-girl Colbert in a scene from the amusing comedy, I Met Him in Paris.

VITAL STATISTICS: Merely a great actress when she entered movies, Mrs. Dr. Joel Claudette (Lillian Cauchoin) Colbert Pressman has learned to drive, hunt, skate, psychoanalyze, manage department stores before cameras. For this she mastered bobsledding at 70 m. p. h., skiing, and skijoring—that is, being towed on skis by a hoss. . . . Melvyn Hesselberg is now Melvyn Douglas by law. Douglas is a stage name, taken from Scotland's Black Douglas, Melvyn's early literary hero, about whom his mother always used to read. . . . Robert Young's getting to be an old stay-at-home and you can't get any scandal out of a happily married paw and husband like that! . . . Chief characteristic of Sun Valley, Idaho, the locale of those phony Swiss Alps you see in this, is that the sun rarely shone while this was filmed. The temperature ranged from 85° above to 20° below. . . . Some of the bobsledding was done at Lake Placid, where the weather grew so tropical at times, blankets had to be thrown over sled runs to keep the cold in.

★ ★ ½ WINGS OVER HONOLULU

THE PLAYERS: Wendy Barrie, Ray Milland, Kent Taylor, William Gargan, Polly Rowles, Mary Phillips, Samuel Hinds, Margaret McWade, Clara Blandick, Joyce Compton, Louise Beavers. Screen play by Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw from a story by Mildred Cram. Directed by H. C. Potter. Produced by Universal. Running time, 78 minutes.

SOMETHING more than a romantic picture of our naval air service and picturesque life in a remote tropical station, Wings Over Honolulu presents the difficulties of a spoiled young wife who tries to reconcile herself to the dull, highly restricted social life of an isolated station, and of being shunted aside by the government's ever-present demands upon her husband. And behind it all lurks the sinister specter of a deadly crack-up.

Lauralee Curtis, the Dixie bride of Lieutenant Stony Gilchrist, can't stand the gaff. She can't take it. So the crack-up in the Gilchrist family is a little different than what the young bride fears when she moves into the house allotted to her husband, dirty and shabby, with broken-down furniture and insect and rodent inmates.

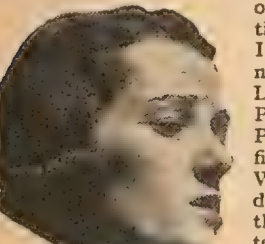
H. C. Potter does a better than competent job of directing this study of service life. You will like Wendy Barrie as the bride, Ray Milland as the young husband torn between Uncle Sam and romance.

VITAL STATISTICS: The navy flung its full flying strength into this. That's the North Island naval air base near San Diego; those are real naval officers, their able-bodied wives and kids; and that's the plane carrier Ranger, costing $25,000,000. Pic was entirely surrounded by technical men, and if you detect any flaws please write the Sektry of the Navy. . . . Bill Gargan's of Brooklyn and proud of it; has been Saratoga bookmaker, Wall Street runner, soda jerker, clothing credit house collector, car conductor, pro basketballer, carpenter, billposter, and private dick. . . . This is Kent (Tall Dark 'n' Handsome) Taylor's first meanie role. Of Nashua, Iowa, he prides himself on the fact that, though he was once a walking collar ad, they've never been able to take Iowa out of his soul. . . . Sammy Hinds is sixty-two, son of the American Playing Card prexy. Was broke at fifty-eight, thanks to the crash. Has Hahvahd and N. Y. U. degrees; used to be a lawyer; has rebuilt his fortune via the hundred movies he's done in past four years. . . . Wendy Barrie's a Jenkins of Hong Kong, dotter to a barrister there. Might today be a British navy wife, but, while on a London visit, Alexander Korda stepped up to her at a café table and begged to be allowed to make a screen test of her. . . . Ray (Slickum) Milland's sailed round the Horn; has been a Household Cavalryman, a Cheshire Yeoman, a polo player, an international adventurer written up by E. Phillips Oppenheim. . . . Mary Phillips is of New London, Connecticut, and a number of Connecticut grade schools, convents, high schools, and finisher-offers.

★ ★ ½ THE WORLD'S IN LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Marta Eggerth, Leo Slezak, Ida Wuest, Rolf Wanka, Hans Moser, Anny Rosar, Alfred Neugebauer. Screen play by Ernst Marischka adapted from Franz Lehár's operetta Clo-Clo. Directed by W. Tourjansky. Running time, 87 minutes.

ROMANCE beside the beautiful blue Danube in three-four time. This is an operetta, Clo-Clo, by Franz Lehár, the man who wrote The Merry Widow, translated into films. For all its mistaken identities and casual labored operetta-plot motivations, it has a languid nostal-



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gic quality, a mildly gay and amorous mood. The dialogue—in German—is neatly translated with superimposed English subtitles.

The plot? The two von Waldenaus—father and son—go to town. That is, they journey to Vienna on business from their farm in the Austrian hinterland. And the blonde young comic-opera idol of Vienna becomes the center of their attentions and the reason for all the comic-opera complications.

The coolly pretty Marta Eggerth is the actress; Leo Slezak, once the lyric tenor rival of Caruso, is frivolous Papa von Waldenau; and Rolf Wanka is the younger of the irresponsible von Waldenau household.

This is for those who like old-fashioned operetta.

VITAL STATISTICS: Blondey Marta Eggerth is an old-fashioned girl, though a star. Budapest born and in her twenties, at nine she played the Doll in The Tales of Hoffmann at the Budapest Opry Haouse; thereafter was an artist student until she became, at sixteen, Europe's pocket prima donna. Is married to Jan Kiepura. She loves him dearly, is terribly domestic for him. Hates sports unless it's lying in the sun somewhere. . . . Back in the early '00s Leo Slezak's voice was compared favorably with that of Caruso. Never exercises; hates sleep; keeps up his energy by good eating and living. Supported Eggerth in Her Greatest Success and is always in some current Viennese stage trifle with incidental music. Is father to Walter Slezak, one of our imported male larks. . . . Ida Wuest (Eedah Veest) is a cross 'twixt Grace Bradley and Mrs. Pat Campbell via Alison Skipworth, and gets their combined effects in a more comic vein. Is of stage and screen and well known to the café life of the Molnarish capitals. . . . Franz (Ah Swooning Lilt) Lehár's been batting out hits since '94. Born in Hungary in 1870, he fiddled around for a living in his early manhood; became band leader in the Austrian army, then orchestra conductor, then composer, light-opera producer, and conductor rolled in one. Has written symphonies, tone poems, marches, and some of the world's loveliest songs.

★ THE AFFAIRS OF CAPPY RICKS

THE PLAYERS: Walter Brennan, Mary Brian, Lyle Talbot, Frank Melton, Frank Shields, Georgia Caine, Phyllis Barry, William B. Davidson, Frank Shannon, Howard Brooks, Anthony Pawley, Sherry Hall, Don Rowan. Screen play by Lester Cole from a story by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by Ralph Staub. Produced by Republic. Running time, 56 minutes.

PETER B. KYNE'S shrewd magazine-story hero, Cappy Ricks, takes a miscellaneous gathering of relatives on a mysterious ocean trip, stages a fake yacht burning, and strands the bickering mob on an uninhabited South Sea island. Cappy's theory is to regenerate the motley cross section of humanity through communion with nature. And, being morbid-minded, Cappy goes along to watch the transformation.

This new plan for disposing of relatives sounds promising but it moves turgidly on the screen. Walter Brennan, as Cappy Ricks, is thin and lacking in color. Mary Brian, not seen much on the screen recently, is Cappy's spoiled daughter, and ex-tennis star Frank Shields does the suitor who doesn't win out.

VITAL STATISTICS: Peter B. Kyne based Cappy Ricks on the career of Captain Robert Dollar, who founded the round-the-world line still bearing his name. Has tried to retire Ricks several times, but has to drag him out constantly and put him through his salty paces for large sums. . . . Walter (Old Atrocity) Brennan got the gold Academy dingus for his performance as Swan in Come and Get It. Is of Lynn, Massachusetts. Has as many faces in his make-up kit as Cleek of the Forty Faces. Doesn't go for any sports. . . . Lyle Talbot and his new wife Marguerite Cramer spent their honeymoon on the set. Lyle was born Lyle Hollywood, but born in Pittsburgh. Changed his name because he didn't want to have a name that sounded as if it had been changed. . . . Mary Brian is a Texas bluebonnet from Corsicana. . . . Dashing young Francis Xavier Shields was a poor Brooklyn boy who showed tennis wizardry, found himself a wealthy sponsor who built him up to social bearing, Davis Cuphood, wealth, and marriage into the Social Register.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion.

★★★½—Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London.

★★★—This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—Mme. Marie Curie, codiscoverer of radium (1867-1934).

2—A sidereal hour, which is employed by astronomers and is shorter than the hour we use to measure time by 9.856 solar seconds.

3—Heinrich Heine (1797-1856). Due to a spinal disease, he was confined to bed for the last ten years of his life. He is considered second only to Goethe as the greatest of German lyric poets.

4—Because its weight is required to obtain the necessary momentum.

5—A muskellunge.

6—Jack Lambie.

7—Those who rove about the country in trailers.

8—Cantaloupe. Seeds from Armenia were originally cultivated in western Europe in the neighborhood of the Castle of Cantalupo.

9—Insulating and building board.

10—No; according to life-insurance statistics, these are the safest years of life.

11—In China—not Germany, as one might suppose. During the Great Wall's construction, laborers are said to have varied their rice diet with healthful sauerkraut.

12—Noah, Genesis 9:20-21—"And Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard: And he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent."

13—Mahogany furniture, among other fine examples of the cabinetmaker's art. Born in Scotland, 1768, the shop he opened in New York in 1792 was to become renowned.

14—Manhattan, one of New York's boroughs.

15—In addition to the capital A in their titles, all are novels that won Pulitzer Prize awards.

16—Smaller. According to scientists, the imaginary circle that girds the earth measures one and a half miles less than did the equator a hundred years ago.

17—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, with 364,457.

18—Because this fish, native to India and the Malay islands, is reputed able to creep over rocks and land, and to climb trees.

19—By circulating nothing but iron money. The whole of a room was required to hoard coins worth $88.80 in our money—so greed was cured.

20—

Rudy Vallée

WIN A THOROUGHBRED DOG

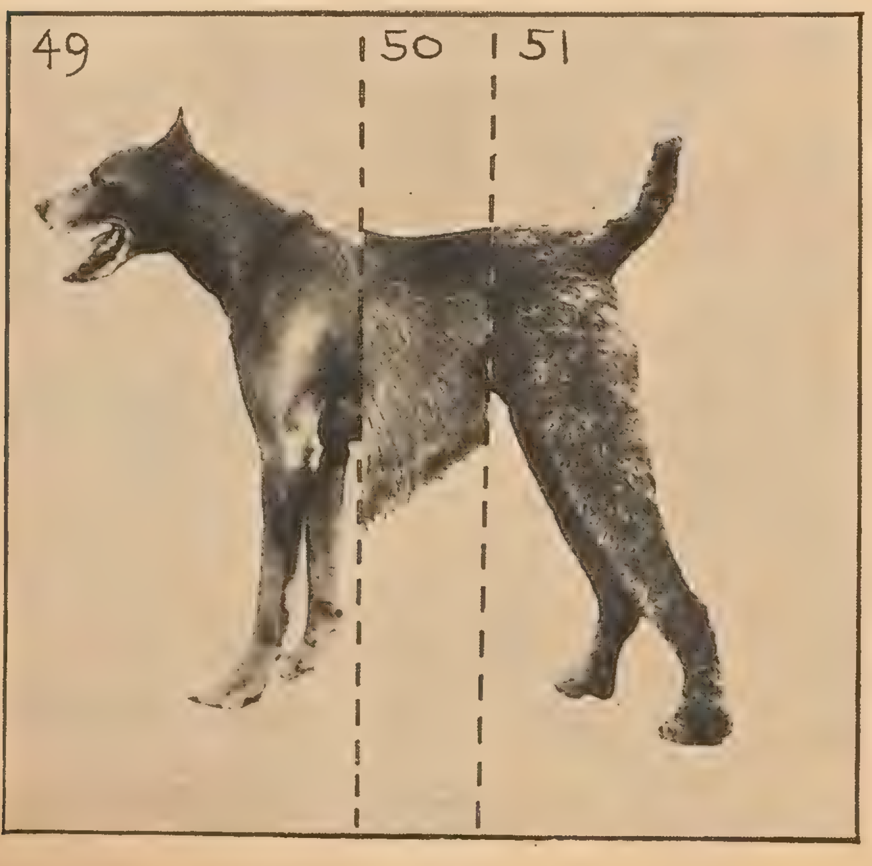
YOUR CHANCE IS STILL EXCELLENT!

YOU CAN START AN ENTRY DIRECT FROM THIS PAGE AND MAKE UP LOST GROUND BY ORDERING REPRINTS

HAVE you started your entry in this contest yet? If not, now is the time to get going. Your chance is still excellent, but further delay may rob you of your opportunity. Begin by reading the rules carefully. Then solve the three composites on this page. When you are satisfied your solutions are correct, write the identification of the breed represented under each. Then file them in a convenient place. Do not send in any solutions until you have a complete set of thirty. Separate solutions will not be considered by the judges. Don't miss this opportunity to win a pet and companion of which you can be proud indeed. Each of the twenty-five dogs which Liberty will award is a thoroughbred and looks the part. Every effort will be made to award to each winner the type of dog preferred, but Liberty cannot guarantee to do so in every case. No matter which of the various dogs you win, you can be assured that it will be a worth-while representative of its breed and one that will prove a faithful, loyal friend and companion.

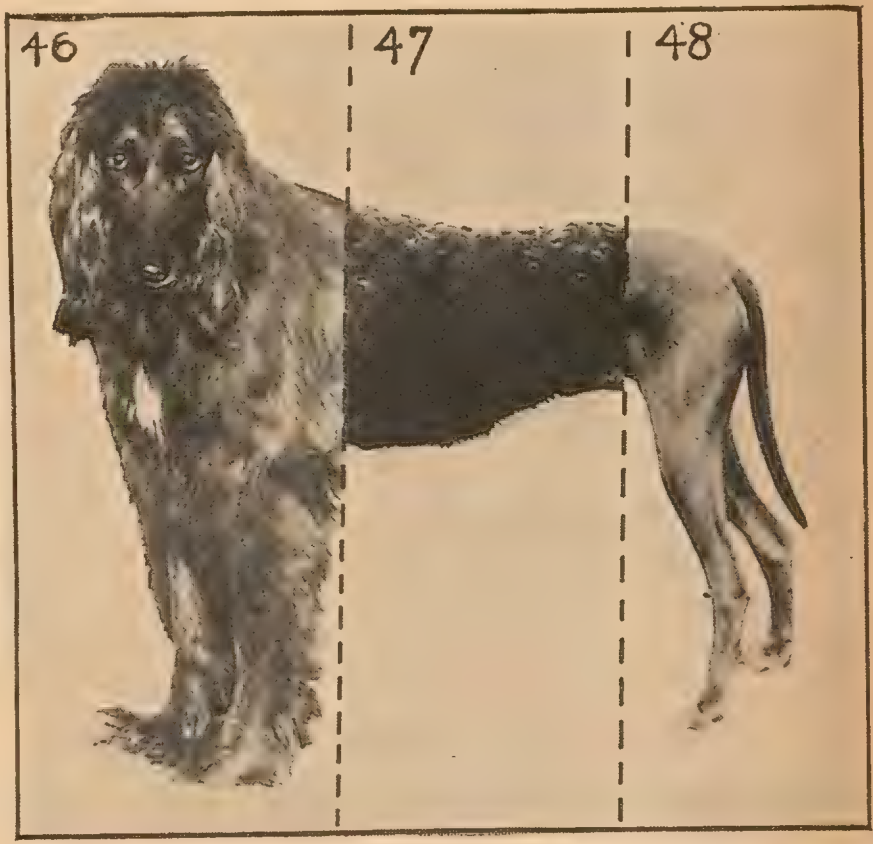
THE RULES

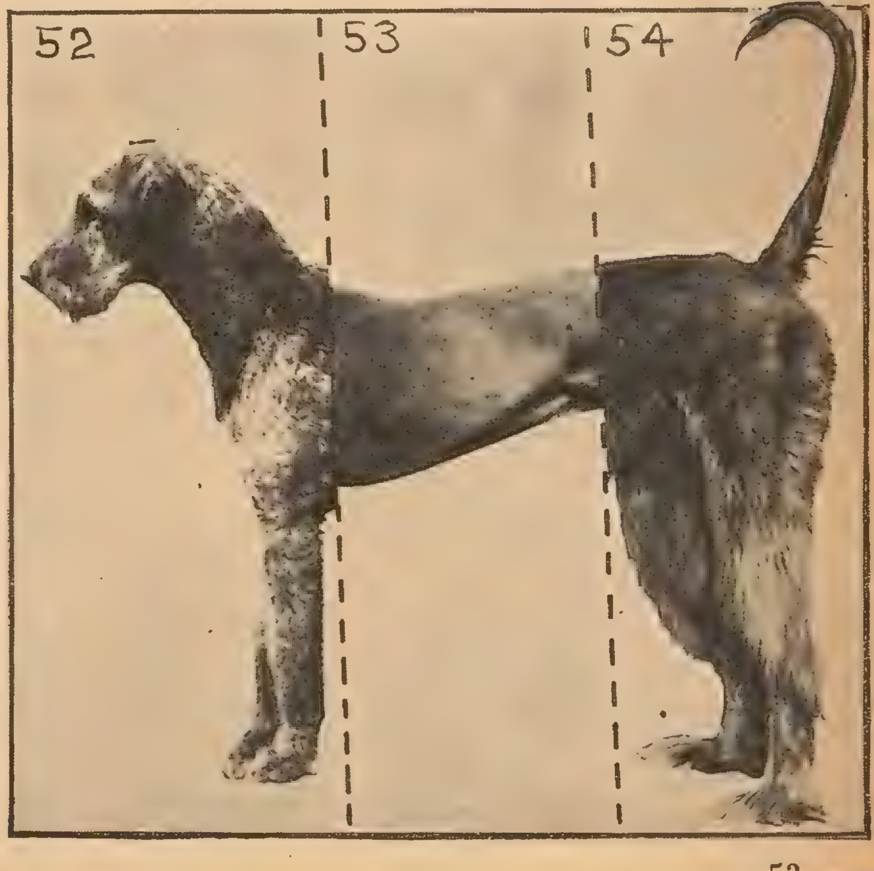
1. Each week for ten weeks, beginning with the issue dated May 29, Liberty will publish three composite pictures in which three well known breeds of dogs are represented.
2. To compete, cut each week's pictures apart and reassemble the pieces as you think they should go. Under each completed picture identify the breed of dog it represents.
3. Do not send in separate solutions. Wait until the end of the contest, when your set of thirty will be complete, and then send them in as a unit, all at the same time, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of the various breeds you would most like to own and why.
4. For each of the twenty-five sets of most nearly accurate solutions accompanied by the most convincing and sincere statements of preference, Liberty will award a pedigreed dog. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made. Every effort will be made to award a dog of the breed specified in the winner's statement, but Liberty cannot guarantee this in all instances. Prize dogs will be shipped, prepaid, direct from the kennels to winners.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, August 11, 1937, the closing date of this contest. All prize-winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for publication in whole or in part, as they may desire.
6. Send entries by first-class mail addressed to DOG CONTEST EDITOR, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into any correspondence relative to any entry.



FOR LATE ENTRANTS

In order to bring their entries up to date, competitors just starting the game this week will need to solve the first five sets of composites which have been published in preceding issues. For their convenience and aid Liberty has prepared reprints of this contest material which may be obtained upon written request to the address in the rules. Enclose five cents in stamps with your request, to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive these reprints you can solve the composites and identify them at your leisure.





THE LADY WHO *Blighted* HIS LIFE

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE young man balanced perilously in his canoe. He was a homely young man and knew it and didn't mind a bit. This kind is hard to handle. He said politely, "Is this island taken?"

The girl on the high rock said, "It is," and resumed her contemplation of the waves. She was a distinctly pretty girl and knew it and minded quite a lot. This type also presents difficulties.

"In that case," said the canoeist, "I'll just run in for repairs."

"To what?"

"My shattered heart which I have dragged five hundred miles to this remote spot."

"Pretty far to follow a girl who doesn't want to see you," she observed coldly.

"I followed nothing but my inclinations and my nose."

"I don't like it," she stated uncompromisingly.

"Sorry, it's the only one God gave me."

"I don't mean your nose. It isn't half as bad as your nerve. When you tried to cut in on me last night—"

"Tried? I thought I succeeded."

"Only because I didn't want to hurt your feelings."

"Since when?"

"Oh, well—" she began uncertainly, and in spite of herself her lips crinkled, a manifestation which he viewed with approval. The canoe vanished around the point. She heard the keel scuff softly on the beach to her left. The cheerful face reappeared.

"In the matter of our election bet," said he.

"I don't want to hear anything about it."

"And me patiently waiting and hoping since April," he lamented. "That's a long time to have the girl who's blighted your life looking the other way every time you come round a corner."

"It was a crazy bet. Nobody but a nut would have thought it up."

"Nobody but a short sport would renig on it."

"You called me that once before," said she with formidable quiet. "And I told you then—"

"Never mind. The exact wording of our bet was: If Carrington Kean is not re-elected Mayor of Banniston on April 15, Celia Barnes agrees—"

"Stop it!"

"—agrees to a trial engagement of one week with Nicholas Wicks, renewal to be at the option of both parties."

"You'd known me only five days. And when you pretended that the bet wasn't just a joke and wanted to kiss me—"

"Natural enough. Did any man with eyes know you five days without wanting to kiss you—and maybe trying?"

"Lots. But *they* were gentlemen."

"I'm used to handicaps," was the equable reply; "thrive on 'em. As to its being a joke—"

"I never dreamed that he'd lose. You cheated. That's why I wouldn't pay up."

"Is that the only reason?"

"No, it isn't," she returned tartly. "I wouldn't be engaged to you for ten seconds, let alone a whole week."

"You didn't seem to mind so much—for that particular ten seconds. Now, as to this charge of cheating. Do you call it cheating to write a little letter to the paper about a candidate for office?"

"You called him the Bonnie Boy Mayor," she returned acidly. "N-i-c-e, bonnie. And it stuck."

"Why, I thought he'd appreciate the boost. Didn't he attend the St. Andrew's picnic in kilts and act Scotcher than a plaid? With his spindleshanks, too!" he added regretfully.

"Bum!" said Miss Celia Barnes. "Heel! I wish you'd go away."

"Why, I've just come! When I heard you were visiting the Hon. Carrington's mother I decided it was time to look after my political fences."

"And you claim you didn't follow me here."

"Error to you. Conference with the ex-Boy Mayor is my purpose."

She scrutinized him with suspicion. "What have you and he got to confer about?"

"You."

"He won't listen. I hope he kicks you out. Anyway, you're too late."

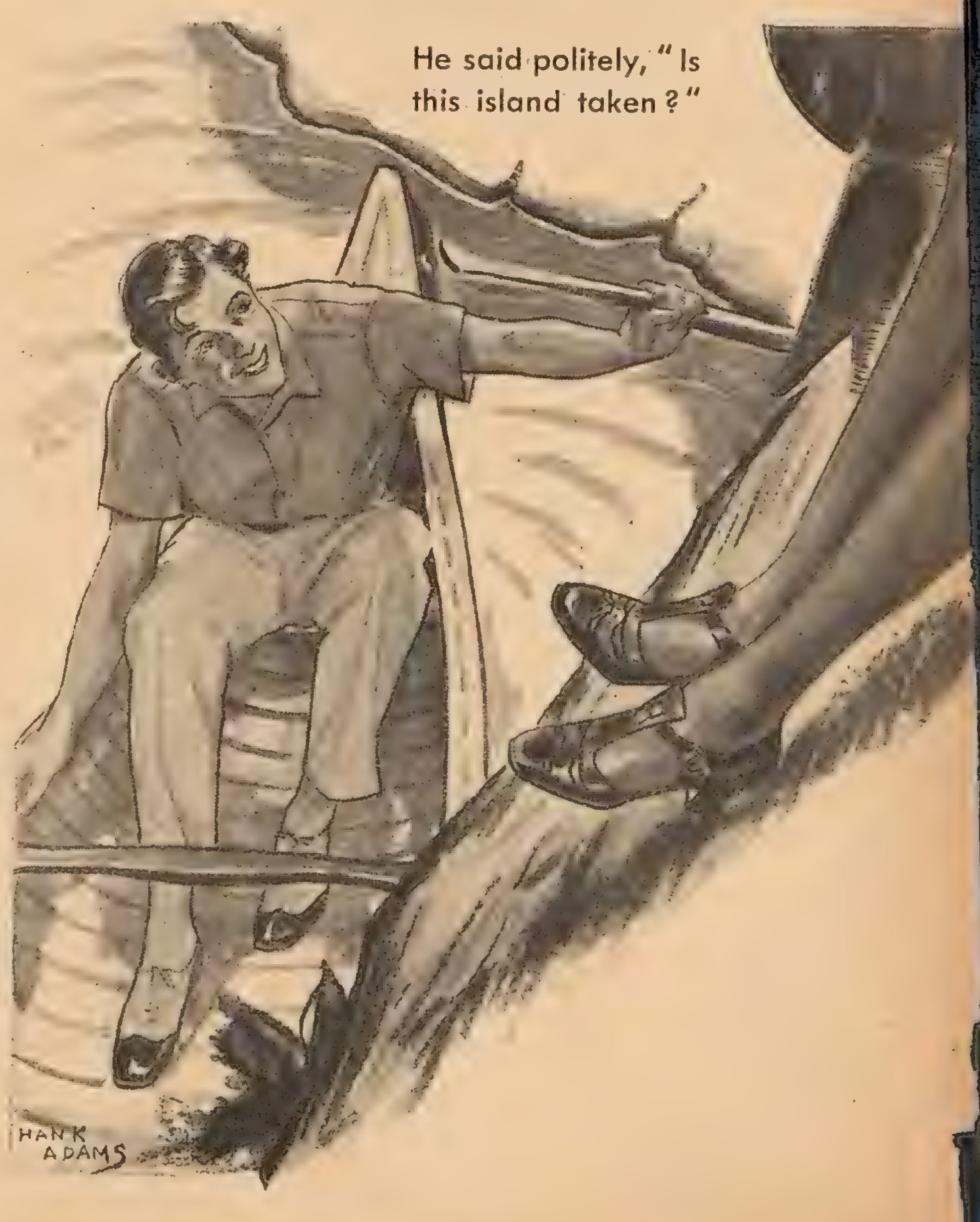
"How's that?" he demanded.

"Use your own judgment." She favored him with the flat of an uncompromising back.

"I will. With the assistance of certain evidence which my trained Boy Scout vision discerns upon the receptive sands, I'll interpret for your benefit. We start at the water's edge. Prow mark. Girl arrives in canoe. Keel mark. Man arrives in boat. Footprints. Shoes—large, new, and classy. Also cigar butt. Havana aroma, indicating affluence. The ex-Boy Mayor. Right?"

"Possibly."

"Absolutely. Small footprints here. Girl. Man ap-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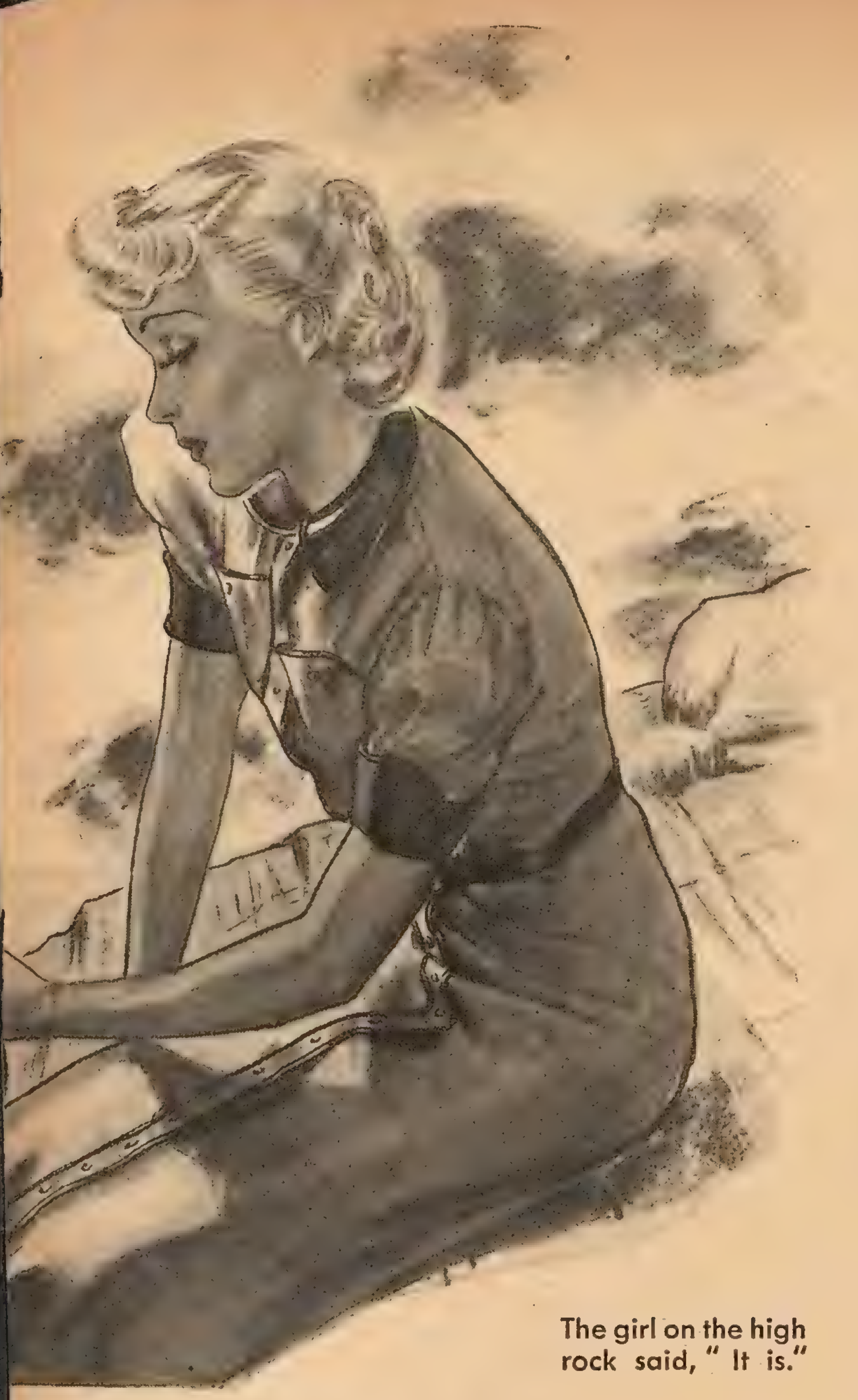


The girl on the high rock said, " It is."

proaches. Girl approaches. They meet. He tries for a clinch. She objects."

" How do you get that? "

" Deep heelprint. Girl stamps angrily. Man hurls expensive cigar to earth. Indicating rejection of suit."

" Try another reading. For instance, man discards cigar as being out of place in clinch."

" Won't do. A girl doesn't go back on her heels to kiss a tall scrawny bird. She stands on tiptoe."

" You know too much, Nick Wicks."

" What did you do with the body? I saw only your canoe when I landed. No sign of a boat."

" Why—why—why! Where *is* my canoe? "

" I was unlucky enough to stumble and give it an accidental push. It is now," he announced poetically, " gone with the wind. To resume our deductions. Man retires from scene of discomfiture in boat."

" He went because I asked him to. I wanted to be alone with my happiness," she added with an air of rapture. " I still want to be."

" When you change your mind my stout craft is at your service."

" I'd rather swim than take any favors from you now."

She moved down the face of the rock, shutting him out of her sight.

Had she peered over the crest, as she was tempted to do, she would have seen him in an attempt to walk on his hands. Righting himself, he called her. She did not reply.

" Oh, very well," said he resignedly. " I only thought you might be interested in some funny trail marks I've just found."

Her face reappeared, wearing an uneasy frown. " What kind of trail? "

" I wouldn't know for certain. This is called Bear Island, in case you didn't know."

" *Oh!* You *know* I'm terrified of bears."

" Yes; I remember your telling me how your nurse used to scare you with bear stories. It was the first time we met. You were rather like a small fluffy bear yourself, curled up there in the corner. The old heart flopped then and there."

" Nature note: Hard-shell crab goes soft."

" Nature note: Bear visits Bear Island."

" Nick! You're trying to frighten me into going back in your loathsome canoe. I'd rather stay with the bear."

" Shall I send Kean back for you? "

" Please." She hoped it sounded natural.

" That'll give me a chance to explain about our bet."

" I believe you would! Without ever stopping to think what a fool it'd make me look."

" Wouldn't it! " he returned brightly. " Bum sport, too."

" After all," she observed thoughtfully, " I suppose Carrington's got a right to know. Considering that I'm going to marry him—"

" I don't believe it," said he violently.

" Well, I am."

He came close to the rock and looked up, and his eyes were steady and hurt. She had forgotten how those eyes redeemed the square sturdy plainness of the face. Well, she could forget again. He said quietly:

" Then I lose? "

" What did you expect? You've always laughed at me from the very first."

" I was laughing at myself for caring so much."

" Besides," she added discontentedly, " you can't rush a girl off her feet at first sight."

" Apparently not. I'll revise my methods next time." (He was taking it well—she thought—a little too well.) " But I don't expect there's going to be a next time; not for quite a while." (That hurt, because he looked as if it were so true.) " About the bear: that's all bunk. Just one of my funny tricks. Trying to get the laugh on you again. It's on me this time."

SHE did not meet his eyes. She did not want to. She heard the canoe grate and caught her final glimpse of him, slack and disconsolate in the stern, his paddle across his knees. She jumped to her feet.

" *Nick!* " she wailed. She strained her vision toward the wooded point around which he had drifted. He couldn't have heard. Or, if he had, very likely he wouldn't come back.

Nick's paddle dipped and dug so sharply that he almost upset. Was it her call? Or the imagination of his sore heart? Go back to her in uncertainty he would not. He put in at a cove on the lee side and craftily wormed his way through the heavy shrubbery.

Celia was on the beach, studying the signs. She leaned over and put her hand beside the fake trail which his hand had made. Something at her feet caught her attention. It was the cigar butt. With a lithe and hearty kick she sent it flying into the lake.

" Whoops! " vociferated Nick. " My cue."

He emerged. " Exit the ex-Boy Mayor. I don't know what you think of me as substitute—"

" You ought to," she broke in. " I've told you often enough. Bear prints, eh? " Again she measured them, took his hand, and stretched her own fingers against it. " Faker. Simp. Boob. Slug. Nitwit. . . . Darling! "

Then she stood on tiptoe. Nick also was a tall young man.

THE END

A sprightly tale of youth and love's hazards . . The story of the way of a man with a maid

Vox Pop

A Meeting of the Rabbit Ridge Women's Club

BURBANK, MO.—There was a long article about cooking in the magazine one of our members traded chickens for when the agent came round after subscriptions—a very interesting article with a lot of recipes; and it's as natural for women to like to hear about new cooking recipes as it is to hear about new clothes. We may know that we shall never try the recipes and never will have the clothes, but we like to hear about them—and no question is too big for our Rabbit Ridge Women's Club to tackle.

But most of the recipes called for things we'd never heard about at Rabbit Ridge—like oyster crabs. Some of us didn't even believe in their existence. In our country we eat just what we have, what we can get, mostly what we raise—and not what we might wish we had.

And there was a recipe about how to use up leftovers, making them into tasty dishes that the family would eat with gusto.

But leftovers! What we do at Rabbit Ridge is just to quit eating when everything on the table has disappeared, and wait till it's time to eat again. There aren't any leftovers. And the oldest member said that there wouldn't, anyhow, be any sense in buying gusto, even if we had something to eat with it. Likely it's expensive and it is something we can get along without.

One of the members read an article to farm women, just especially to farm women. It told us that if we had an old house we would have to take a great many more steps than if it were a modern home; and one of the members said that if modern means new, that could be true, because many of the newer small farmhouses have just one room, while some of the older homes have two and even three. And it is quite reasonable, we concluded, that the newer one-room cabin would require fewer steps than the older, more commodious house.

We were all perked up over finding something we could understand; but the very next paragraph showed how little the writer of it knows about our half of the world. This paragraph told us that, regardless of just about everything else, a farm woman should rest awhile every day; but nobody knows but the farm woman just how many inescapable tasks are waiting for her while she is resting.

Of course we know that all farm people are not like us here at Rabbit Ridge; but when we remember that almost half the people of the United States are rural people and that two thirds of these are small-farm people, we know there are many Rabbit Ridges.—*Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing.*

AIRPLANES AND EMERALD ANNIE

STEVENS POINT, WIS.—Alias Emerald Annie is a corking good story by a no less corking good pair of authors; but I am no little concerned about the G-man hopping a plane at Ancon to fly to Colón during the rip-roaring days of the building of the Panama Canal.

My recollection goes back to the building of the Canal, but doggoned if my memory isn't playing me some weird tricks if "hopping" planes so conveniently was being done in those days.—*D. R. Stewart.*

[If Mr. Stewart will carefully read the first installment of this story, he will discover that the airplane was used at the present time, after Annie had been in Panama for many, many years.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WILD-GOOSE RIDDLE-ME-REE

RECTOR, ARK.—My answer to the goose riddle in May 22 Vox Pop is as follows:

That the number of geese on the pond was 36. For double that number would be 72; half would be 18; one fourth would be 9; and you, the one flying over, 1. Altogether, 100.

That is, double the number 36 would make 72, and one half of 36 would be 18, and one fourth of 36 would be 9, and the one flying would make the 100 geese; and as 36 is the only number which you can double, then take half again and one fourth again and add one to make 100, I submit this as the correct answer.

See if the expert mathematicians can disprove the answer.—*Verlin E. Upton.*

MASTER BAD MAN MOST ENTHRALLING

COUSHATTA, LA.—The human-interest story, Gaston B. Means—Master Bad Man, by May Dixon Thacker, to my notion, is the most enthralling of the century. The facts related by the author are beyond all doubt.

Myself and many others will become lonesome after "30" is written to this serial.—*John Dee Hand.*

WEYBURN, SASK.—Believe there must be many, like myself, frankly puzzled by the Gaston B. Means articles. Mrs. Thacker would naturally place herself in as favorable a light as possible—that would only be human nature—and yet did she show average uptake when only one woman living appeared to know the depth of Means' depravity, and that woman disclosed it to Mrs. Thacker?

Mrs. Thacker just kept jogging along helping Means with his precious book. If she had started inquiries at that time she would have prevented some of his later crimes.—*Robert Goodrich.*

SOCIAL SECURITY SET-UP

SPOKANE, WASH.—I think that the Social Security set-up is the biggest and worst imposition ever foisted on the American public—and it is going to defeat the Democrats.

It has all the earmarks of old-line insurance company conniving, which has never paid, so I am advised, more than 19 per cent of premiums received for death claims.—*J. C. Knight.*

TIRES OF OUR COVER CRITICS

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.—I wonder what is the matter with those simple souls who jealously attack the women on the covers of Liberty. I'm beginning to get tired of it.

Maybe they need some real modernistic drawings, in which we may discover a conglomeration of eyes, buildings, daisies, and (maybe?) braying donkeys. —*F. Sater.*

CHINESE EAT YENS

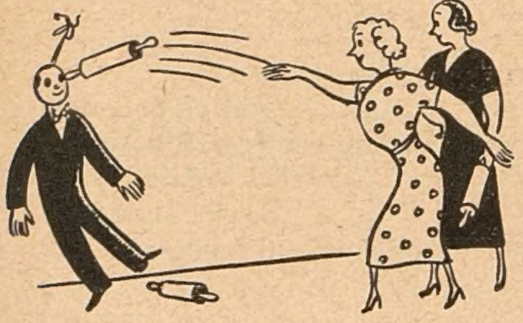
PORTLAND, ORE.—Mr. Shaffer of Seattle, Washington (May 22 Vox Pop), may be very clever at sarcasm at somebody's expense, but he knows nothing about Chinese. Madame Butterfly (April 10 Vox Pop) is right. There is no such word as "yen," meaning *dollar*, in Chinese, but there are over a dozen "yen" sounds, each represented by a different character, but, when pronounced, distinguished by inflection. For instance: What we designate by the sound "yen" can mean *amplify*, or *bamboo mat*, or a *banquet*, or an *inquest*, or *strict*, or *tobacco*, or *opium*, or *conceal*, or *swallow*, or *drown*, or *extend*, etc.

The sound to our ears is the same, but the sign or character quite different.

Finally, the Chinese would not say "he had a yen" but "would like to eat a yen (*smoke*)." And in which dialect "doy" means *little* only Mr. Shaffer knows.—*A Chinese Who Speaks Cantonese and Three Other Dialects.*

TOSSING A BUTTER KNIFE

San Luis Obispo, Calif.—Can the readers of Liberty imagine a woman throwing a butter knife at a man who is attempting to escape from her with such force and accuracy that the knife strikes him between his shoulders and fastens itself up to the hilt? That is exactly what happened in No Rules for Women, by Roger Garis (May 22 Liberty).



Ye gods! the female of the species is indeed more deadly than the male. Contests for women throwing rolling pins at men dummies have brought out some fine hurlers, but this woman sets an all-time record for tossing a butter knife. —*W. J. Minville.*

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD POPS

Davenport, Ia.—I am eleven years old. My daddy gets Liberty. I always read To the Ladies, It Happened In, the articles on movies, Twenty Questions, and last but not least, Vox Pop!—*Shirley Leffler.*

LEAVE SURGICAL ADVICE TO SURGEONS

Protection, Kan.—The raving of Eugene Van Note (May 15 Vox Pop) takes the rubber mallet for "jackassery."

I hope other surgeons saw his ranting under caption of Surgical Racketeers. This boy is indeed a wise guy! In the first place, what would an X-ray show in appendicitis? The total sum of nothing. Do a blood count? By all means, but don't depend upon it. I have operated a good many appendixes in which the blood count was normal or nearly so—and yet an operation found the appendix gangrenous.

Wait for careful preparation and deliberation—by all means! But many times hours mean the difference between life and death. Our esteemed critic would have us wait until the appendix had ruptured, then lay the fatality onto the shoulders of the surgeon.

Another cockeyed idea is that the more doctors on a case the better the chances of the patient. No doctor feels like doing his best when he knows that you are just as apt to follow the advice of some nitwit.

My advice to Eugene Van Note is to keep on doing what he is doing but to leave surgical advice to those better informed. —*Surgeon.*

Poetic Prose on Joys and Woes

Boston, Mass.—I think the world is sick today, the search for thrills has left us weak; we know not what to do or say, we're tired of listening, loath to speak. And yet we're better off by far than those who live in other climes, and happier, though we know it not, than folks who lived in bygone times. For we may sit at home at e'en, when tasks are done and darkness falls, and read our favorite magazine till eyes grow weary, interest palls.

Yes, we've got Liberty, and so we pass a few delighted hours with all the plans, the hopes, and woes of fellow men whose lives are ours.

We learn the wrong of racketeers who prey upon emotioned hearts; the fears that rend a rich man's breast when secrets burden, joy departs; how great men oftentimes are fools, surprising though the fact may be; again to differentiate, a page for ladies, light and free.

Or we can listen to the call of Trojans in the game of ball, and gain some new linguistic lore when Maze and Shorty take the floor. A tale of conquest, courage, death, of passions, hatred, bated breath—all, all you'll find with Fernando; where he leads, Jenks and Terry go.

And to such humble scribes as I Vox Pop gives opportunity to speak my part, to criticize, with definite impunity, just so we don't get overrough or stoop to mean antipathy. Yes, Patrick Henry knew his stuff, and, like him, we hail Liberty!—*Ingram Barclay.*

REPRINT PRIZE SHORT SHORT, SAYS HE

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.—Why not reprint that Short Short that you gave that fellow $1,000 for? There are a lot of us who would like to see a Short Short that you think is worth that much money. We might get some pointers from it.—*Walter Day.*

NO COAST GUARD SHIPS AT MACON DISASTER

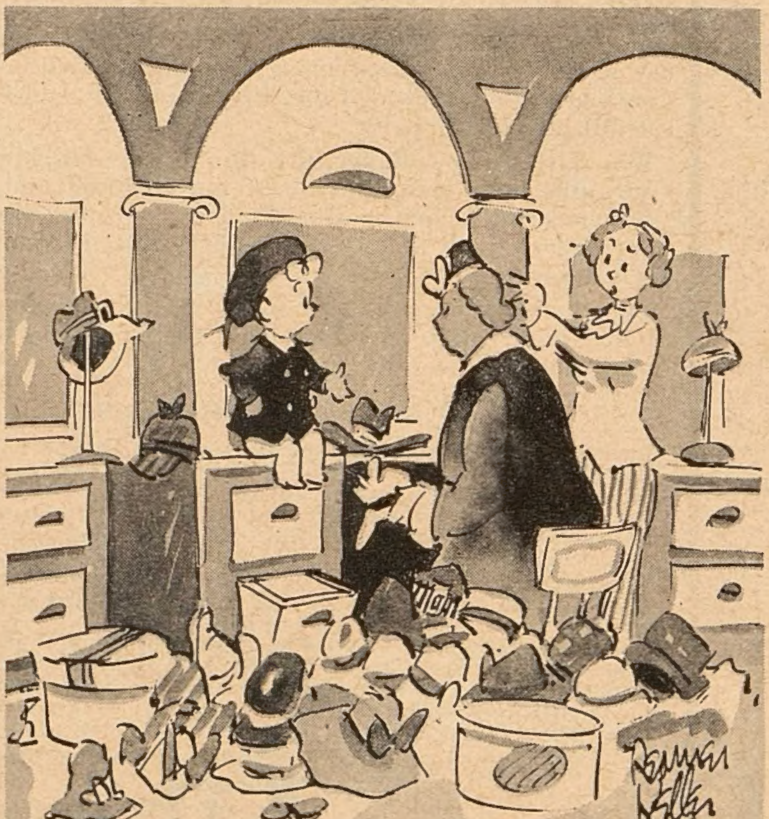
Shanghai, China—Glancing through your issue of April 3 Liberty, I happened to run across Vital Statistics concerning the picture Sea Devils. In them you referred to the coast guard cutter Tahoe as having arrived on the scene of the Macon disaster first and rescuing survivors. As the ship I was stationed on, the Milwaukee, happened to be one of the cruisers to arrive on the scene first, I can tell you that no coast guard ships were present that I noted.—*Sailor on the U. S. S. Barker.*

ANOTHER USE FOR HELIUM GAS

Llano, Tex.—This may be a very inappropriate occasion to mention the subject, but while the United States is planning to sell helium gas to Germany—thus opening the door to other nations to buy it—we suggest, in the interest of humanity, to Germany and perhaps also to Italy, that if they will valve the explosive hydrogen gas with which their leaders are apparently charged, Uncle Sam will donate enough free nonexplosive helium gas to reinflate at least one of each country's citizens. Thereby making an experiment of world-wide scientific interest looking toward the elimination of some future disastrous explosions.—*T. Y. Hill.*

"HARDTACK"

By REAMER KELLER



"I don't know why you brought me along, ma—you don't listen to my opinions."

LET'S HAVE A SHANE DICTIONARY!

Youngstown, Ohio—Ted Shane's Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles are vigorous mental tonics. His definitions are so original and picturesque that I hope he can be persuaded to write a modern dictionary filled with Shane definitions.

What a boon it would be at parties, where cerebral activity is usually at a very low ebb. The hostess could read Shane definitions and award prizes to those who have the best luck in guessing the identity of the words defined. By all means let's have a Shane dictionary and indulge in some much needed mental exercise.—*J. N. Higley.*

Easton, Kan.—In my estimation, Cockeyed Puzzles take a thorough knowledge of slang, a gross imagination, and a lot of blind luck. Silly stuff to print! —*F. R. DeHoney, Jr.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Anthony Lewis went to Rhode Island Hospital doubled up with indigestion.

He explained to the doctors he had eaten two six-inch nails, a handful of small nails, a few screws, and four slivers of glass as a party stunt.

"But I've done it before and it never hurt me a bit," he complained. "I can't understand it."

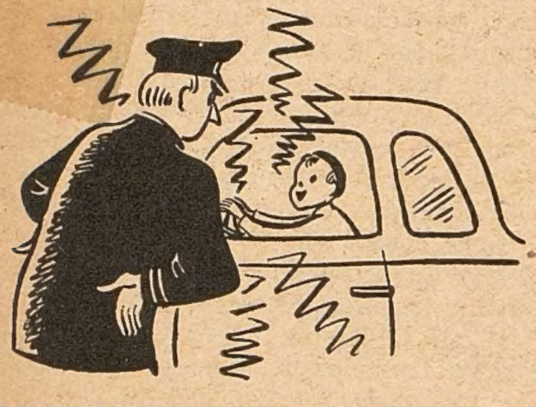
X-ray pictures solved the mystery. It was not the nails or the glass—Lewis had eaten too much pastry.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The reason he delayed traffic, C. A. Leman told the judge, was that he was kissing his girl when the traffic light flashed green. City Court Judge Ben Whiting dismissed the case.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mrs. Rita Dubow got a ticket to appear in Traffic Court because her twenty-one-months-old son went on a tooting spree.

Mrs. Dubow parked her car and went into a bank, leaving the child in the machine. When she returned, Policeman Fred Kemper was there, and she quoted him as saying:

"See here, lady. This baby tooted his horn at me. It's a violation of Section 58 of the City Code. He made unnecessary noise and I'll have to give him a ticket."



BOMBAY, INDIA—A monkey walked into a motion-picture theater here, calmly took a seat and watched the show. It behaved like any orderly film fan and departed in a dignified manner when the show was over.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign on an Arizona fruit stand:

"*Cantaloupes*
Were 20 cents, now 10 cents.
Pretty soft for you!"

Sign in California:

"*Swimming taught privately in your own home.*"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

CIVIL SERVICE

Sure, I think them Govt Employes ought to be civil. Some of them fellows at the Stamp Window is very grumpy sometimes.—EZRA DILL.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY J. F. CLYMER

CAN DOCTORS END THE FEE RACKET?

Phony diagnoses, manufactured operations, thousands of lives lost and millions of dollars lifted from the pockets of the public—all because of the ruthlessness and greed of medical racketeers!

A bandit says, "Your money *or* your life!" but a fee-splitting physician often snatches both. The workings of a dangerous system—which honest doctors have so far been powerless to stamp out—are laid bare in a revealing article by Frederick L. Collins in Liberty next Wednesday. For your own sake, for your family's sake, you ought to know about this insidious modern menace.

WILL THIS MYSTERIOUS CRIME EVER BE SOLVED?

MARY BAKER

A spring day in Washington. Cherry trees in blossom. A savage quarrel between a man and a girl in a car parked in the shadow of the White House. And then—a fiendish brutal murder!

Who killed Mary Baker, the slim young daughter of a Virginia clergyman, and threw her battered body in a culvert near Cemetery Road? Three people witnessed her quarrel with the mysterious gray-hatted man, yet he was never found.

The thrilling story of this baffling crime and how the police have vainly tried to solve it will appear in Liberty next week.

THE BIG SHOTS ARE TREMBLING NOW!

Racketeers—those chieftains of the underworld who have succeeded the prohibition criminal—take from two hundred million to a billion dollars every year from the pockets of the taxpayers. This robbery affects every city in the United States and, until recently, the racketeers went their merry way rejoicing at the "easy money."

But now they're frightened. They see handwriting on the wall—handwriting put there by the courage, daring, and resourcefulness of Thomas E. Dewey, special prosecutor of rackets in New York City. When Dewey started his campaign, "big shots" among the racketeers throughout the country sneered, some of them openly. No one had ever before succeeded in crippling a racket or doing more than send some very minor members of it to jail.

But Dewey carried on—carried on so successfully that racketeers everywhere are looking fearfully at state penitentiaries. Because Dewey is "packing them in" at Sing Sing, and the method he has employed is one that is perfectly feasible in every city. How he has done it provides the material for an article by Will Irwin in Liberty next week that is of vital importance to every citizen and every civic official in the entire country.

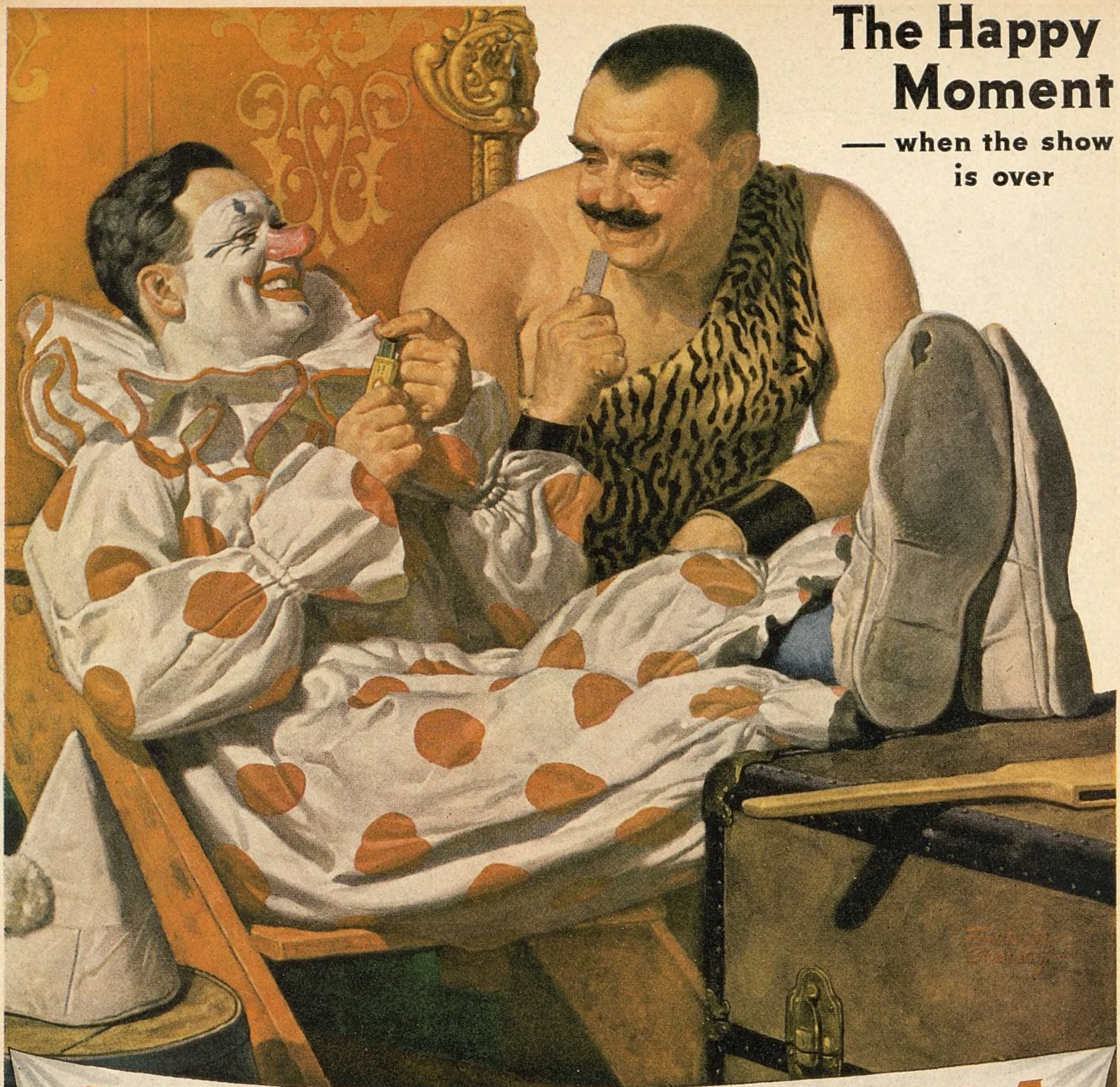
Other articles and stories by George Bruce, Beatrice Thorne, Bert Green, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE JUNE 30

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

The Happy Moment

— when the show
is over



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Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

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SPEARMINT
5¢
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PEPPERMINT
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Beech-Nut
PEPSIN
5¢
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AID DIGESTION
Beech-Nut
ORALGENE
Chewing Gum
WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA
FOR THE TEETH

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating.. doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

Beech-Nut Gum

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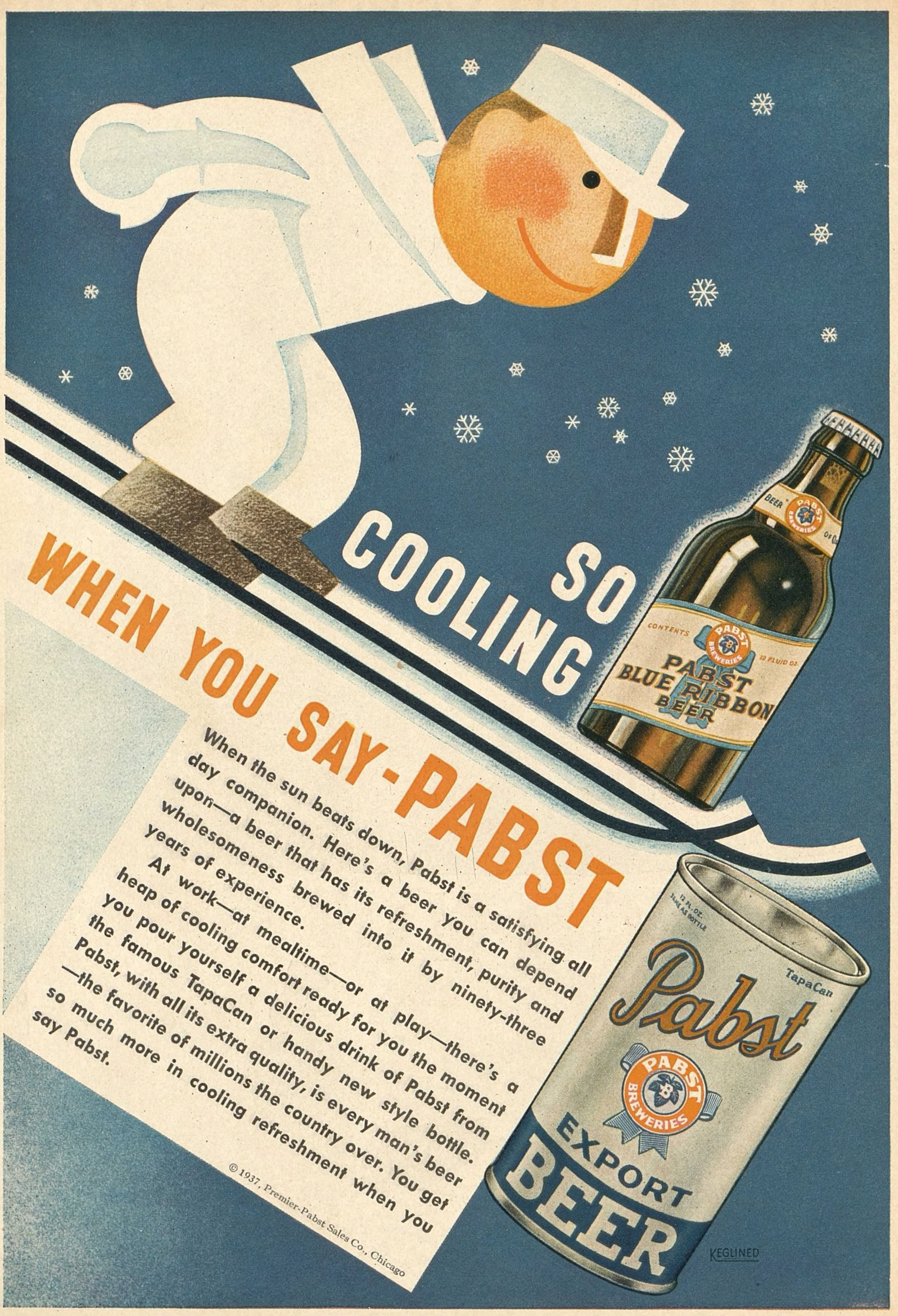
BEECH-NUT CIRCUS

Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

The Beech-Nut Circus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SO COOLING WHEN YOU SAY-PABST

When the sun beats down, Pabst is a satisfying all day companion. Here's a beer you can depend upon—a beer that has its refreshment, purity and wholesomeness brewed into it by ninety-three years of experience.

At work—at mealtime—or at play—there's a heap of cooling comfort ready for you the moment you pour yourself a delicious drink of Pabst from the famous TapaCan or handy new style bottle. Pabst, with all its extra quality, is every man's beer—the favorite of millions the country over. You get so much more in cooling refreshment when you say Pabst.

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